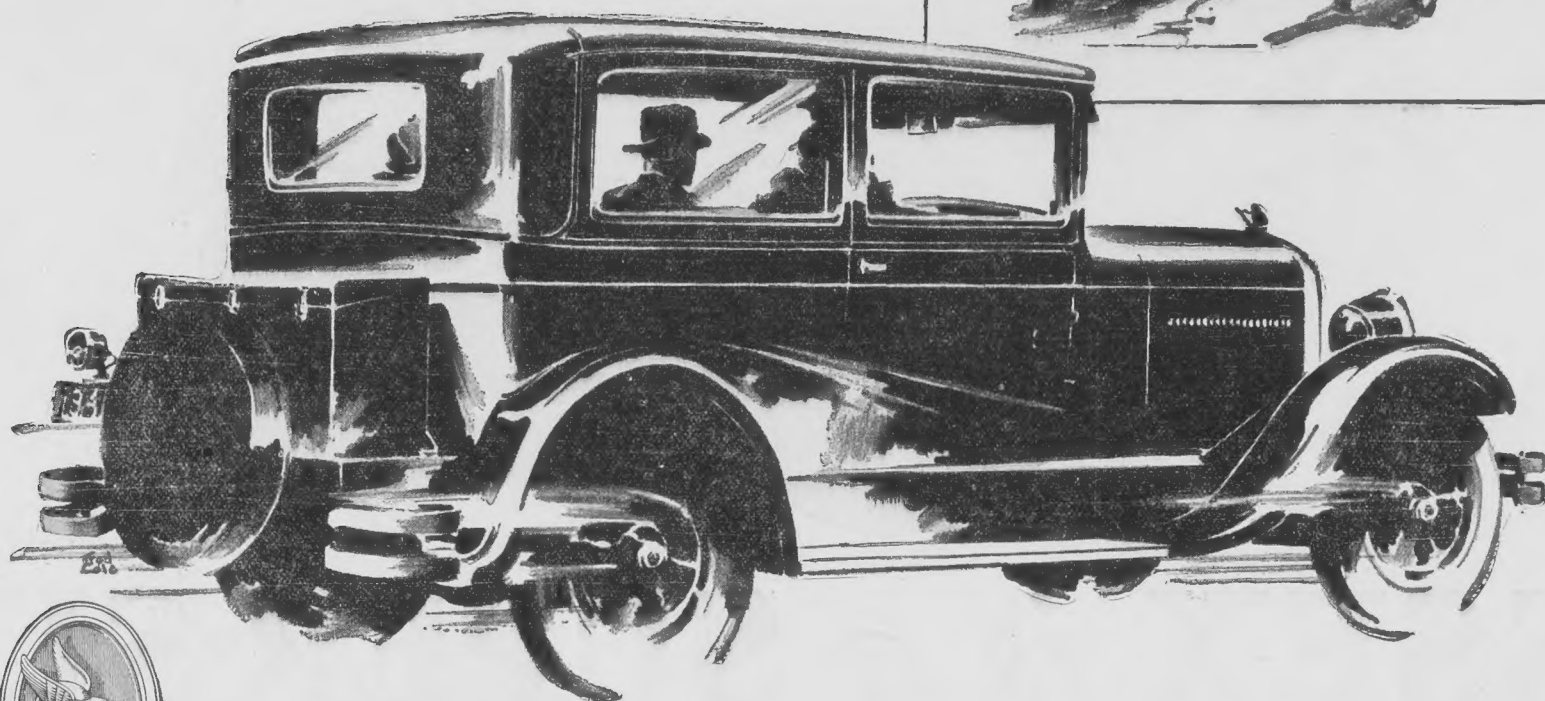
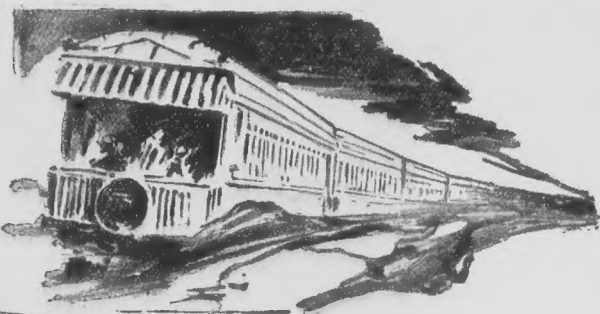


ROADABILITY



Today—More than ever the one distinctive car of the hour

WHEN public opinion takes hold of a product like the Chrysler "70" and in three years' time lifts it over the heads of long-established cars, the significance of the act is almost too plain to require analysis.

It can only mean, of course, that people have found in the Chrysler "70" from its beginning, and have continued to find in ever-increasing numbers, qualities and values that they did not and do not find elsewhere. No other explanation is even remotely possible.

For three years ago the first Chrysler introduced in its price field previously unknown measures of performance combined with a host of important engineering and manufacturing developments—many never

before available in a car of this price, many entirely new in cars of any price.

And now Chrysler—through its unique plan of Standardized Quality—has developed the finer "70". It has raised its own superior product to even higher levels which again forecast emphatically a new motoring trend.

Finer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—finer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor—finer design with smaller wheels—greater luxury of comfort—greater riding ease—rich upholstery—greater perfection of appointment—more refinements in controls and lighting with a lock conveniently placed on the dash—more attractive color harmonies, far in advance of current blendings.

And with this fresh beauty and luxury—at radically lower prices—are the characteristic performance, dependability and endurance which have won and continue to hold the loyalty of hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic Chrysler "70" owners.

Phaeton \$2010; Sport Phaeton \$2130; Roadster \$2130; Brougham \$2205; Royal Coupe \$2230; Royal Sedan \$2305; Four-passenger Coupe \$2305; Cabriolet \$2530; Crown Sedan \$2590.

f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario (freight only to be added). Above prices include all taxes, bumpers front and rear, spare tire, tire cover and tank full of gasoline.

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System.

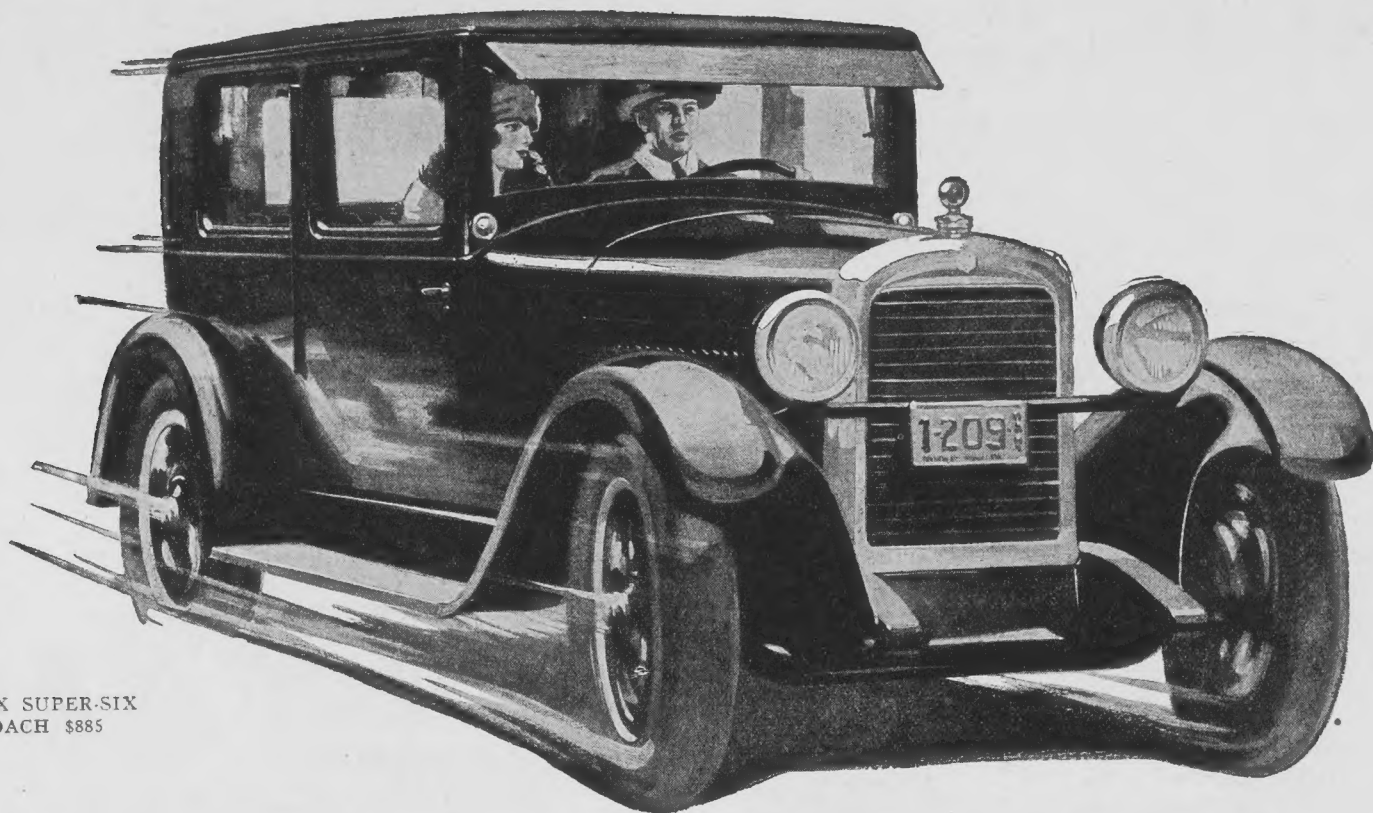
All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO
WALTER P. CHRYSLER, Chairman of the Board

CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

The **SUPER-SIX PRINCIPLE** *amazingly revealed*



ESSEX SUPER-SIX
COACH \$885

ESSEX *is a* **SUPER-SIX**

Effortless Ease in Performance

A smooth fast pick-up free from jerking or violence.

Long life to all wearing parts—accessibility, and the most advanced engineering for low maintenance and operating costs.

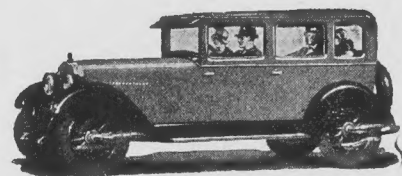
50 miles an hour all day long—yet that is far below its maximum.

Riding and driving ease equaling anything you have ever experienced—surpassing anything ever achieved in a car of its cost.

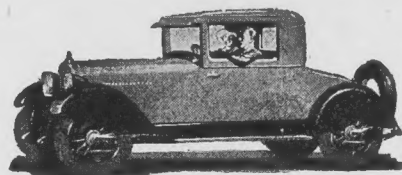


No nerve shattering motor vibration, no chug-chug-chug-chug to mar the enjoyment of your trip. The smooth stream of Super-Six power whisks you along any road for any period of time or distance in carefree comfort.

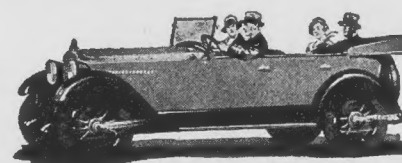
No car of our experience has ever met with such enthusiastic reception. It has been the outstanding attraction at all automobile shows. The beauty, comfort and detail of each body type is commanding highest praise. And dealers everywhere are reporting sales that indicate the greatest Essex popularity of all time.



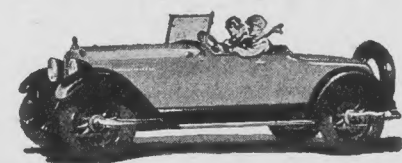
ESSEX SUPER-SIX SEDAN \$960



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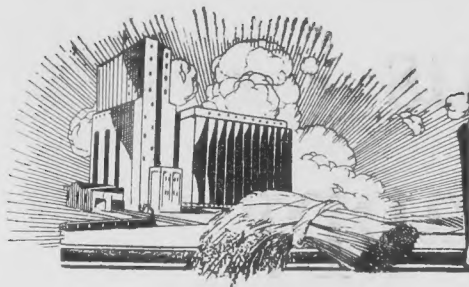
ESSEX SUPER-SIX 4-Pass. SPEEDSTER \$945



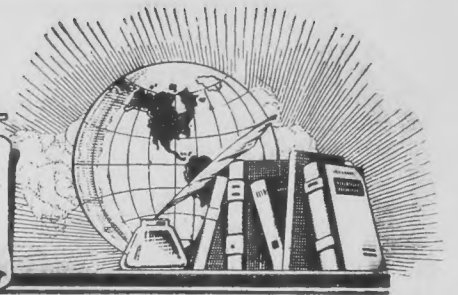
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All prices f.o.b. Windsor,
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Engineered to lowest operation and maintenance cost



EDITORIAL



Easter

IN THE fall it was just a creeping, crawling caterpillar, ugly and repulsive, but in the warmth of the spring sun it awoke to new life, a resplendent creature, rich in color, with power to rise from earth to heaven. In the fall it was just a little bulb, cold and colorless, but when April came with its sun and showers, little green shoots began to appear and snow-white blossoms, and with renewing life came love and beauty. So the world was glad. Thus the story of resurrection of life is repeated each year in a thousand forms—growing grass and purple crocuses, budding shrubs and leafy poplars, fields of grain and flowering meadows. Fitting it is then, that at Easter men celebrate the praise of Him who died, to rise again as "Lord of Life and Glory."

As in His case death preceded life, so in all nature we find the order true: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." In the field of deeds it is the same: "He who loseth his life shall find it." Through sacrifice alone a man attains his highest.

The meaning of the Easter bells is that the God-like never dies. The eternal verities are Truth and Beauty and Goodness. Get these into our personal and national lives and we too shall live forever.

The Golden Way

REDUCED to the lowest terms there are three things that a country must achieve in order to succeed financially and commercially. She must produce abundantly, exchange wisely and practice economy.

Production is of raw material and manufactured articles. Both forms have to be encouraged. On the one hand, all the aids to raw production, including machinery and power—must be available at lowest cost. Herein is the argument for low tariff, reasonable rates of transportation, fair wages. On the other hand there must be such conditions as will make manufacturing possible and profitable. This calls for reasonable prices for raw materials, satisfactory rates for transportation, and a wage scale that is fair but not excessive.

There is naturally a conflict of interests right here. In the first place the producer of raw material wishes as much for his produce as possible, and the manufacturer who uses it wishes to pay as little as possible. In the second place those who act as carriers will naturally insist on as high a price as possible, while producers and consumers will both work for a lowering of the rate. In the third place, producers of both varieties may wish to shut out from competition those in other lands who are engaging in similar work, and here is where the "protective tariff" monster raises his double head—double, because one head is ever baying for protection from one danger, and the other either protesting or mutely begging that there be no protection of that nature at all. Still on this third point of protection there is little danger from the monster and little howling, if the beast is well fed; that is, if conditions of production are favorable.

The second element to be considered is exchange. This is of two kinds—exchange within the country and foreign exchange. With regard to the former it is only necessary to say that it will never be enough to satisfy either producer. What is looked for is a world market for both raw productions and manufactured goods. There is one condition that this market be found: we must be willing to take a great part of our pay in return trade—more from one country, less from another. We cannot expect to be on the long end in every case. Neither can other countries. To get world trade we must work for it. It is just as necessary to get trade as to protect ourselves from foreign competition. It is right here we meet another obstacle. The transportation companies again become factors, and their demands may be such as to make internal exchange and foreign exchange of goods practically impossible. Hence a railway commission and hence an independent mercantile marine.

So far, then, we have producers to be encouraged and protected and helped in the matter of markets. There has to be give and take in this, for interests vary. Local friction there is bound to be, but we must not make too much of it, because the question of foreign trade is much more pressing. We should, in a way, forget local differences in our endeavor to make right world connections.

The third element mentioned in business success is the practice of economy. This is something that deserves special attention. The people who become prosperous are not those who make most, but who save most. As a people we have not yet learned how to be frugal.

Summed up, then, the key to prosperity seems to be: "Let us produce all we can. Let us broaden our markets wisely. Let there be no unnecessary friction in local matters. Above all, let us practice thrift." Then, if we are honest and industrious, we are likely to achieve our aim.

The Canadian Constitution

A WELL known writer has said that it is the duty of every man to be loyal to the constitution of his country, but that if in the course of time it needs revision, he should, while still loyal, yet agitate for such changes as are necessary and keep on agitating until the changes are effected. We have in Canada reached just that stage. There are anomalies in the Constitution that could not have been foreseen by those who framed the British North America Act, and it is only fair to ourselves that these should be removed. This, however, raises two points of interest. Can a change be made without reference to the Mother Country? Can it be made without the consent of all the provinces? The first point may be dismissed in a word, for if the provinces were unanimous there is no doubt at all but that the authorities in England would give whatever formal endorsement as might be legally necessary. It is not easy, however, on any point to get the unanimous support of the provinces, and there are pressing reforms absolutely necessary to Canadian welfare which could easily be blocked by the simple decision of a provincial legislature. It seems to be an awkward predicament, but a little thought and investigation will show that things are not quite so hopeless as they seem to some. To begin with, there is a clause in the Constitution which makes provision for change under certain circumstances and it is fortunate that it has not been overlooked. The rights of provinces are safeguarded in a double sense. They cannot be imposed upon by others, nor can their just demands be refused by others. A protest from any province against change is no more worthy of consideration than a demand for a change. We believe the Constitution will bear out this interpretation. In other words, just as the Dominion at the Imperial conference agreed upon a formula for co-operation based on equality and self-government, so the provinces of the Dominion may be bound together in similar fashion. The bond that holds them is not in reality a legal bond, but the bond of brotherhood, and if we cannot unite on that basis, we had better try to get along separately. There are points in and outside of the Constitution demanding change. It is unthinkable that we should be bound for all time by the decisions of men who lived fifty years ago and who naturally could not weigh the necessities of today and tomorrow. A static Constitution for a changing civilization is an anomaly.

Science and Mysticism

ALMOST daily the question is asked by somebody: "Is the world growing worse or better?" and the answer depends in some degree upon the speaker's digestion. Except in the case of the pronounced optimist and the discontented pessimist one's answer varies from day to day. There is no thermometer so sensitive as the "pathometer" of the human soul.

As a matter of fact the world is neither better nor worse, and it is both better and worse. The swing of its pendulum is a little more vigorous

than centuries ago, and the ticking of the clock of time is a little louder—but it is the same old world that is presenting to us daily its battered face. We must not, however, judge too much by facial appearance. Heart action is the true measure of worth.

There is a fundamental difference between the attitude of the patriarchs of old and the keen intellectual giants of today, just as there is between the coarseness and brutality of the ancients and their indifference to suffering and sin, and the broad humanitarianism of modern civilized people—their respect for womankind and for children, for care for the aged and unfortunate.

The one thing that was important to the patriarch was his attitude to God. Not troubled with scientific speculation, not blessed with understanding of natural forces and combinations, he gave himself up to meditation, hoping for revelation by direct communication. He trusted not to research and painstaking experiment; he relied upon dreams and visions. As a result he revered his Maker, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, the Lord of Hosts. The modern is also inclined to worship his maker, that is, himself, and prides himself in his own ability to understand and apply the laws according to which the world moves. It may be too that even with deeper reverence he perceives as the originator of the movements and forces about him a God worthy of love and respect—a real Father to the sons of men.

There is, then, something beautiful in the awed reverence of the ancient. He lost himself in God, and being part of Him, may indeed have caught His Spirit much more effectually than the wisest of men today who are so engrossed in action that they lose sight of Him who originates and controls all action and who sees end from beginning. In other words, the seer and the prophet may have a contribution to make to the world that is more far-reaching than the contribution of the world's greatest scientists. On the other hand, the true scientist is but one who is groping for God, and thankful when he can come nearer to Him as he discovers the order and system in the Universe.

The ground of reconciliation is not in emphasizing the difference between the scientific and the mystical, but in recognizing that the two modes of approach are complementary. Intuition puts a premium on passivity, scientific research a premium on thought-activity. Who will limit the Almighty in His mode of conveying truth to mankind?

Summer Sport

IN NORTHERN climates, people are active and this is favorable to their progress. One of the great lines of activity is outdoor summer sport. This is necessary for all people if they would keep young, buoyant and joyous, and it is necessary for society if the members would retain their goodwill and mutual understanding. It is a great comfort to know that summer has come, that the movies will be deserted and that exercise in the open air will be the common experience of young and old.

There is danger in sport that it may monopolize too much time, but this is no worse than that work should do the same thing. If the only end or the supreme end of existence were amassing wealth then there might be some justification for glorifying work, but life has higher aims, and one of the surest means towards their realization is well-conducted sport. But it must be well-conducted, and right there is the rub.

No man with community feeling can do better service than by organizing and directing young life, so that the summer sports will be clean, healthful, educative. In the last report of the Carnegie Foundation there is a long report contrasting British with American sport; pointing out that the British tradition is the nobler. It is for us to live up to that tradition, towards that end we must encourage. Amateur effort must participate in sport rather than witness it, and must surround it with such safeguards that it will be the means of exalting our youth, physically and morally. Let us be proud of our play and our players.



Above, MRS. MAY PICKLES of London, Ontario, and her young son, John. Mrs. Pickles writes, "I was practically a nervous wreck." Read how simply, naturally, she found health again.

RIGHT

MISS DOROTHY KENDALL, although only twelve years old, has already distinguished herself by her classical ballet and folk dancing, in particular the Highland Fling in which she is a championship winner.

"I MANAGED to keep Dorothy in excellent health," writes Mrs. Kendall. "When I found that she was beginning to suffer from my old complaint I started giving her Fleischmann's Yeast. I had suffered for years from constipation and had frequent abscesses. I was a constant user of laxatives. When I read of Fleischmann's Yeast and what it had done for others I thought it might do the same for me. And I have never been troubled with constipation since I began taking it. Now that Dorothy has been taking Yeast regularly every morning and every night (she drinks it in hot milk), it has been months and months since she has had any trouble."

MRS. F. KENDALL, Vancouver, B. C.

This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



"Nervous . . unhappy . . I really did not know what health was"

"THREE YEARS AGO I was practically a nervous wreck. I could not sleep because everything I ate seemed to give me indigestion. Nothing did me any good.

"Finally I got half a dozen Yeast cakes. Two days later I got some more, and kept right on with them, dissolving them in hot water or eating them just plain. Soon I began to feel better—the color returned to my cheeks, my appetite improved, and I have been able to sleep well ever since. That was over three years ago. Up till then, I had never known what health was. But today my friends tell me I look younger every day.

"My husband is eating Yeast too—it has helped him to get rid of his constipa-

tion and biliousness. And I am also giving it to our four children, to keep them always fit for school and play."

MRS. MAY PICKLES, London, Ont.

TO keep them always fit—that is exactly what yeast does. Unlike medicines, which whip the bodily functions into temporary, abnormal activity, Fleischmann's Yeast keeps the system clean and active.

That is because yeast is not a drug but a fresh, corrective food—a living plant, grown in an extract of pure malt and grain. Fleischmann's Yeast purifies the whole digestive tract, combating the absorption of dangerous poisons by the body. It stimulates and strengthens the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually overcoming constipation, which physicians declare is the cause of nine-tenths of human ills.

Don't delay: start now to eat your way back to health! To rid yourself of indigestion and that constant feeling of weariness. To banish sleeplessness. To raise the tone of your whole body. To clear your skin of pimples and boils—to restore yourself in every way to your rightful, vigorous health.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. S-4, The Fleischmann Company, 185 James Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

BELOW

MR. SWALLOW is interested in ponies—in fact he has taken up the raising of them as a business. Yet in spite of this healthy outdoor life he writes that he often felt run down and suffered from skin disorders. He says:

"YEAST was being given to my young sister and brothers so I was always seeing it around. When I learned it was good for pimples I began eating it myself. In a month's time my pimples had quite disappeared and I felt a great deal better. I would unhesitatingly suggest Fleischmann's Yeast to anyone with skin troubles. It is easy to get, easy to take, and certainly does clear the skin if eaten regularly."

NORMAN SWALLOW, Winnipeg, Man.





The Yellow-Back

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of "The Alaskan", "The Flaming Forest", "The Valley of Silent Men", Etc.

ABOVE God's Lake, where the Bent Arrow runs red as pale blood under its crust of ice, Reese Beaudin heard of the dog auction that was to take place at Post Lac Bain three days later. It was in the cabin of Joe Delesse, a trapper, who lived at Lac Bain during the summer, and trapped the fox and the lynx sixty miles farther north in this month of February.

"Diantre, but I tell you it is to be the greatest sale of dogs that has ever happened at Lac Bain!" said Delesse. "To this Wakao they are coming from all the four directions. There will be a hundred dogs, huskies, and malamutes, and Mackenzie hounds, and mongrels from the south, and I should not wonder if some of the little Eskimo devils were brought from the north to be sold as breeders. Surely you will not miss it, my friend!"

"I am going by way of Post Lac Bain," replied Reese Beaudin equivocally.

But his mind was not on the sale of dogs. From his pipe he puffed out thick clouds of smoke, and his eyes narrowed until they seemed like coals peering out of cracks; and he said, in his quiet, soft voice:

"Do you know of a man named Jacques Dupont, M'sieu?"

Joe Delesse tried to peer through the cloud of smoke at Reese Beaudin's face.

"Yes, I know him. Does he appen to be a friend of yours?"

Reese laughed softly.

"I have heard of him. They say that he is a devil. To the west I was told that he can whip any man between Hudson's Bay and the Great Bear, that he is a beast in man shape, and that he will surely be at the big sale at Lac Bain."

On his knees the huge hands of Joe Delesse clenched slowly, gripping in their imaginary clutch a hated thing.

"Oui, I know him," he said. "I know also—Elise—his wife. See!"

He thrust suddenly his two huge knotted hands through the smoke that drifted between him and the stranger who had sought the shelter of his cabin that night.

"See—I am a man full grown, m'sieu—a man—

and yet I am afraid of him! That is how much of a devil and a beast in man-shape he is."

Again Reese Beaudin laughed in his low, soft voice.

"And his wife, *mon ami*? Is she afraid of him?" The stranger's eyes made him look twice and think twice.

"You have known her—some time?"

"Yes, a long time ago. We were children together. And I have heard all has not gone well with her. Is that so?"

"Does it go well when a dove is mated to a vulture, M'sieu?"

"I have also heard that she grew up to be very beautiful," said Reese Beaudin, "and that Jacques Dupont killed a man for her. If that is so—"

"It is not so," interrupted Delesse. "He drove another man away—no, not a man, but a yellow-livered coward who had no more fight in him than a porcupine without quills! And yet she says he was not a coward. She has always said, even to Dupont, that it was the way *le bon Dieu* made him, and that because he was made that way he was greater than all other men in the North Country. How do I know? Because, M'sieu, I am Elise Dupont's cousin."

Delesse wondered why Reese Beaudin's eyes were glowing like living coals.

"And yet—again, it is only rumor I have heard—they say this man, whoever he was, did actually run away, like a dog that had been whipped and was afraid to return to its kennel."

"P'st!" Joe Delesse flung his great arms wide. "Like that—he was gone. And no one ever saw him again, or heard of him again. But I know that she knew—my cousin, Elise. What word it was he left for her at the last she has always kept in her own heart, *mon Dieu*, and what a wonderful thing he had to fight for! You knew the child. But the woman—*non*? She was like an angel. Her eyes, when you looked into them—what can I say, M'sieu? They made me forget. And I have seen

her hair, unbound, black and glossy as the velvet side of a sable, covering her to the hips. And two years ago I saw Jacques Dupont's hands in that hair, and he was dragging her by it—"

Something snapped. It was a muscle in Reese Beaudin's arm. He had stiffened like iron.

"And you let him do that!"

Joe Delesse shrugged his shoulders. It was a shrug of hopelessness, of disgust.

"For the third time I interfered, and for the third time Jacques Dupont beat me until I was nearer dead than alive. And since then I have made it none of my business. It was, after all, the fault of the man who ran away. You see, M'sieu, it was like this: Dupont was mad for her, and this man who ran away—the Yellow-back—wanted her, and Elise loved the Yellow-back. This Yellow-back was twenty-three or four, and he read books, and played a fiddle and drew strange pictures—and was weak in the heart when it came to a fight. But Elise loved him. She loved him for those very things that made him a fool and a weakling, M'sieu, the books and the fiddle and the pictures; and she stood up with the courage for them both. And she would have married him, too, and would have fought for him with a club if it had come to that, when the thing happened that made him run away. It was at the midsummer carnival, when all the trappers and their wives and children were at Lac Bain. And Dupont followed the Yellow-back about like a dog. He taunted him, he insulted him, he got down on his knees and offered to fight him without getting on his feet; and there, before the very eyes of Elise, he washed the Yellow-back's face in the grease of one of the roasted caribou! And the Yellow-back was a man! Yes, a grown man! And it was then that Jacques Dupont shouted out his challenge to all that crowd. He would fight the Yellow-back. He would fight him with his right arm tied behind his back! And before Elise and the Yellow-back, and all that crowd, friends tied his arm so that it was like a piece of wood behind him, and it was his right arm, his fighting arm, the better half of him that was gone. And even then the Yellow-back was as white as the paper he drew pictures on. *Ventre saint gris*, but then was his chance to have killed

Jacques Dupont! Half a man could have done it. Did he, M'sieu? No, he did not. With his one arm and his one hand Jacques Dupont whipped that Yellow-back, and he would have killed him if Elise had not rushed in to save the Yellow-back's purple face from going dead black. And that night Yellow-back slunk away. Shame? Yes. From that night he was ashamed to show his face ever again at Lac Bain. And no one knows where he went. No one—except Elise. And her secret is in her own breast.

"And after that?" questioned Reese Beaudin, in a voice that was scarcely above a whisper.

"I cannot understand," said Joe Delesse. "It was strange, M'sieu, very strange. I know that Elise, even after the coward ran away, still loved him. And yet—well, something happened. I overheard a terrible quarrel one day between Jan Thiebout, father of Elise, and Jacques Dupont. After that Thiebout was very much afraid of Dupont. I have my own suspicion. Now that Thiebout is dead it is not wrong to say what it is. I think Thiebout killed the half-breed Bedore who was found dead on his trap-line five years ago. There was a feud between them. And Dupont, discovering Thiebout's secret—well, you can understand how easy it would be after that, M'sieu. Thiebout's winter trapping was in that Burntwood country, fifty miles from neighbor to neighbor, and very soon after Bedore's death Jacques Dupont became Thiebout's partner. I know that Elise was forced to marry him. That was four years ago. The next year Thiebout died, and in all that time not once has Elise been to Post Lac Bain!"

"Like the Yellow-back—she never returned," breathed Reese Beaudin.

"Never, and now—it is strange—"

"What is strange, Joe Delesse?"

"That for the first time in all these years she is going to Lac Bain—to the dog sale."

REESE BEAUDIN'S face was again hidden in the smoke of his pipe. Through it his voice came.

"It is a cold night, M'sieu Delesse. Hear the wind howl!"

"Yes, it is cold—so cold the foxes will not run. My traps and poison baits will need no tending tomorrow."

"Unless you dig them out of the drifts."

"I will stay in the cabin."

"What! You are not going to Lac Bain?"

"I doubt it."

"Even though Elise, your cousin, is to be there?"

"I have no stomach for it, M'sieu. Nor would you were you in my boots, and do you know why she is going? *Par les mille cornes du diable*, I cannot whip him but I can kill him—and if I went—and the thing happens which I guess is going to happen—"

"Qui? Surely you will tell me—"

"Yes, I will tell you. Jacques Dupont knows that Elise has never stopped loving the Yellow-back. I do not believe she has ever tried to hide it from him. Why should she? And there is a rumor, M'sieu, that the Yellow-back will be at the Lac Bain dog sale."

Reese Baudin rose slowly to his feet, and yawned in that smoke-filled cabin.

"And if the Yellow-back should turn the tables, Joe Delesse, think of what a fine thing you'll miss," he said.

Joe Delesse also rose, with a contemptuous laugh.

"That fiddler, that picture-drawer, that book-reader—pouff! You are tired, M'sieu; that is your bunk."

Reese Beaudin held out his hand. The bulk of the two stood out in the lamp-glow, and Joe Delesse was so much the bigger man that his hand was half again the size of Reese Beaudin's. They gripped. And then a strange look went over the face of Joe Delesse. A cry came from out of his beard. His mouth grew twisted. His knees doubled slowly under him, and in the space of ten seconds his huge bulk was kneeling on the floor, while Reese Beaudin looked at him, smiling.

"Has Jacques Dupont a greater grip than that, Joe Delesse?" he asked in a voice that was so soft it was almost a woman's.

"*Mon Dieu!*" gasped Delesse. He staggered to his feet, clutching his crushed hand. "M'sieu—"

Reese Beaudin put his hands to the other shoulders, smiling, friendly.

"I will apologize, I will explain, *mon ami*," he said. "But first, you must tell me the name of that Yellow-back who ran away years ago. Do you remember it?"

"*Oui*, but what has that to do with my crushed hand? The Yellow-back's name was Reese Beaudin—"

"And I am Reese Beaudin," laughed the other gently.

ON THAT day—the day of Wakoa, the dog sale—seven fat caribou were roasting on great spits at Post Lac Bain, and under them were seven fires burning red and hot of seasoned birch, and around the seven fires were seven groups of men who slowly turned the roasting carcasses.

It was the Big Day of the mid-winter festival, and Post Lac Bain, with a population of twenty in times of quiet, was a seething wilderness metropolis of two hundred excited souls and twice as many dogs. From all directions they had come, from north and south and east and west; from near and from far, from the Barrens, from the

the roasted flesh and passed them into eager hands of the hungry multitude. First came the women and children, and last the men.

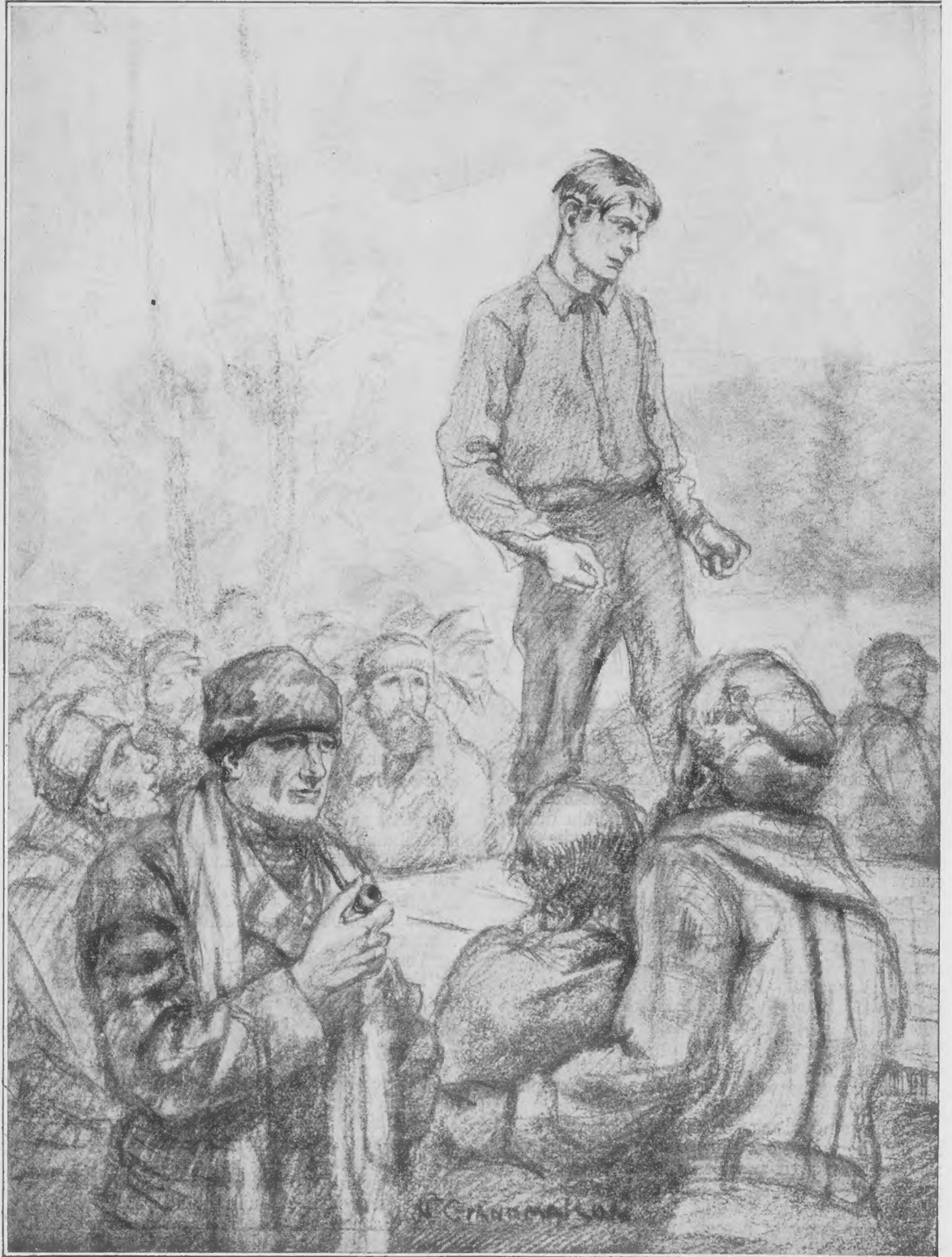
On this there peered forth from a window in the factor's house the darkly bearded, smiling face of Reese Beaudin.

"I have seen him three times, wandering about in the crowd, seeking someone," he said. "*Bien*, he shall find that someone very soon!"

In the face of McDougall, the factor, was a strange look. For he had listened to a strange story, and there was still something of shock and amazement and disbelief in his eyes.

"Reese Beaudin, it is hard for me to believe."

"And yet you shall find that it is true," smiled Reese.



And suddenly, in the midst of the miracle, they saw Jacques Dupont go

Swamps, from the farther forests, from river and lake and hidden trail—a few white men, mostly French; half-breeds and breeds, Chippewans, and Crees, and here and there a strange, dark-visaged little interloper from the North with his strain of Eskimo blood. Foregathered were all the breeds and creeds and fashions of the wilderness.

Over all this, pervading the air like an incense, stirring the desire of man and beast, floated the aroma of the roasting caribou. The feast-hour was at hand. With cries that rose above the last words of a wild song the seven groups of men rushed to seven pairs of props and tore them away. The great carcasses swayed in mid-air, bent slowly over their spits, and then crashed into the snow fifteen feet from the fire. About each carcass five men with razor-sharp knives ripped off chunks of

"He will kill you. He is a monster—a giant!"

"I shall die hard," replied Reese.

He turned from the window again, and took from the table a violin wrapped in buckskin, and softly he played one of their old love songs. It was not much more than a whisper, and yet it was filled with joyous exultation. He laid the violin down when he was finished, and laughed, and filled his pipe, and lighted it.

"It is good for a man's soul to know that a woman loves him, and has been true," he said. *Mone pere*, will you tell me again what she said? It is strength for me—and I must soon be going."

McDougall repeated, as if under a strain from which he could not free himself:

"She came to me late last night, unknown to Dupont. She had received your message, and knew

you were coming. And I tell you again that I saw something in her eyes which makes me afraid! She told me, then, that her father killed Bedore in a quarrel, and that she married Dupont to save him from the law—and kneeling there, with her hand on the cross at her breast, she swore that each day of her life she has let Dupont know that she hates him, and that she loves you, and that some day Reese Beaudin would return to avenge her. Yes, she told him that—I know it by what I saw in her eyes. With that cross clutched in her fingers she swore that she had suffered torture and shame, and that never a word of it had she whispered to a living soul, that she might turn the passion of Jacques Dupont's black heart into a great hatred. And today—Jacques Dupont will kill you.

"Reese Beaudin nodded.
Then he opened the door and went out.

JOE DELESSE had been watching the factor's house, and he worked his way slowly along the edge of the feasters so that he might casually come into the path of Reese Beaudin. And there was one other man who also had watched, and who came in the same direction. He was a stranger, tall, closely hooded, his moustached face an Indian bronze. No one had ever seen him at Lac Bain before, yet in the excitement of the carnival the fact passed without conjecture or significance. And from the cabin of Henri Paquette another pair of eyes saw Reese Beaudin, and Mother Paquette heard a sob that in itself was a prayer.

away—turned and smiled at Joe Delesse with triumph in his eyes. He moved nearer.

"Did I not tell you that he would not find in me that narrow-shouldered, smooth-faced stripling of five years ago?" he asked. "*N'est ce pas*, friend Delesse?"

The face of Joe Delesse was heavy with sombre fear.

"His fist is like a wood-sledge, M'sieu."

"So it was years ago."

"His forearm is as big as the calf of your leg."

"*Oui*, friend Delesse, it is the forearm of a giant."

"He is half again your weight."

"Or more, friend Delesse."

"He will kill you. As the great God lives, he will kill you!"

"I shall die hard," repeated Reese Beaudin for the third time that day.

Joe Delesse turned slowly, doggedly. His voice rumbled.

"The sale is about to begin, M'sieu. See!"

A man had mounted the log platform raised to the height of a man's shoulders at the far end of the clearing. It was Henri Paquette, master of the day's ceremonies, and appointed auctioneer of the great wakao. A man of many tongues was Paquette. To his lips he raised a great megaphone of birch-bark, and sonorously his call rang out in French, in Cree, in Chippewan, and the packed throng about the caribou-fires heaved like a living billow, and to a man and a woman and a child it moved toward the appointed place.

"The time has come," said Reese Beaudin. "And all Lac Bain shall see!"

Behind them, watching, always watching—followed the bronze-faced stranger in his close-drawn hood.

For an hour the men of Lac Bain gathered close-wedged about the log platform on which stood Henri Paquette and his Indian helper. Behind the men were the women and children, and throughout the cordon there ran a babiche-roped pathway along which the dogs were brought.

The platform was twenty feet square, with the floor sides of the logs hewn flat, and there was no lack of space for the gesticulation and wild pantomime of Paquette. In one hand he held a notebook, and in the other a pencil. In the notebook the sales of

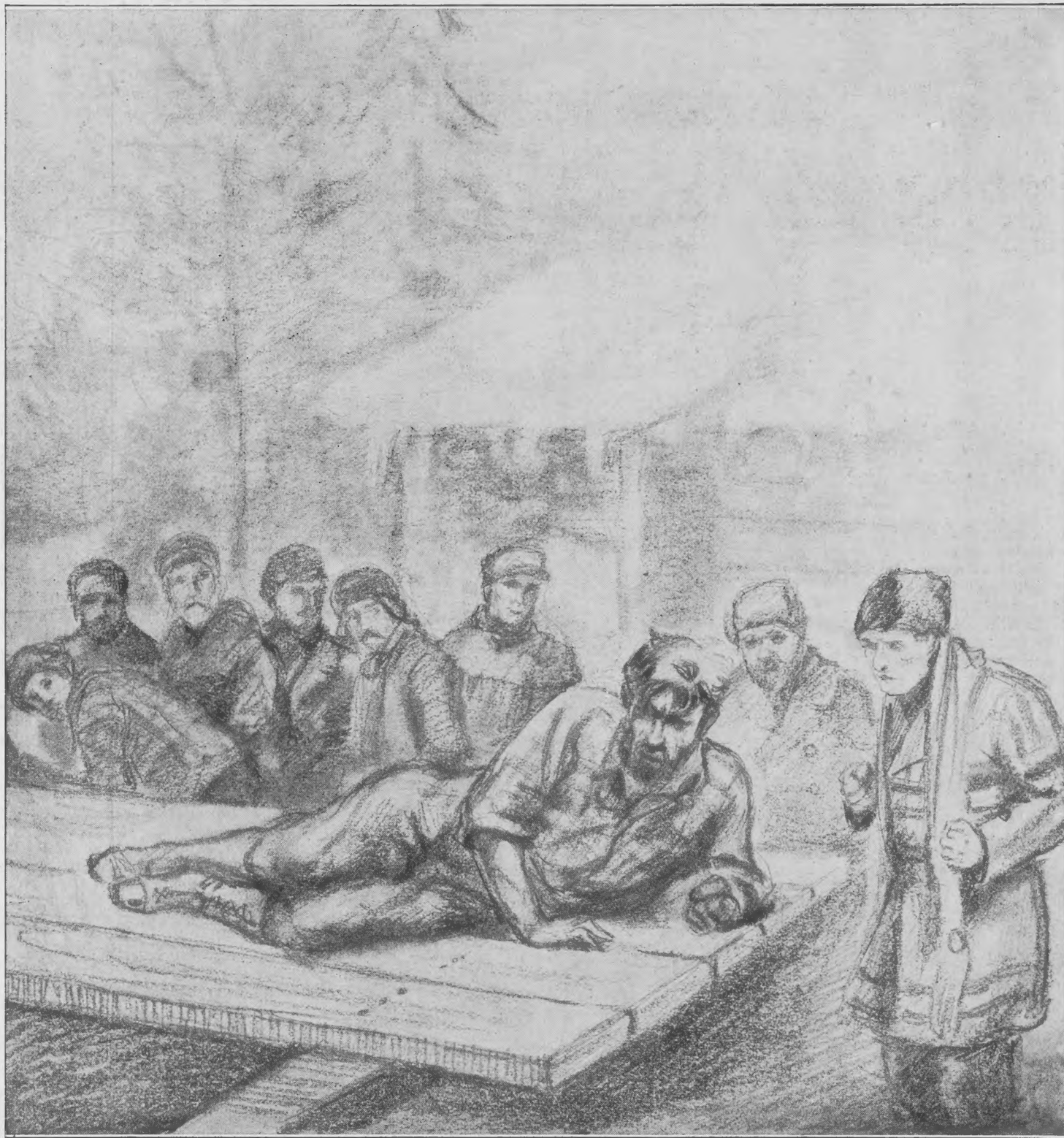
twenty dogs were already tabulated, and the prices paid.

Anxiously, Reese Beaudin was waiting. Each time that a new dog came up he looked at Joe Delesse, but as yet Joe had failed to give the signal.

On the platform the Indian was holding two malemutes in leash now and Paquette was crying, in a well simulated fit of great fury:

"What, you cheap kimootiske, will you let this pair of malemutes go for seven mink and a cross fox? Are you men? Are you poverty-stricken? Are you blind? A breed dog and a male giant for seven mink and a cross fox? *Non*, I will buy them myself first, and kill them, and use their flesh for dog-feed, and their hides for fools' caps! I will—"

"Twelve mink and a Number Two Cross," came a voice out of the crowd. *Continued on page 101*



down. And the second miracle was that Reese Beaudin did not leap on him when he had fallen.

"I shall die hard," Reese repeated again.

He tucked the violin in its buckskin covering under his arm. From the table he took his cap and placed it on his head.

In a last effort McDougall sprang from his chair and caught the other's arm.

"Reese Beaudin—you are going to your death! As factor of Lac Bain—agent of justice under power of police—I forbid it!"

"So-o-o," spoke Reese Beaudin, gently. "*Mon pere—*"

He unbuttoned his coat, which had remained buttoned. Under the coat was a heavy shirt; and the shirt he opened, smiling into the factor's eyes, and McDougall's face froze, and the breath was cut short on his lips.

"That!" he gasped.

In and out among the devourers of caribou-flesh, scanning the groups and the ones and the twos and the threes, passed Jacques Dupont, and with him walked his friend, one-eyed Layonne. Layonne was a big man, but Dupont was taller by half a head. The brutishness of his face was hidden under a coarse red beard; but the devil in him glowered from his deep-set, inhuman eyes; it walked in his gait, in the hulk of his great shoulders, in the gorilla-like slouch of his hips. His huge hands hung partly clenched at his sides. His breath was heavy with whisky that Layonne himself had smuggled in, and in his heart was black murder.

"He has not come!" he cried for the twentieth time. "He has not come!"

He moved on, and Reese Beaudin—ten feet

The Heart of Alix

By
Valentine
Williams

Illustrated by
James
Trembath

GERRY LEESE awoke with a start, his heart pounding violently. A long-drawn-out, melancholy hooting drifted in through his bedroom window.

He sprang out of bed and looked out. It was broad daylight, a gray morning, such as mariners say foretells fine weather, and out of the sea mist resounded the doleful bleat of the foghorn of the Warner lightship. With a rush the recollection of the events of the previous evening came back to him.

The first excitement of the finding of the body having subsided, he had gone to his room, at Lady Fubsy's urgent entreaty, to get rid of his wet clothes. Before going up he had seen Jump dispatched in the car to the adjacent village of Dexter with instructions to rouse up and bring back the local constable with all speed. He had left Sir Harry and Frankie Barles-ton waiting Jump's return and had gone to bed. Now, as he stood at his bedroom window and filled his lungs with the clean morning air, it began once more its dull pricking. The sea door . . . that was it! Why had it been locked against them? For locked it had been. On reaching the door from the inside he had found, as he had predicted to Freckles would be the case, that the catch was down. Yet, as Freckles had assured him, it was not the custom of the house to use the catch at all. Had it been rusted as she declared it was? He couldn't remember. It didn't matter, anyway; the important fact was that they had been locked out.

Why? And had this fact any bearing on the tragedy? Sir Harry and the others apparently believed that Stanismore had been drowned by falling off his yacht on his way to visit them at Node, as he had visited them before. But on Friday night the sea was dead calm. How, in the name of goodness, had the man managed to drown himself in smooth water?

Gerry opened his bedroom door and looked out. Nobody was stirring yet. Why shouldn't he do a little investigation on his own account?

He did not stop to bathe or shave, but, as soon as he was dressed, stepped softly out into the corridor, ran down to the floor below and descended to the grounds by the garden stairs.

The sea door stood open, as they had left it on the previous night. Gerry first turned his attention to the lock. Freckles was perfectly right: the snib was red with rust. It moved, but stiffly, when Gerry pushed it down, wedging the bolt against any attempt to turn it with the doorknob or, con-



Alix and Ronnie

sequently, with the key from the outside. Then Gerry observed a little reddish dust adhering to the catch and powdering the black enamel of the lock surrounding it.

He moistened his finger and picked up a few grains of the deposit. It was not rust. For that it was too gritty. Looking about him, the young man caught sight of a battered

half brick lying on the path. He remembered it perfectly. They used it to prop the door open when they went down to bathe.

HE PICKED up the brick, turned it over in his hands. His fingers easily detached a few porous flakes of the same color and consistency as that reddish powder on the lock. At one end of the brick was a nick. It was obviously freshly made, for it was lighter in shade than the dull red about it. It certainly looked as though whoever

had locked them out had used the brick for battering down the snib.

A brisk "good-morning!" made him start guiltily. A healthy-looking, red-faced man in a gray flannel suit and tweed cap stood in the doorway. Gerry's first instinct was to drop his brick. But he thought better of it, and instead laid his trophy carefully down again.

"You seem interested in that door," observed the man jauntily.

Gerry reddened. "I was just having a look round," he replied rather lamely.

"Staying here?" the stranger asked.

The young man's self-assurance was returning. The other's bland impertinence rather jarred on him.

"Are you?" he countered. But he had been brought up in a school which has taken to heart the Virginian's famous admonition in Owen Wister's masterpiece: "When you say that, smile!" And Gerry Leese's smile would have disarmed the grand inquisitor himself.

The man in the tweed cap laughed.

"I'm at Chine Bay," he answered. "I heard there was a dead body on the beach here, so I thought I'd stroll over and have a look. You've heard about it, I s'pose?"

"Sure," said Gerry. His heart swelled within him, as he added importantly, "I found him."

"Is that so?" observed the stranger casually. "Well, he's out there yet. They moved him up out of reach of the sea. The tide's going out again now."

Gerry stepped out upon the little platform at the head of the steps leading down to the beach. On a dry patch of sand at the foot of the sea wall some distance away he saw a dark form stretched out.

"I guess I'll take a look at him, now that I'm here," said Gerry.

"There's no harm in your doing that if you don't touch," rejoined the man in the tweed cap.

Gerry stopped and scanned him carefully.

"Say, are you the village constable?" he demanded.

"Well, no, not exactly," the other replied gravely. "I'm his deputy, as you might say. I know Jem Belper, see, and he asked me to take charge while he slipped off home to get a bit of breakfast. He's been out all night."

Gerry looked puzzled.

"But hasn't the district attorney been here yet?" "We don't have him in this country," said the

stranger, and smiled. "But the superintendent and the police surgeon from Vanner have been and gone. The superintendent will be back with the photographer as soon as it's light enough to take pictures. They're going to move the dead man back to where he was found when the tide's back enough. They'll want you to help them there, I shouldn't wonder."

He paused and, taking his pipe from his mouth, thoughtfully contemplated the bowl. Then he said inquiringly: "His head and trunk would have been higher than his legs, I suppose, when you came across him?"

"Yes. His feet were pointing down the beach."

"Face downward, eh?"

"Not his face," Gerry corrected. "His face was turned to one side. But his chest was resting on the ground."

The man in the tweed cap sucked his pipe reflectively.

"Can I go along and look at him now?" Gerry asked.

"If you like. He's not a pretty sight."

They scrambled over the rocks together. A merciful hand had flung a tarpaulin over the body, but it had been rolled down to the waist, and the face was uncovered. Despite the terrible injuries to the features, the dead man looked more human now as he lay with his sightless gaze turned upward to the grey sky of morning and his hands decently arranged along his sides.

"Say," murmured Gerry in an awed voice, "did the rocks do *that* to him? How did he manage to get into the water, anyway? What do the police say?"

The man in the tweed cap looked hard at him. "Have you ever seen a drowned man before?" he demanded.

"Never," rejoined Gerry.

"I thought not. Just put your hand on his coat. Here, on the lapel. He won't bite you."

Gerry obeyed.

"Just damp, isn't it? That's sea moisture. The front of the jacket's not sopping with sea water like his trousers, is it? Don't you know what that means? The upper part of his body was never in the sea. High water only reached his legs. If they'd left him where he lay till the tide was full, they'd have seen that for themselves. . . ."

"But the back of his coat was soaked."

"Rain. It poured from noon until tea time yesterday afternoon, didn't it? The rain didn't start till long after breakfast. And Friday night was fine, wasn't it?"

"It was when I went to bed," said Gerry eagerly.

"THERE wasn't a drop all night, Jem Belper tells me," declared the other with emphasis. "What follows? That when that body came to the ground on that patch of sand between those two rocks down there the weather was fine. The proof is that the front of the coat and the waistcoat beneath it, which rested on the sand and were shielded by the trunk, are dry by comparison with the back. That gives us the time approximately, don't it?"

"You mean that the body must have been there before the rain started after breakfast on Saturday," said Gerry.

"I certainly do. Although it looked mighty threatening all yesterday evening, the last rain we had stopped at five o'clock in the afternoon. What time exactly was it when you found the body?"

"About ten o'clock, or a little after," Gerry replied.

The man in the tweed cap nodded.

"It all fits in. The police surgeon, who was here an hour or two back, said that the man had then been dead for more than twenty-four hours. That would give the time of death as somewhere late on Friday night or early on Saturday morning. Belper tells me that Stanismore was alive and well in London on Friday morning and spoke of coming down to Portsmouth in the afternoon. Humph. . . ."

"But how did he die if he wasn't drowned?" demanded Gerry.

"Drowned?" The stranger repeated in a loud voice. "The wave that drowned him had a damned big stick in its hand, that's all I can say! Look at the forehead above the left eye! Why, the front of his head is knocked in, pretty near."

In blank astonishment Gerry whistled. "You mean . . . you mean he was murdered?"

"I do, was the firm reply, "and the police surgeon says so too, by what I hear from Belper."

The memory of the sea door locked against them, of that rusty catch battered down, flashed into Gerry Leese's mind. For a moment he debated whether he should confine the result of his inves-

tigations to his very cocksure acquaintance. He checked the impulse, however, and asked instead:

"Are you from the District Attorney's office, or whatever you call it in this country?"

The stranger's eyes twinkled.

"Something like that," he said. He laid a finger knowingly along his nose.

"But I'm here unofficially, strictly unofficially, you understand!"



WHEN Alix Barleston told her husband that she was not afraid of Superintendent Nolling, it was no vain boast. The police officer was a familiar personage to the household at Node. His squarish, shortish figure, in the smart black uniform and silver laced cap, was to be seen on all public occasions in the neighborhood, and he al-

ways attended the church bazaars and other charity fêtes which, during the summer months, were held in the grounds of Node House.

The superintendent took command of the situation at Node with an apologetic air which amazed the young American, Gerry Leese, accustomed to the more brusque vigor of police methods at home. Frankie Barleston had informed the superintendent of Stanismore's intention, announced at their meeting in London on Friday morning, of visiting Portsmouth on the Friday afternoon, and when Gerry came up from the beach to breakfast he discovered the police officer in the hall laboriously transcribing the deposition, from the major's dictation, in a fat notebook. Sir Harry was looking on.

"Ah, there you are, Leese," said Sir Harry as Gerry appeared. "This is the gentleman who found the body," he explained to the superintendent by way of introduction.

"One thing at a time, if you please, sir," rejoined the officer. "I'll finish first with the major, if you don't mind. . . ." He turned again to Barleston.

"They've located the Anthea, Stanismore's yacht," Sir Harry informed Gerry in an aside. "She's moored off Chine Bay Pier. Stanismore arrived in her on Friday evening. He went ashore about half past ten or eleven. He keeps a single hand on board, a man called Newcome, and this fellow's missing. Nolling thinks it's significant. . . ."

"What's that, Uncle Harry?"

Alix Barleston stood beside them. She had descended the stairs unnoticed. She was wearing a white crêpe frock, and she had thrust a crimson rose in her belt. The superintendent looked up from his notebook with a deferential smile.

"Good morning to you, Mrs. Barleston," he said brightly.

"Good morning, Superintendent," she returned his greeting. "What's this Sir Harry is saying about Mr. Stanismore's yacht hand being missing?"

Mr. Nolling assumed an important air.

"Well, Ma'am, we're following the matter up. It 'pears as how, about nine-thirty on Friday night, this chap, Newcome—I know him, and a rare rough customer he is—came ashore in the Anthea's dinghy with his kit bag under his arm. A boatman on the shipway—chap by name of Simpson—spoke to him, but got no answer. Thinks Newcome was in liquor. I dare say he was. He's been in trouble before over his drinking ways. He went off into the town and he's not been seen since. . . ."

Alix Barleston, her lips slightly parted, had been listening eagerly.

"But surely you don't think that this man—" she began. Her gaze strayed toward her husband. But Frankie, who was twirling his eyeglass on the end of its string, avoided her eye.

"What I think or what I don't think ain't evidence, ma'am," Nolling observed placidly with his strong Wight burr. "I may have my suspicions, and then again I mayn't. But I do know that on Friday night this Newcome chap lands with his ditty bag at half past nine and never comes back, and that an hour later, being alone on the yacht, this here Mr. Stanismore hails Simpson and has himself put ashore. He gives Simpson a bob and walks off in the direction of Node. He never told Simpson nothing about calling at Node. Did he tell Newcome? Eleven o'clock, which would be about the hour Stanismore would have reached the spot where he was found if he went by the sands, strikes me as a funny sort o' time to go a-calling. But was he going a-calling? I don't know and, from what Sir Harry has kindly told me, none of you ladies and gentlemen know either. And therefore, until we've laid hands on this here Newcome, I reserve my judgment. . . ."

He folded his arms across his chest and looked with a challenging air around the hall.

"The thing's a mystery to us all," averred Sir Harry. "To think of that poor fellow being done to death at our very doors! The body must have lain hidden among the rocks all Saturday. I don't know when it would have been discovered if Leese hadn't stumbled upon it when he went round to climb over the wall. By the way, that reminds me. . . ."

HE GLANCED round the circle of his guests. Vroque and Freckles had come in from breakfast, and at this moment Dene appeared from the direction of the dining-room. His eyes at once sought out Alix, who stood by the table, twisting her handkerchief through her fingers. She would not meet his gaze.

"That reminds me," Sir Harry was saying. "Did anybody fasten the catch on the inside of the sea door on Saturday?"

Each looked at the other with the sort of inquiring glance which people in a group exchange when a general question is put to them. There was a murmur of noes in different keys. Now the superintendent intervened.

"I attach no importance to the point, sir. It's Friday night, not Saturday, we're concerned with. There was naught amiss with the lock Friday night, for the major let himself in with his key. . . ." He broke off and fluttered the leaves of his notebook. "What time was it again, Major?"

"Just before ten," said Barleston. "When I arrived back from town. . . ."

Alix, who was watching Ronnie Dene, saw a perplexed furrow appear between his eyes. She stole a glance at Frankie. His face was impassive.

The superintendent turned to Gerry.

"I'll get your statement about the discovery of the body down in black and white, sir, if you don't mind," he remarked. "How was the name again?"

While Nolling wrote down Gerry's deposition, word for word, in longhand, Alix made a sign to her husband and went out and stood under the porch.

"Frankie," she exclaimed desperately when he had joined her, "I can't go on with it. . . ."

"For God's sake, hush!" he implored. "Someone will hear you."

"We can't stand by and let them arrest this wretched man. That was no part of our bargain, Frankie. . . ."

"They haven't found him yet. And if they do they can prove nothing. Listen to me, Alix: you've got to take a grip on yourself. You're losing your nerve. . . ."

He broke off abruptly. Freckles stepped into the porch.

"Isn't old Nolling a scream?" she said. "Gerry's getting most frightfully ratty. The old idiot makes him say everything at least four times over. I say, Frankie"—she lowered her voice—"have the police found out how the murder was done? I mean, what weapon the murderer used?"

Frankie screwed his glass into his eye.

"The surgeon said something about a blunt instrument," he answered after a pause. "But that's what they always say! What do you want to know for?"

"Because I'm thrilled by it all. Have they found the weapon?"

"Not that I know of," retorted Frankie, turning away.

"Freckles, don't be so morbid!" said Alix. Then Vrogue called them back into the hall.

"I was asking Sir Harry whether anything unusual was seen or heard on Friday night," Nolling remarked as they reappeared.

"I've explained to the superintendent that on Friday night we broke up early," said Sir Harry. "My wife and I, with Leese here and you, Freckles, went upstairs together at half past ten. You, Vrogue, were in the library. . . ."

"As a matter of fact, I went to my room before you did," Vrogue put in. "Don't you remember I said good night to you across the corridor when you came up?"

"Why, yes, of course. Well, then, that accounts for you. You were in your room too, Frankie, as you came back at ten. At that time Alix was already upstairs and you, Dene, you went off early as well. About ten o'clock, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Dene agreed shortly.

"Then you were all in your rooms before Mr. Stanismore could have reached Node beach?" suggested Nolling.

"Undoubtedly," replied Sir Harry, making himself the spokesman of his guests.

"And no cry, or anything of the kind, was heard?"

The momentary silence appeared to imply a negative answer to the question.

"Did everybody go straight to bed?" asked the police officer.

"I did, for one," replied Sir Harry. "And so did my wife. We keep early hours at Node, Nolling. Not much excitement here in the evenings. What about you, Leese?"

"I did too," said Gerry. "Freckles and I had to make an early start next morning."

"I turned in early as well," Frankie put in, "the very instant I got back, and found that Alix had beaten me by a short head."

"I expect Vrogue was the last, as usual, to put out his light," remarked Sir Harry.

"Nothing of the sort," Vrogue retorted. "He"—pointing at Dene—"was later than I."

"What time did you get into bed, sir?" Nolling said to Dene.

"I don't quite know. Latish, in any case. When I got upstairs I changed into pajamas and sat for a bit smoking and looking at the sea."

"At what hour did you put out your light?"

FOR the fraction of a second the young man hesitated. He did not look at Alix, but he felt her eyes on his face.

"I'm not absolutely sure," he answered evenly. "Soon after midnight, I should say."

"You were the last up, then. You sleep on

the sea side of the house; I think Sir Harry said? You heard no sound from the beach?"

"Nothing. But the beach is a long way from the house, you know."

Nolling was making a lengthy entry in his book. "That's so," he agreed, busy with his writing. When at last he had finished he closed his book with a snap. He turned to Gerry.

"I'm going to ask you to have the kindness," he said, to come down to the beach. The photographer's outside, and I want your help in arranging the body as it was found."

Gerry made a face at Freckles behind Mr. Nolling's back. But rather to the boy's surprise, she did not smile. She was gazing at Ronnie Dene, her smooth young forehead wrinkled in a perplexed and anxious frown.

The news of the murder had spread over the island. It had flashed across the water to the mainland and burst like a shell upon the calm of a dull Fleet Street Sunday. The local reporters were, of course, the first on the scene and were disposed of without difficulty by Mr. Nolling on the feudal principles on which the newspaper affairs of the Isle of Wight are conducted. But in the early afternoon a deluge of pertinacious investigators descended upon Node. These were the newspaper men from London, polite but persistent individuals with post-office telegraph forms protruding from their breast pockets. Their assaults on the front door infuriated Cantle, who, like so many newspaper readers, strongly objected to the publicity that dealt with his own instead of other people's affairs.

"A lot o' dratted, prying busybodies," he would mutter as he stalked, with all becoming deliberation through the hall, "poking their noses in where they're not wanted." He would open the door and blink idiotically at the keen, determined faces of the news-seekers outside. "No," he would snap importantly, handing back a card, "we don't know anything about it. The perlice at Vanner is in

possession of the particklers. The sooperintendent left here this hower gone."

He was particularly incensed against a certain Mr. Bryan Blake, who gained access to the house by what the butler designated as a low trick. A black-haired, merry-eyed young man, extremely well dressed, he arrived alone in a two-seater. He asked for Mr. Vrogue, and the card he presented bore the name of a club of such impeccable respectability that Cantle admitted him.

But Vrogue, who was in the library, flatly refused to see the caller. He terrified Cantle by flying into a most violent passion.

"What's it got to do with me?" he roared, his mouth awry. "Send him packing, d'you hear? I won't see him or anybody else from the press. Tell him to go to. . . ."

Cantle closed the library door, precipitately. The young man accepted his dismissal with calm. "Won't see me, eh?" was his only remark. And he walked out jauntily to his car.

The confusion in the house filled Alix's mind with fresh dread. The stream of callers, the perpetual pealing of the telephone, the clatter of the cars hired by the reporters, churning up the dust of the drive, all these clamorous seekers after the truth which she had undertaken to obscure, appalled her. Nolling's dark hints about the missing yacht hand drove her nearly frantic with anxiety. This was a possibility she had never contemplated. What had become of the man? And why did he remain away? It certainly made things look black for him. Then doubt would surge up in her mind once more. Had Frankie, after all, deceived her? What if he had assumed responsibility for this crime merely to gain access to her room and frustrate her resolve to divorce him?

At five o'clock Nolling, who had gone away for lunch, returned. The house party was at tea in the drawing-room. The superintendent was brought in. Alix saw at once by his manner that he had some news.

"A gentleman whose ketch is moored handy to the Anthea," he announced importantly, "has been to me with a statement. 'Pears as how Stanismore and this man of his, Newcome, had words Friday night. Witness heard Stanismore accuse the man of being drunk and bid him collect his traps and clear out. . . ."

Dene nudged Barleston. "D'you think Alix ought to hear all this?" he said in an undertone. "She's looking awfully white. Hadn't you better take her away?"

"Late on Friday night," Nolling continued, "the prisoner—"

"The prisoner?" echoed Alix blankly. "Has this man been arrested, then?"

"Detained for inquiries, ma'am. The police found him in a house in Beach Street this afternoon. He was heard to use threats against the deceased in the Anchor Friday night. He paused and looked fixedly at Gerry, who realized that Cantle had betrayed him. "We don't lose much time in the island, sir. . . ."

He puffed out his cheeks, and under the smart black braiding of his jacket his chest seemed to swell. . . .

BUT alas! Superintendent Nolling's crowded hour of glorious life was almost run.

At the inquest next day, after Mr. Cuthbert Stoale, Stanismore's private secretary, had given evidence of identification, the men of the Node House party were surprised to see a large, red-faced man rise up in the body of the court. He passed over a telegram to the coroner.

"I see by this," said the coroner, looking over the top of his glasses, "that the commissioner of police at Scotland Yard has intrusted you with the investigation. You're Inspector Manderton, I suppose?"

"Yes sir. I am not prepared to offer any evidence now, and I ask for an eight days' adjournment."

Gerry Leese gasped. From where he sat, between

The Story Thus Far:

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is staying with her husband's aunt and uncle, Sir Harry Fubsy and Lady Fubsy, at Node, their estate. Frankie Barleston, Alix's husband, is a worthless drunkard now in the power of a man named Stanismore, who holds notes for most of his debts.

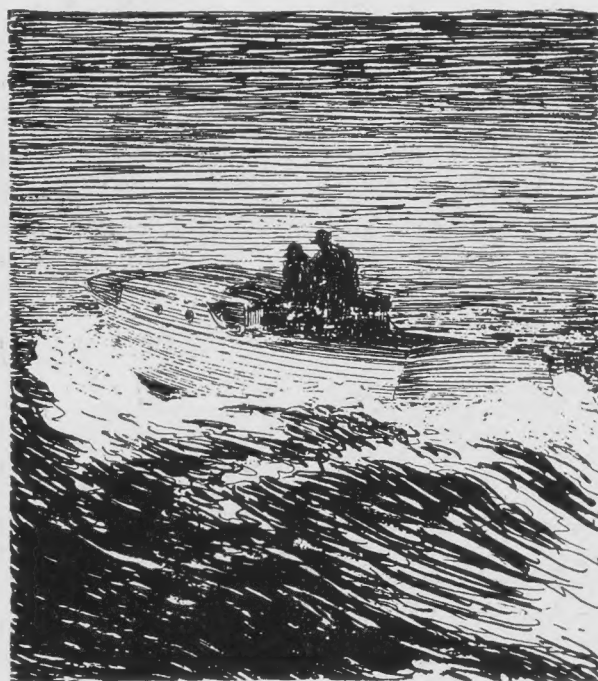
The other guests at Node are Curtiss Vrogue, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister Isobel, known as Freckles; Gerry Leese, a young American in love with Freckles, and Ronnie Dene, in love with Alix.

Stanismore comes secretly to Node to woo Alix, promising to take care of Frankie if she will come to him. Alix spurns him.

Soon afterward in her room she is surprised by a visit from Ronnie, who is worried about her, and just as he goes Frankie comes in and whispers something to Alix that frightens her and makes her allow Frankie to stay in her room that night.

The next evening on their way home from an outing Freckles and Gerry discover the body of a dead man outside the sea wall at Node.

When it is discovered that the dead man is Stanismore, well known to them all, there is great consternation, particularly on the part of Alix and Frankie. Frankie seems guiltily nervous and extracts from Alix a promise that she will stick by him and his alibi that he spent that night with her. She believes that he committed the crime, though he will not admit it. She realizes that she must stand by him and that there is no turning back.



Sir Harry and Vogue, he could not see the speaker's face, but he recognized the loud, confident voice, the burly back.

It was the man in the tweed cap.

"THE first glimmering of brains I've caught sight of in the investigation of this case up to now," remarked Inspector Manderton approvingly to Gerry Leese, "and I've been all through old Nolling's reports."

Once more they stood together at the sea door where they had first met. At eleven o'clock the inquest had been adjourned for a week, and an hour later Mr. Manderton, flanked by two plain-clothes satellites who had arrived by the morning boat, appeared at Node House, demanding Mr. Leese. The inspector rejected Sir Harry's offer to accompany him, saying he wished to disturb nobody. He only wanted Mr. Leese to show him on the actual spot how he had discovered the body.

Instead of proceeding directly to the beach, however, Mr. Manderton halted Gerry at the sea door and sought from him a full account of the incident of the catch. Now he stood weighing in his hand the half brick wherewith, as Gerry had just pointed out to him, the snib had obviously been battered down.

"Locked out, eh?" the inspector observed musingly. "Deliberate too. Must have been someone in the house who did it! They all knew you and the young lady were out, I take it?"

"Oh, yes," Gerry answered; "we discussed our trip at breakfast. Lady Fussy didn't want Miss Dalglish"—this was Freckles—"to go."

"H'm!" Mr. Manderton grunted. "Why didn't you tell me about the door yesterday?"

"I didn't know who you were!" was Gerry's truthful reply.

The inspector nodded. "Caution's a good thing in the right place," he said, "but now that you do know me, Mr. Leese, there's no need to go on being cautious, d'you understand? I'm here to get at the truth, see? To peer and worry and ferret and scratch till I've dug it up, even if it were rooted as deep as those old elms back there." He jerked his thumb backward over his shoulder in the direction of the wilderness.

"But," Gerry objected timidly, "surely you've got the man that did it?"

MR. MANDERTON

sniffed rather contemptuously. "He's put in an alibi, a good 'un, too, if it stands up. Admits he was drunk Friday evening, but says that after he left the Anthea he spent the rest of the evening boozing with another yacht hand named Kenyon, first at the Anchor and afterward at Kenyon's

lodgings with Kenyon and some men he didn't know. Says Kenyon saw him home latish, about two o'clock, he thinks. The lodging-house keeper confirms that part of his statement. Kenyon went off in a yacht to Monte Carlo on Saturday morning. Until we can get hold of him we can't know whether Newcome's alibi is sound. And in this country you can't hold a man for more than twenty-four hours without charging him. So that's that! In the meantime"—the detective's jaw squared—"I follow my own line. Mallow!" he called sharply.

"Sir?" wheezed a voice from the other side of the wall. A somewhat battered straw hat, surmounting a hard, weather-beaten face, was poked round the door.

"Ah, there you are. Smith there?"

"Yes, sir." A solidly built young man with a button nose and large red hands showed up in the doorway.

"Now then, Mr. Leese." Followed by his two myrmidons, Mr. Manderton led the way down the wooden stair to the beach.

"Down with you, Smith," he ordered when they had arrived at the spot where, under the shadow of the wall, the body had lain. The plain clothes man dropped prone on the sand between the two rocks, while Straw Hat arranged the limbs according to Gerry's indications. The inspector stood to

one side, checking the operation by a sheaf of photographs which he drew from the bag he carried in his hand.

"Everything of any use washed off by the rain," he grumbled as he glanced idly over the ground where Straw Hat was stretched out, "and any footprints of any value trampled out by these damned staring yokels. More that forty-eight hours wasted, and they expect me to make a job of it. Mr. Leese!" he called sharply, "did you notice any fresh blood on the rocks or the sand when you found him?"

"I can't say I did," said Gerry, "I guess it was too dark."

"I swear there was none when I examined the ground in the morning," murmured Mr. Manderton, as though speaking to himself. "All right, Smith; you can get up," he told his assistant. Straw Hat bent down and said something in the inspector's ear.



She caught herself wondering however, whether he returned the self-same probing rather troubling gaze upon everyone whom he encountered in the course of his work

"I know that," Mr. Manderton rejoined testily; "it sticks out a foot."

"That bloke 'Arris, 'im as was done in on Rainham Flats," Straw Hat pursued in his croaking voice, "e got a slosh over the front of the dial, same as this chap 'ere, an' we found 'im on 'is back, if you recollect, sir. . . ."

BUT the inspector was not listening. He had produced his big black pipe and was stuffing it with tobacco from his pouch, his back to the sea, his eyes raised toward the sea door. He had a sort of spry air about him which made Gerry think of a rooster surveying the barnyard.

"Here a moment, Smith," commanded Mr. Manderton suddenly. "Limp now."

The plain-clothes man was strongly built, but the inspector raised him up in his arms without apparent effort. Although not tall, Mr. Manderton was immensely solid, with a formidable chest span. He hesitated an instant with his plump young aide reclining ridiculously in his powerful arms. Then, bracing himself, he canted Smith up on his shoulder, head foremost, feet downward, and with a brisk jerk pitched the man forward on the soft sand.

"Don't budge!" the inspector's voice rang out commandingly. He drew himself erect, breathing hard, and stared moodily at his assistant, who

sprawled in a twisted, unnatural posture, face downward on the beach.

"All right, Smith," he said presently. He lit his pipe with an absent air, then he turned to Gerry. "Come," he said. "I'd like to have a look round the grounds, sir, if it's agreeable to you. You two men wait for me here."

A straggling procession was visible, approaching over the beach. Mr. Manderton sighed.

"The gentlemen of the press, I fancy. Should they say anything to you, Mallow, you can tell them that if they want to see me I'll be at the Vanner police station this evening at seven o'clock."

"Good fellows, the newspaper men, if you treat 'em right," Mr. Manderton remarked to Gerry as they mounted the steps from the beach, "but I'm not ready for 'em yet. Lord, not by a jugful! Now, if you wouldn't mind closing that door, sir. . . ."

The sea door swung to with a click, and they were alone in the Node Wilderness. It was a mild, dull day, and the woods gave forth a pleasant, leafy smell.

The inspector, puffing at his pipe, ran a slow eye along the high and massive walls.

"Wonder you didn't cut yourself getting over all that broken glass," he observed to Gerry.

"I folded my oilskin and laid it across the coping," the American rejoined. "It isn't very dangerous, really. . . ."

"No, it wouldn't be," Mr. Manderton agreed absently.

He was now contemplating the mossy walk leading up from the sea door. "There are plenty of tracks here," he commented, pointing to the ground. "Easy to see that it hasn't rained since Saturday. Looks as if a battalion had marched down to the beach."

The path, indeed, moss-grown over a white quartz surface, was badly cut up.

"It gets mighty soft after rain," said

Gerry, "and ever since Sunday morning people have been trampling up and down here. It's not much used as a rule: only when we go in swimming or coming back, when we've been out in the motor boat."

"Why only coming back?" Manderton demanded casually.

"Because I keep the boat at Chine Bay; it's more sheltered in the harbor there, and my man puts up in the town. So we usually pick the boat up at Chine Bay, and my man drops us off at Node when we come in."

"Did you take the boat at Chine Bay on Saturday when you and Miss What's-her-name went to Southampton?" asked Mr. Manderton swiftly.

"Sure!"

"Did you go out by the sea door?"

"No, we went to Chine Bay by road, in the car."

"I see." A pause.

"Did anybody go bathing from Node on Saturday?"

The question rang sharp as a pistol shot.

Gerry looked up in surprise.

"I don't think so. I know that we four—Miss Dalglish and her sister, Captain Dene and I—didn't go in before breakfast, as we often do, because the morning was so unpromising. And Mr. Vogue never bathes unless it's sunny. I don't believe that Captain Dene and Mrs. Barleston went swimming later either, because Mrs. Barleston hates bathing in the rain."

"Ah, then it's possible that the sea door was not used at all on Saturday."

"It's quite likely," Gerry answered frankly. "Nobody ever goes on the beach when it's wet."

Manderton grunted. It was impossible to divine the meaning of this characteristic ejaculation of his. He was an unsatisfactory conversationalist, Gerry decided, for he would ask a question and then by the time one had answered him would appear to be thinking of something else. While they stood talking at the foot of the path the detective kept darting swift glances about him.

Now his gaze rested upon the round mass of Node Tower, which the path, curving round its base, separated, across an intervening tangle of bushes and trees, from the sea wall.

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This is a Goodly Land

By R. J. Deachman

WE HAVE a Tariff Board in Canada. It has been in operation since last May. Fifty-three applications for tariff changes have been made—not all on one side, remember. Thirteen have been reported on at time of writing. Altogether, thirty-two have been given the "once over"—many of these will come up for second hearing. Forgive the personal note—this is a Confession's Story. I have appeared in every case but three arguing always for a reduction as opposed to increases in the tariff. Raise not your pencilled eyebrows in holy alarm. This is not a tariff story nor a roundabout approach to an argument on that hoary old controversy. I state the facts merely to point out that what I write here about the achievements of the Canadian manufacturer is not praise from a loving friend. I confess that on their attitude on fiscal questions I must oppose them. In their achievements for the up-building of Canada—for the tremendous progress they have, by their energy and effort, made during the last few years, I have nothing but approval. There has been a tremendous accomplishment and worthiness of every commendation.

We suffer in Canada from an inferiority complex—beautiful expression that—it sounds learned and intelligent, and you must stop to think what it means. The point is this: if you ask an American anything about his own country he will tell you it is the first in the world. He feels that. It has been built into him. It is reflected in the oratory of Congress. It is a part of American character. In Canada we have exactly the opposite point of view. Listen to the speeches in the House of Commons. Scarcely a day passes without somebody getting up to remark that this country is a lost land—that it is sunk in debt and hopelessness and that our future, if we ever had any, is behind us and not before, and that economically we may expect nothing but death and oblivion.

The Tests

PUT this theory to the test. Ask a group of your friends any day if Canada exports any manufactured goods. Note the answer. Ask them how our trade compares with the trade of other great nations in the world. See if they know the facts. Suggest to them that in 1926 we had the largest favorable trade balance of any country in the world. It is rarely that you will find one who knows the facts and a clear statement of the case will invariably elicit surprise. The truth is that Canada has made amazing progress. No country in all the world has made so rapid a recovery from the depression of post-war days and that recovery has been due primarily to the energy and effort of our farmers, manufacturers and business men, and secondarily to our immense natural resources now only beginning to be developed. I emphasize in this connection the amazing development of our manufacturing industries because of late years they have occupied a more and more important place in the life of the country and because we have through the Tariff Board adopted a means of dealing with our fiscal problem which is bound to be helpful not only to manufacturers, but to every other section of the community as well.

Many people seem to be under the impression that Canada's exports consists entirely of raw materials and agricultural products. This is not true. Wheat, of course, is our leading export commodity, but printing paper is the item of second importance in our export trade, and flour comes third. Automobiles stand eighth on the list, and although we are heavy importers of automobiles, we are actually exporting more than we import. Paper is a natural product of Canada, and it is not surprising that we should have made such progress in the development of that industry in the last few years, but it is rather astonishing to note the fact that although Canada produces no rubber, we market rubber goods made from imported raw rubber in almost every civilized country in the world. Last year we marketed rubber belting in 46 different countries; canvas shoes with rubber soles in 56; other boots and rubbers in more than a score, and tire casings of rubber in nearly 100 countries. There is scarcely a corner in the world where the natives do not roll on tires made in Canada. The United Kingdom, Argentine Republic, Australia, New Zealand, British India, Dutch East Indies and British South Africa are

our principal markets, but Canadian tires go to Fiji, the Canary Islands, Peru, Spain, Hong Kong and almost every other country.

Rapid Progress

SOME idea of the rapid increase that has been made in Canadian exports of manufactured goods may be gleaned from the following table:

CANADIAN EXPORTS—MANUFACTURED COMMODITIES

	1922	1926
Paper	\$69,533,418	\$110,104,429
Rubber	4,061,809	20,726,859
Vehicles	12,113,847	43,180,025
Iron and steel other than Vehicles ..	16,198,425	31,555,052

Of course this includes only four leading classifications, but it does give rather convincing proof of

imports were manufactured goods—now 61½ per cent. In 1914 21.8 per cent. of our imports were raw materials—now 27.7 per cent. The change is due to the increased import of raw materials for the use of our manufacturers. How great that change is can be gleaned from the following table:

IMPORTS OF RAW MATERIALS

	1914	1926
Sugar (raw) lbs.	694,000,000	1,158,000,000
Rubber (raw) lbs.	4,450,000	46,813,000
Petroleum (cr.) gal.	177,925,000	570,659,000
Cotton (raw) lbs.	76,993,000	128,560,000
Hides and skins (raw) lbs.	39,016,000	53,408,000

These comparisons might be widely extended, but they all go to show the one point that the Canada of today is not the Canada of pre-war days. That we have a very large manufacturing business in the Dominion and that we have a world-wide trade. The days when the industrial life of the community was centred in the small town have long since passed away. Our manufacturers are now in world commerce—winning their way in every market of the world in open and unaided competition.

We are sometimes told that Canadian trade consists largely in the exports of raw material and that we are depleting our natural resources. The contention is ridiculously absurd. So far in the world's history no nation has depleted its natural resources. In the dawn of history King Pharaoh or old King Tut was running the business affairs of a nation called Egypt. Now, that was a long time ago. One might imagine that the natural resources of Egypt would be exhausted by this time, but the exports of Egypt today are immense compared to what they were at the time that the Children of Israel made the big trek. From Norway and Sweden came old Vikings who crossed to Iceland, Greenland and on to America. That was many centuries ago, but the wealth production of Norway and Sweden today is vast beyond conception compared to what it was in those ancient days. A nation can squander its natural resources, but so long as it has intelligence it will keep on increasing its production of wealth. Truer words were never spoken than those of John Ruskin when he said: "The veins of wealth do not lie in silver and gold, but in the brawn and brain of the people."

Comparative Progress

OUR proximity to the United States brings us in any discussion of this kind to a comparison of our relative rates of progress and in this the figures of the last five years are particularly interesting. When we find that we have actually increased our exports to the leading nations of the world, not only relatively, but actually more than our big brother to the south, it should make us realize that the century is in truth ours and that we are making progress such as we never made before. The following table provides proof:

EXPORT TRADE COMPARISONS U.S. AND CANADA

	U.S. Exports	Can. Exports
To Great Britain—		
1922	\$855,800,000	\$300,300,000
1926	970,700,000	508,200,000
To Germany—		
1922	316,100,000	4,500,000
1926	373,000,000	30,700,000
To Belgium—		
1922	101,500,000	12,300,000
1926	108,400,000	22,700,000
To Netherlands—		
1922	117,800,000	9,500,000
1926	121,200,000	23,400,000
To Italy—		
1922	150,900,000	15,300,000
1926	165,000,000	12,700,000

Careful study of these figures will reveal the fact that Canadian exports to these countries have increased not only relatively, but actually to a greater extent than American exports. It is somewhat amazing when the productive export capacity of a country like Canada, a nation of 10,000,000 people should exceed in its growth the export capacity of another nation adjacent to it with a population of 120,000,000. It indicates the grip

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Service

By W. V. Newson

*There is no profit in material things
But at the lone, last day, possession flies
From the pallid grasp the Death unpries,
And nothing leaves of the vast hoard of kings,
Or pauper's pittance; nor age; nor sprightly youth
Nor manly prime can for one moment stay
The unrelenting progress of decay.
All life moving, plant or stone, in sooth
May be forgotten, yet one thing never,
For in the fruits of service there survives
A gift supreme, growing without endeavor,
And those who gave their talents or their lives,
Heedless of gain, go on from what they were
Into the soft radiance where remembrance thrives.*

the idea that we are going ahead; that we are making progress and that we are making it rapidly. The range and complexity of items exported to many countries is surprising to anyone who is not a close student of Canadian trade. Take New Zealand as an example. Considering only items which amount to over \$100,000 each, we exported in 1926 the following:

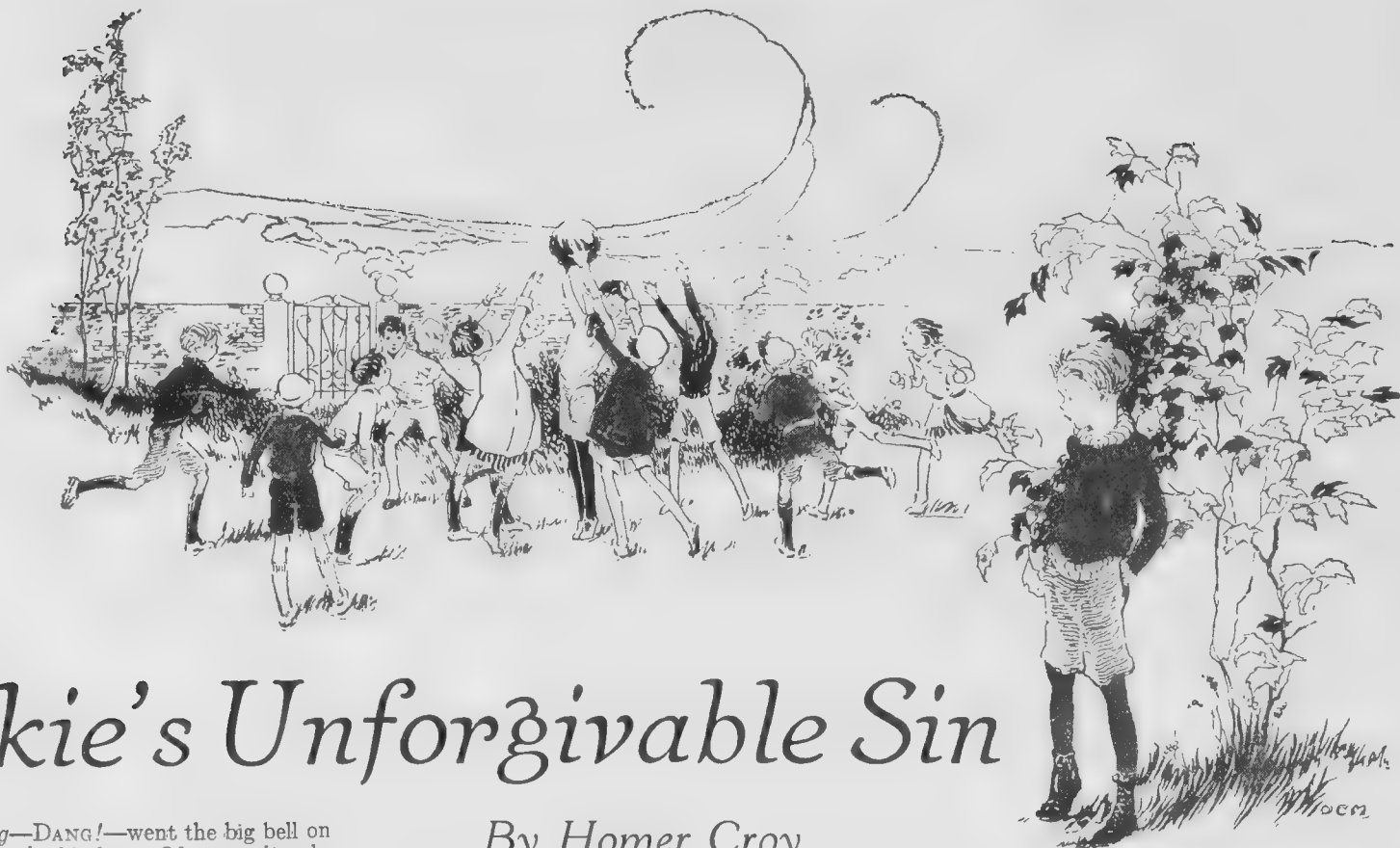
Canned vegetables	\$ 335,270
Confectionery	182,168
Rubber and manufactures of	3,246,384
Canned fish	530,723
Leather and manufactures of	178,607
Cotton manufactures	184,665
Clothing and gloves	138,440
Doors, sashes and blinds	116,293
Newsprint	1,256,568
Wrapping paper	257,548
Iron bars and rods	342,446
Iron pipe and tubing	236,726
Iron wire	406,145
Farm implements	224,213
Nails	268,982
Machinery	110,910
Automobiles and parts	5,537,723
Copper and manufactures of	121,325
Electric apparatus	417,547
Musical instruments	138,247

Our total exports to New Zealand in 1922 amounted to \$4,128,531, and in 1926 to \$16,561,344. This is mentioned not as an exceptional illustration but because it gives a cross-section of Canadian trade expansion during the last four years.

Great Changes

IF WE turn back to the days before the war there has been a marvelous change in Canadian trade. In 1914, 26 per cent. of our products went out in the form of fully manufactured goods. Now over 40 per cent. At that time 69 per cent of our

"At school he couldn't play games. All he could do was to stand around and watch."



Wilkie's Unforgivable Sin

By Homer Croy

Illustrated by Decie Merwin

DANG—dang—DANG!—went the big bell on the pole by the kitchen. Of course it only said, *Clang—clang—CLANG!*—but *dang* was what it sounded like to Wilkie Onstott. Wilkie was ten years old and was in the calf-lot, with a rope around the calf's neck, having a dandy time. Now he would have to go to the house and listen to his aunt read the Bible. Wasn't that the limit!—just when a fella got to having a good time that danged ol' bell had to go and ring. It made a body want to take a hammer and beat it into smithereens or whatever you beat a bell into.

The calf was galloping about the lot, with Wilkie hanging onto the end of the rope. It was almost as good as flying, the way that calf sent a fella around corners.

Wilkie played alone a great deal. The reason that he did not play with the other children in the neighborhood was because of his clubfoot. The other children wanted to play with fellows who could keep up their end—not with a person who had to go stumping along on one good foot and one bad one. Also, when he played alone, there was no one to call him "Crip."

Something had happened that morning that was a sample. The school bus, which went from house to house in the neighborhood picking up the children and taking them to the big fine brick school in Junction City, had stopped before his house. A person was supposed to be ready and out in the road when the bus arrived so that it would not have to wait, but Wilkie was not quite ready.

Wilkie came stumping out; it was hard to walk, with all the other children looking at him—especially when he had to go up and down like a wagon wheel with a flat place in it. If he could march slowly, taking careful steps, then it didn't look so bad, but to run made him bob worse than ever.

"Run, run!" shouted the children in the bus.

Wilkie bobbed along faster.

Jumping out of the bus one of the boys ran at his side doing a grotesque imitation of him, while the other children laughed and squealed. Oh, it was lots of fun! That was the reason that Wilkie liked to play alone.

At school it wasn't much better, for he couldn't play the games the other boys could; all he could do was to stand around and watch, or maybe pick up a ball when it rolled close to him.

Wilkie started slowly toward the house, his body rising and falling with that curious little half-hitch which made the other children laugh so. But Wilkie pretended that he didn't care if they laughed; sometimes he exaggerated his limp and made it worse than it was just to show them that he didn't care.

Wilkie's foot had always been that way—"congenital malformation"; those were the big words the doctors used. "Clubfoot," ordinary people said. Wilkie's father, before he had died, had lived in a city and had taken Wilkie to the biggest doctors there. Strange, queer offices they had with scary-

looking machines and white beds which suddenly turned into operating tables.

They took X-ray pictures of Wilkie—not the kind of pictures that Mr. Marcel, the photographer in Junction City, took, but pictures that made a funny humming sound all the time they were being taken. Then the man had gone into another room and brought back dim, ghostly pictures with something faint and shadowy that looked like a tangle of sticks—bones, the nurse said—and then the doctors had shaken their heads.

He could never be cured; that is, not in America, at least. They mentioned a wonderful surgeon in Vienna, wherever that was, away across somewhere on the other side of the ocean; that was all that Wilkie knew. If Wilkie was taken over there—But there was no money to take Wilkie across the ocean on the chance that his foot might be helped. That was impossible. And then Wilkie's father had died.

Wilkie had been sent to live with his uncle Amos Mendenhall and his aunt Florence—Aunt Flo, Wilkie called her. He had been here a year now. And they had adopted him as their son.

Inside the stable, as Wilkie passed, he could hear Nick Doolin, the hired man, currying Abe, the mule. *Rat-a-tat—rat-a-tat* went the currycomb as Nick Doolin rapped it against the stall.

Wilkie liked Nick, big, rough, hairy Nick, wearing a black felt hat winter and summer, with a row of matches stuck in the sweat-band. It was lots more fun to talk to Nick than it was to Uncle Amos. Uncle Amos knew how to make money—he had more land than anybody in the township and the finest silos and the finest Shorthorns anywhere—but he wasn't good company. He was—well, soured.

"I don't believe in anything till I get it in the bank." That was one of his sayings.

Abruptly the *rat-a-tat* of the currycomb stopped, and Wilkie knew that Abe had crowded Nick Doolin in the stall. Abe was a fine, splendid mule, but he had his shortcomings, and one was suddenly to lean his weight on anybody who was currying him. Abe was not popular. There was a moment's silence and then something broke loose—Nick Doolin swearing, it was. Nick was an expert at this, and Wilkie shivered as he heard the awful words rolling out. Wilkie didn't know what they meant, but he knew they were bad, terrible words.

"The bell's rung," said Wilkie, poking his head in the door.

"D—the bell, too," said Nick Doolin, because naturally anybody would feel that way after having a mule the size of Abe lean on him.

The bell was to call them to the house for the Bible reading. It was what Aunt Flo did every evening. Sometimes she read it as soon as they

had finished supper and sometimes after milking, or when the chores had been done; anyway, always before they went to bed—just when a fellow was getting so sleepy that he could hardly prop his eyes open.

Nick Doolin stopped at the well, pumped himself a drink of water, and threw his chew of tobacco away, as a person ought to fix up a little when he goes in to hear about the Lord. But Uncle Amos didn't; he always came stumping in and planked himself down on the sofa, because the Lord wasn't anything to him. Especially if a calf had died or something, or maybe one of the sows had laid down on a pig. Uncle Amos liked the Lord only when things were going well.

Aunt Flo was sitting by the coal-oil lamp on the centre-table when they came in, turning through the Bible. Her fine gold glasses were drawn down on the point of her nose, which was the way she always read. Aunt Flo was tall and thin and her hair was grey and her hands were knotty because she had had to work so hard all her life, and across the balls of her thumbs were fine, tiny criss-crosses.

Everybody liked Aunt Flo. Rich people thought she had a hard time in life cooking and cleaning and baking and scrubbing and canning and preserving and hoeing in the garden and trying to keep the polecats from getting her chickens and running out to the hog-lot to get another basket of cobs; but she didn't think so.

"There's lots of things harder than work," she sometimes said, and looked at Uncle Amos.

"There ain't anything that gets you as far," said Uncle Amos.

Most of the people in and around Junction City had given up reading the Bible, except maybe on Sunday, or when they got sick, but Aunt Flo hadn't. "It always helps me," she said.

Uncle Amos came stumping in at last, as usual, and sat down on the red sofa with his knees spread apart and his knobby hands hanging between them like block and tackle looking at the floor. Now and then he looked at the big stockyard's calendar, where he had written, in the spaces for the days of the month, items about his stock—"Dixie's calf weaned," "Red Rose put out to pasture," "Shotes on dry feed," and so on.

Uncle Amos now looked up at them—that was what he thought about most of the time when Aunt Flo read the Bible. It had been sixty days since he had put the shotes on dry feed; maybe he'd better weigh them and see how much they had gained.

Aunt Flo lifted her hand slightly, the way she always did before she started to read, and then began. Wilkie's mind promptly dashed off the way it always did unless she read about Jonah being swallowed by the whale, or maybe Daniel being thrown into the lions' den, or something exciting, but the exciting places came only once in

a long time. That was what was the matter with the Bible—too much psalms and "Praise ye the Lord," and not enough swallowing and fighting and Noah sending out the dove.

But now he became interested—it wasn't fighting or swallowing or lions or anything that way—it was just plain reading. This was what it said:

"If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea'; it shall be done."

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, ye shall receive."

Wilkie felt a strange little tickling at his heart—no, it was not a tickling; it was a warmth, like when you splash warm water on your pants and feel it coming through and the spot getting bigger and warmer and warmer. That was the way it was. Faith! It seemed impossible, but it was in the Bible.

The more he thought about it, the warmer and bigger the spot grew. All one had to do, if he understood it right, was to have faith and pray. But such things were so puzzling, he would have to ask someone.

Aunt Flo and Uncle Amos went out on the bricks in front of the kitchen to separate the milk. Uncle Amos stood beside the separator, a tall, thin, lean-faced man. Picking up a bucket of milk, at one sweep he poured it into the separator. It was always the way he did things—quick, driving. Sometimes when Uncle Amos carried the milk to the house from the barn he went on a run. "That's the way to get things done," he said. "Nobody's goin' to help you in this world if you don't help yourself."

Uncle Amos didn't believe in anything except hogs putting on weight and getting the hay in early. Violets and pansies and sunsets and neighbors who told you to go to the cooky-jar and help yourself just happened.

Uncle Amos gripped the handle of the separator with one big brown hand, the ends of his fingers enlarged from work and the nails hard and thick and glistening, and began to turn. *Uzzzzzzh!—Uzzzzzzh!* went the separator as the blades began to tear through the milk. Wilkie looked at him admiringly. Uncle Amos had piles of money and could turn the separator with one hand. Naturally he knew lots about the Bible.

"Uncle Amos," said Wilkie as he watched the white trickle of milk pour into the creamery can, "is everything in the Bible true?"

Intently, eagerly, breathlessly Wilkie waited.

Uncle Amos pulled at his chin, the way he did when he had something hard and difficult to think out.

"I don't believe it all," he said. "Why what you thinkin' of?"

"Oh, nothing much," pretended Wilkie. "Just wondering, that's all. Do you believe that if you had lots of faith and prayed hard for something that you'd get it?"

Uncle Amos shook his head.

"When I want a thing I get out and work for it. That's the only way I know of."

"But suppose it's something you couldn't get out and work for?"

"I ain't ever depended on anybody yet but myself."

"But," pursued Wilkie, "supposin' a fella wants something lots and lots and he had faith and prayed, believing, would he get it?"

"He would certainly be helped," said Aunt Flo, testing the cream.

"But supposin' it was something big, like a mountain, only not so big, would he get it?"

"Faith has always helped me," returned Aunt Flo with quiet conviction.

Uncle Amos grunted sardonically, the way Uncle Amos could.

"That stuff's out of date. It mighta been all right when the Bible was written, but it's behind-hand now. People don't believe it any more. Work is the only thing that gets you anywhere. Look where I started—not a dollar to my name."

Wilkie hung about Uncle Amos as Uncle Amos carried the cans down cellar, his big, horny hands gripped around the handles. Eagerly, intently Wilkie wanted to ask a question; his heart thump-

ed and thumped, but it seemed foolish to ask it, and yet the Bible had said it.

"Uncle Amos," he said, "do you think if I had lots of faith and prayed it would cure my foot?"

Uncle Amos paused with a bucket of scalding water in his hands.

"Of course not. You was born that way. The Bible don't mean things like that." *Swish—swish* went the water. "Nothing's goin' to help you now, Wilkie. There now, let it dreem."

In spite of what his uncle had said Wilkie continued to think about it very deeply, very earnestly; but of course he didn't say anything about it. Wilkie was at the age when he believed everything he saw in print; whatever the arithmetic and geographies and school books said must be true or it wouldn't be there, and now the Bible said it.

His faith began to grow; it became mighty and towering. Why, moving a mountain wouldn't be anything to *fixing* up an ankle. One could not only move a mountain but cast it into the sea. Think of the splash it would make—throwing Pike's Peak into the sea!

"I'll pray to have it cured," thought Wilkie, and the more he thought about it the more he believed it would be cured—hadn't God said so in His Bible?

"I'll pray to have it cured Easter," he decided. That would be a fine time, when God's Son rose and when the world was happy.

He would slip down Easter morning and show it to Aunt Flo, because she had faith, and



"It's cured," Wilkie would shout. "God cured it because I had faith."

then he would show it to Nick Doolin, and then to Uncle Amos.

"Why—er—what—I—" Uncle Amos would stutter as Wilkie held up his foot.

"It's cured," Wilkie would shout. "God cured it because I had faith."

When the school bus drew up in front of the house, after his foot had been cured, Wilkie would wait a minute, just long enough for them to become anxious whether or not he was coming; then with his books in the strap over his shoulder he would come running out of the house and leap into the bus. Or maybe he would run alongside the bus for a while just to show them how he could run. Then he would hop into the bus and pretend that it was the most casual thing imaginary.

"It's all right now," he would say, and then look out the window, as if that were all there was to it.

At school he would play ball and take part in the games—he saw himself dashing around the bases with not even a limp, and sliding in home while people stared.

God had always seemed a vague, fearful old figure to Wilkie, a good deal like Santa Claus, except up in the sky and, of course, lots more powerful; but Wilkie had never loved Him. He had only feared him, but now he began to love Him. It was wonderful of God to give us faith so that we could cure ourselves.

He thought about Him in the school yard as the

other children played; even when standing close beside another boy, he shut his eyes and prayed to God, and the other boy didn't know anything about it. Wasn't it wonderful to talk to God—great, loving, powerful God—any time one wanted to, right out in the school ground, or riding home on the bus?

He didn't have any trouble now keeping awake now when Aunt Flo read the Bible—people could beget themselves all they wanted to; it was interesting just to listen to their funny names. He didn't even wonder, as he so often did, what Noah would have done without the dove.

"I'm going to have a surprise for you some day," said Wilkie to Nick Doolin.

Nick Doolin was mending the fence alongside the railroad track. A fire had burned down the fence and Nick was digging a hole for a new post. Nick stopped and leaned forward, his big hairy hands spread over the spade-handle.

"What kinda surprise you mean?"

A train came thundering by. The Mendenhall farm was on the main line from Chicago to Kansas City and here the great through trains came whirling by, shaking the earth as they hurled themselves along, never stopping at such a small, inconsequential place as Junction City.

Wilkie looked at the people sitting lazily in the train, smoking and reading. Sometimes he had been jealous of these rich people, having such an easy time, but now he took off his hat and waved it gaily. Let them have their fine train, if they wanted it—God was going to do something wonderful for him that He wasn't going to do for them.

"A jim-dandy surprise," said Wilkie when he could make himself understood.

"How you goin' to get it?"

"You just wait and see. It won't be long."

Wilkie turned and bobbed off as fast as he could.

It was thrilling to be so mysterious; like playing a game, it was. As soon as his foot was well he would tell Nick Doolin what he meant by it. Wouldn't Nick be s'prised?

The next time that Wilkie went to town with Uncle Amos he went in to see Mr. Salt, the shoemaker, who made his shoes for him. Mr. Salt was sitting on his low, sawed-off chair, with his lap-iron on his knees, and a row of tacks in his mouth.

"Hullo! Back so soon?" said Mr. Salt without taking the tacks out of his mouth. It was funny how he could talk and never swallow them. Wilkie would try it some time.

"I'm not coming back any more a-tall," explained Wilkie. "I just thought I'd tell you."

"Didn't your uncle like the shoes?"

"They're all right—I'm not going to need them any more."

He stumped away. When he looked back Mr. Salt was standing in the doorway, the lap-iron still gripped between his knees, staring after him. Wilkie laughed. What great fun it was!

Wilkie woke early on Easter morning. Usually waking up was terribly hard work—stretch, yawn, gape, get one eye open and snap! it would go back shut—get one leg out of bed and think to goodness he couldn't ever make it with the other. But now he woke and was as wide awake as if it were noon.

Wilkie had thought that maybe the change would come about gradually, a bit at a time, but the night before, when he had gone to bed, it was just as it always was. But why should God *have* to do it slowly? God could do it all at once as easy as any way. That was the way He would probably move a mountain—not an inch at a time, but all in a jump. And that was the way He had cured Wilkie's foot—in the twinkling of an eye.

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New Viewpoints on Old Paris

By Francis Dickie

A HUNDRED writers have told of the charm of Paris, its glory in the springtime, the beauty of its women, the magnificence of its public gardens, the treasures of its museums. Some of these things I shall touch on, for they are ever new, for no two men see the same object with quite the same vision, nor react to it in the same way; hence, when they tell of it on paper, the readers get the viewpoint forever different. But chiefly herein I am going to tell the little things of everyday life that other writers seem so to have overlooked, but which, after all, are of the greatest interest, for all men like to know how the other man lives in distant lands.

For a Canadian visiting Paris, or coming here to dwell for some time, many things seem almost planned for his convenience. The station at which you arrive, the Gare St. Lazare, is in the very heart of the city. Close to it is the big offices of the Hon. Philippe Roy, Canadian High Commissioner, on the second floor of the Equitable Trust Building, one of the newest and most modern office buildings in Paris, which actually has three elevators which not only carry you up, but will bring you down. In most office buildings in Paris the elevators are of an incredible smallness. They carry you up; but you have to walk down. But the elevators at the Equitable are real Canadian machines. On the second floor you find spacious rooms; a great reading and writing room with the newspapers from every large city in Canada on file daily, and most of the magazines. Across from the reading room is a little post office where most Canadians get their mail. In short, it is a little corner of Canada. Just a block distant, and looming up plain to the eye, stands a building bearing the familiar name "Royal Bank of Canada." And here you find all the clerks speaking your own language. You may open an account, and hardly know you have left home. Everything in France moves with a needless slowness, a duplication of effort, and a vast amount of unnecessary form exasperating to one from the new world. In the first

place, when you open an account, you do not receive a check book, but merely a little receipt. The making out of a deposit slip must be done in duplicate with great attention to all the minute details.

But this amazing duplication of effort, this lack of system, the using of two or three people where



The Grand Opera House, Paris—the most beautiful theatre in the world



The Avenue de L'Opera, looking down the street from the top of the Opera House



The famous Boulevard Haussman

rush, you can readily realize the vast loss of time and temper. The same situation faces you at the theatre. Even if you have bought your tickets days in advance, you are not saved a great deal of time. On arrival in the lobby you see three men seated in what looks exactly like a jury box. You hand them your ticket. It is scrutinized and compared with a plan, and finally handed back to you, after which you reach the piratical hands of the first robber, a lady, old or young, who checks coat, hat, umbrella, all for a sum either stated, or left to your generosity. Then you pass along the outside aisle and into the clutches of bandit number two, the lady usher. She does practically nothing but point out your seat. But this costs you another tip. You have to give it. It is the custom in France. If you dared not to, the lady would tell the whole world you were of doubtful ancestry. And this happens at the greatest theatre in the land, "The Opera." The other night I saw an American couple. Their tip had not satisfied the usher. So after bawling them out, she stuck out her tongue at them all the way back up the stairs. The French people are a great nation. They have some of the finest paintings and statuary and tapestries in all the world. But no man among them has been clever enough to think of putting a wire under the theatre seats to hold your hat. So, if

you carry your hat, as I dared to do on a couple of occasions, you have to nurse it all the evening. One thing they have in the theatres, that managers in North America would do well to copy, is in the lobby beside the ticket seller's office. This is a miniature theatre, a wonderfully perfect little building duplicating the inside of the main house. Looking in upon this you can read the number on every seat, and thus much better choose your location. Theatres are cheap in Paris, judged by the dollar standard. You can sit in one of the best seats in the house, whether it be grand opera or a gorgeous review, for two dollars, while splendid seats can be had in most theatres for a quarter of this price.

AS FOR duplication of effort, this applies to almost everything, so that if I went into detail I would have to write of all the activities of Paris life. So I will conclude on this subject with mentioning the policemen. Two of these men are always stationed outside every "American Bar," which is a place really given over to dancing, rather than a bar as the word is understood in North America. Now, these bars, though given over to riotous times of dancing, are quiet, orderly places without exception. Not even one policeman

is really needed. But it is the custom that two men must always be detailed together; hence more unnecessary duplication. For, in connection with the American Bar and other resorts of night life, I should add that Paris is amazingly free from fights. Two Frenchmen will under no conditions come to blows. Of this I am convinced, having seen scores of squabbles between men since I came. They will abuse each other in the most astounding manner for ten minutes at a stretch. Each will cast aspersions on the other's parents, going clear back to the time when peace brooded over Eden. They will heap terms upon each other, the very mention of which would draw a blow from an Anglo-Saxon, but never will the Frenchman fight. These word battles are particularly common between taxi drivers and teamsters over questions of road blockings, turnings and right-of-way. I venture without a fear to state that a thousand working hours a day are wasted in the city of Paris alone in these long, needless revilings that never come to anything. In a word, more duplication. The only place where I have seen that this duplication has been realized is in the fire department. Now Paris, being largely built of stone, has few fire alarms. Just the same there is kept up a large staff of fire fighters, jaunty little fellows in dark blue uniforms and wonderful brass helmets, which remind you of the Norse invaders of the fifth century. These firemen, having nothing to do, some wise bird in the city hall, decided a long time ago, they would make picturesque guards to protect the mint and other public buildings. And so there you see the firemen daily standing beside little sentry boxes, a rifle in their hands for the occasion. It is the only case on record where duplicated man power has been put to use. The fact that this use is really needless does not matter. The men are doing something. But I tell you that they will stand on guard a long time before anybody will come along and try to carry off the enormous stone buildings they are watching. That is one thing about France: they build to last over here.

Everywhere in France you hear how poverty-stricken is the country. The word has been spread plentifully abroad. And in proof of it the Government has let magnificent national buildings such as the Castles of Fontainebleau and Versailles get into a dreadful state of dilapidation. In Paris the glazed windows in the Louvre Gallery have been permitted to get so dirty that in many parts of the building it is impossible to get a good view of the pictures. Yet at the same time there is no lack of money to build vast fleets of airships, even bigger tanks, for war. As for the places of amusement: they are always packed to overflowing. At the Opera, where some of the repertoire has been repeated for thirty years, and all of it for the last ten, you still have to buy your seat sometimes ten days in advance in order to get it. The other theatres are always just as crowded. On the little street upon which I dwell, one of the shortest in Paris, there is a tiny movie show. Yet nightly the whole street on either side is lined with big cars. Wealthy people, unable to find accommodation elsewhere, or from choice, come to this out-of-the-way theatre. All of which does not bespeak a nation of poverty-stricken people.

AT THE present moment, and for the past four months, Paris has been dance-mad over the two new forms of human convulsions known as Charleston and the Black Bottom. So far-reaching has been the effect of these dances, that people just cannot keep still in ordinary times. You see young girls on the sidewalk edge while waiting for a bus, vigorously moving their feet. They go through the pedal movements of the Charleston on subway trains and trolleys.

Yet Paris, city famed for the gaiety and abandon of its night life, Paris with four million people, one of the greatest cities in the world, presents some strange anomalies. The most surprising is that the entire subway system runs its last train at ten minutes to one in the morning. The bus systems are even more "small-town" in this respect. By nine-thirty some of the main services cease to function, and by one o'clock the last bus is gone. Just think of it! At the very hour when there are thousands of people coming from after the theatre suppers (for in Paris they give you the worth of your money at the

shows, which do not end till about midnight), the vast city's major transportation systems are tucked away to bed, leaving the metropolis in the hands of the piratical taxicabs. The drivers of these take advantage of the system by charging double fare after twelve o'clock. Indeed, in respect to night transportation, Paris is far more inconvenient than



Beards, once so popular with the Frenchmen. This policeman who directs the traffic at the St. Dennis Gate still sticks to the old style.

any medium-sized city to be found on the North American continent, where at least two or three "owl" electric cars are run. While dwelling on the subject of comparisons, the newcomer to Paris is amazed at the slovenly dress, the general un-

kempt appearance of such public workers as subway employees, railway men and street car conductors and motormen. The majority of them are actually shabby, an astounding contrast to the workers in North America who, whether they be railroad brakemen, electric car conductors or station employees, are always trim and well dressed. But the comparison goes farther. The workers in these and other lines in France are far below the workers in the same industries in North America in intellect, and seem to take less interest in their work. I have had some astounding examples of this. Space will permit of giving only one, but it is typical. I rode a bus the other day to witness an exhibition of tapestries and carpets at the famous Gobelin manufactory on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of their moving to Paris. The bus I took bore as its direction the word "Gobelins." It stopped, as I learned a few moments later, within two blocks of the vast buildings of the manufactory. Yet the bus conductor did not know where it was; had never heard of the place, famous though it is in French history. This seems incredible, but is only one of the many instances of the ignorance of these men of things right near their own routes. The conductors are continually engaged in heated arguments with passengers; French people engage in long and time-wasting arguments over the most trivial subjects. And in some of these I have heard bus conductors, quite as an everyday thing, make the most obscene and disgusting remarks in front of a bus full of men, women and children. In my own country it would have got him promptly into jail. Here it was nothing. In regard to ignorance of their own city, the Paris policemen are equally amazing. On so many occasions have I been misdirected by them, and this in regard to streets right in their own vicinity, that I have coined a proverb. This and others, apropos of my experiences you will find below.

Proverbs of Paris coined by Francis Dickie:

"As slow as a Paris theatre ticket seller."

"As unreliable as the directions of a Paris policeman."

"As obscene as a French bus conductor."

"As rude as a French tobacconist."

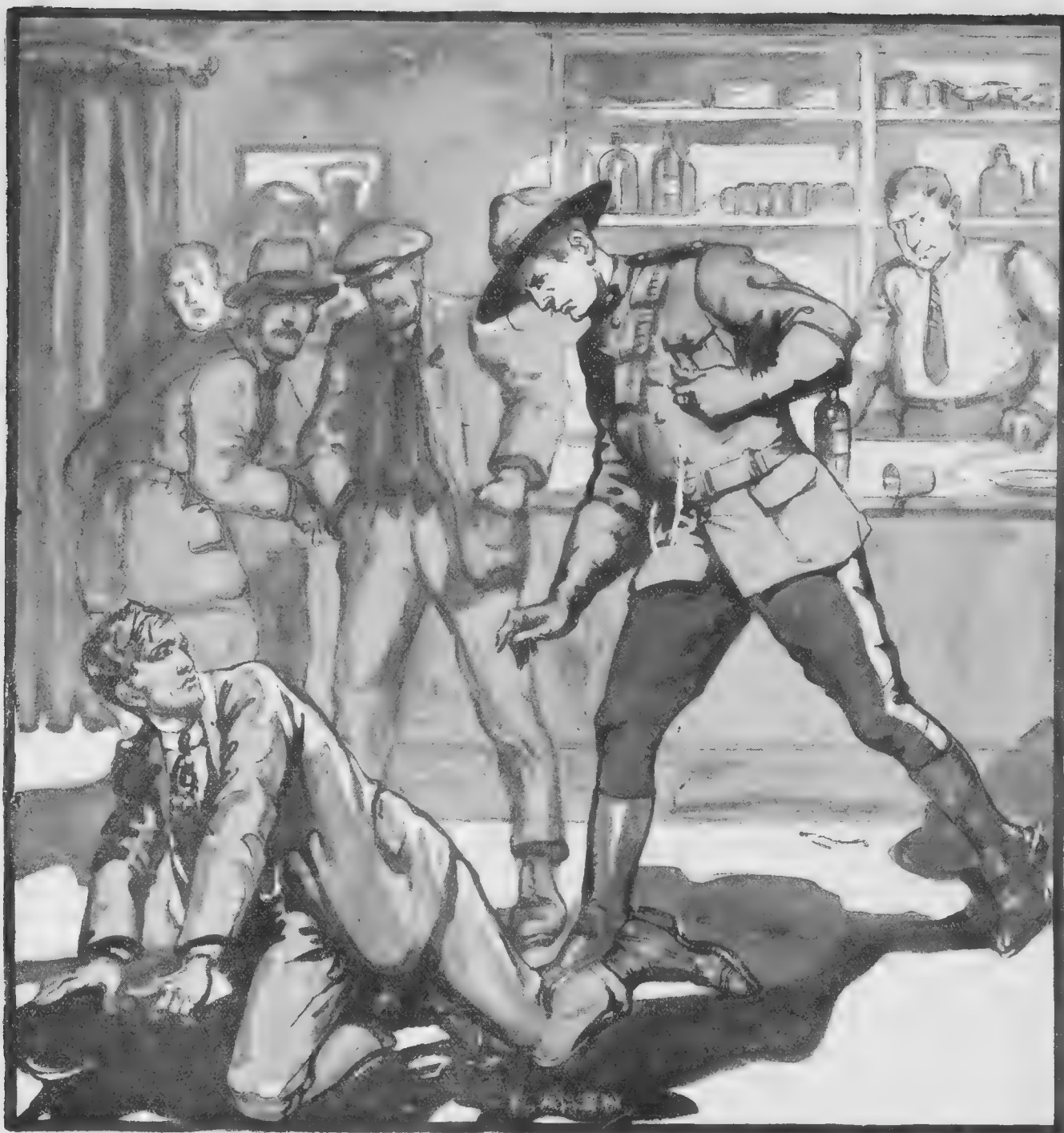
"As pale and precocious as a Paris School child."

NATIONS are like trees: they have their time of growth; their period of towering supremacy; their period of today France is decadent. acy, and their years of decline. The case of France is peculiar in that her marvellous years of world supremacy were achieved, as was also the beginning of her decline, in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte. Even the greatest lover of France is regretfully forced to the admission that today France is decadent. I have seen thousands of Parisian children in the last three months and they are a pale and precocious and rather pathetic sight. The school hours are longer here, the studies much harder, the rewards of learning in the outside world smaller. If one has any doubts of the change in the French nation, you have only to look upon the average man in the street, the soldiers on parade, and then go to the Invalides Museum and examine the long rows of uniforms of former times. The collection is one of the wonders of the world, showing every type of costume worn in military life since the time of the Romans. (Of this more later in another article). An examination of the uniforms worn in the time of Napoleon shows the French in those days to have been a taller, sturdier, race than the men of today. My own observations are borne out, of course, by the findings and writings of scientists, which prove conclusively the deterioration in height of the men of France, particularly since the time of Napoleon, all of which is due to the best men for over a hundred years being killed in war. The same is true in the world of art: There are few new great plays being produced; so few, in fact, that all the theatres are repeating the successes of yester-years; the best selling books of today in no way compare to the great works of thirty years ago, so that you see the bookstalls laden with reprints of works of such masters as Hugo, Zola, Flaubert and a dozen others. France in many ways may be said to be living on her past. And, I should add, on the influx

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A Russian Church, one of the most noted in Paris, from which crowds of worshippers are turned away every Sunday for lack of accommodation.



The officer dodged, caught the extended arm, swept his foot through the Irishman's legs and flung him heavily to the ground.

Six Months

By William Bleasdel Cameron

Illustrated by

Kathleen Allen

"THREE days—or is it two?" Moriarity stood blinking beneath the light at the corner outside the Commercial Hotel. He shook himself, like a dog leaving the water, as if to see whether the movement would not start his submerged wits to functioning once more.

"Three or two, it's no odds. Anyhow, it's not three weeks. That's what Johnson give ye, and ye're broke already, Moriarity. Ye've more in the bank though, yet, thank heaven that looks after the wanderin' sons of men. I thought it'd be all there whin your leave was up. It won't, worse luck! What put it into your head ye wanted a holiday, annyway? What good is it to ye? A fine figure ye cut in the part av a gentleman av leisure! Ye might be better back on your job. Ye're drunk, Moriarity. How often have I told ye to let it alone?" He wagged his head. "Ye never will. Ye'll keep on bein' a fool, natural-born and be cultivation, till the end av it. Ye're hopeliss."

A short, dark man was watching Moriarity from the shadow of the big brick store opposite. Revelstoke was at supper, the streets deserted. He approached Moriarity.

"Good-a evening, Mister Moriarity." His white teeth glistened in the crafty smile on his lips. "You dont-a feel too good tonight, eh? You no eat yet, perhaps? Come at my place. I feex-a you all right. I got fine chop. I'm nember A-one cook, me."

From blinking at the light, Moriarity turned and blinked bellicosely at the intruder upon his

philosophizing. A glimmer of recognition came to him.

"Why, damned if it ain't Pete!" he exclaimed, somewhat thickly. "Ye worked for me once over on Section Twenty av the G.N., now, didn't ye?"

The Italian's smile widened; he nodded. It had not occurred to Moriarity before, but he realized suddenly that he was hungry. Also, he remembered the temporarily raided condition of his wallet.

"Sure, you're a dacint lad and I'll go with ye," he agreed. "'Tis true I could ate a bite, and be the same token, me pocket's as empty as me belly. Where did ye sey ye lived?"

The Italian took his arm. "Come on. I show you. 'S not-a far. You got-a li'll drop too much, eh, Mister Moriarity? Too much-a da whisk'?"

Moriarity coughed. "Ye said it, me boy. Not a drop—a barrel. I've swallowed several. What's wan barrel more or less? I'll get over it. Lade on, Macduff."

Pietro smiled again. "You teenk somebody else, Mister Moriarity. Me, I'm not-a Mac-a-duff, no. Pietro—Pietro Mariacio, da's-a me."

It was eight o'clock of a warm, moonless night. For reasons of his own, the Italian seemed anxious to escape observation. By ill-lit and unfrequented streets and alleyways, they came shortly to his dilapidated shack on the bank of the Columbia in

that quarter of the raw frontier town that harbored Revelstoke's underworld.

Pietro not only had chops and knew how to cook, but he had whisky as well and he helped Moriarity liberally to both. An hour later he laid Moriarity on his bed and left the shack.

At nine-thirty he returned. Moriarity, drugged with liquor, was still in deep slumber. His host drew a fat roll of bills from the bosom of his shirt, took off two twenties and stuffed them in Moriarity's trouser-pocket. Then he woke Moriarity.

"Suppose-a you go back on Commercial Hotel now, yes? You take good-a sleep on your room."

MORIARITY blinked uncomprehendingly. If he had been drunk at eight o'clock, he was much more drunk at nine-thirty. Then he had had a hazy conception of his whereabouts and a few other things; now he had no sense of anything. The Italian assisted him to his feet, and with an arm about his waist to steady him, by devious and unlighted paths, carefully avoiding any passersby, steered Moriarity back to the hotel. At the corner, under the light, exactly where he had found him, he left Moriarity.

Moriarity stood for some moments, supported by the lamp post, staring vacantly about him. The walk and the fresh air had somewhat revived him, and at length he made out the door of the Commercial. He staggered through it and up to the bar. Shoving a hand in his pocket, he drew out a twenty-dollar bill and slammed it on the polish boards.

"Se' thim up!" he shouted thickly. "Se' thim up for ever'body."

At eleven o'clock a red-coated mounted policeman opened the door into the bar-room, stepped up to Moriarity and touched him on the shoulder.

"Come with me," he said brusquely. "You're under arrest."



"I thought I'd just drop in and surprise ye"
Moriarity went on in a cheerful voice.

Moriarity turned and regarded the policeman unsteadily for an instant; then swung wildly for his head. The officer dodged, caught the extended arm, swept his foot through the Irishman's legs and flung him heavily to the floor. A moment later Moriarity, handcuffs on his wrists, was on his way to the police guardroom at the lower end of the town.

"BUT he swore he saw you, Moriarity!"

The speaker was a big, youngish man with a weak mouth. His tone was one of vigorous protest. Moriarity was silent. It was—well, now,

wasn't it? Macnab continued: "The old man was comin' along past the lane back of the Commercial, when you hopped out and slugged him. He didn't see it, of course. When he came to—in the lane, an hour later—his money was gone, the whole thousand of it. He lost the stuff, all right; the court was satisfied regardin' that. He was a farmer from the prairies, on his way to the Coast to spend the winter with his daughter and had the roll on him. Curious about some folks. They never learn better than pack big wads in their jeans, just invitin' a holdup. What they need is a guardian. There was others saw it, too—from a ways off. They wouldn't go so far as to say it was you; only, it looked like you. But the dago swore positive, you know. No, Moriarity, the evidence was too straight; the court couldn't do anything else. You're sure in luck that you didn't draw five years and ain't on your way to Westminster instead of Nelson. I'm figurin' all saved you was: you'd never been up on anything worse than D and D. charges before. Between you and me, I believe the judge had his doubts. Me, I'm not offerin' any opinion; I ain't supposed to have one. My job's to deliver you at Nelson to do your little old half-year. It's a fool proposition, too, herdin' a man by lake and rail a hundred and fifty mile to the coop. You'd think they'd take a tumble and build a sure-enough jail at Revelstoke."

"I know all that." Moriarity looked serious and thoughtful. "Hopped!" He sniffed disgustedly. His recollection of his encounter with the Italian was vague in the extreme; where or for how long he had been in his company, he could not—for the moment at least—recall at all. "Who's the jailer at Nelson?" he asked presently.

"Stranger to me," returned the deputy-sheriff. "I don't know him—don't know any of 'em. It's my first trip down here. His name's Canwell; deputy's Jones."

The Cocoanut was teaming down the narrow Arrow Lakes through the night, with the towering peaks of the Selkirks and the Gold Range bulking darkly against the star-strewn sky on either hand. Moriarity and the sheriff sat at a table in the saloon, a bottle between them. Macnab knew Moriarity and had not shackled him, and Moriarity showed his appreciation in being spared this humiliation by inviting the sheriff down to the saloon. At least, that was how Moriarity put it. And if the sheriff knew Moriarity, Moriarity also knew the sheriff. Which, as it happened, was an unfortunate thing for that officer. They had already had two drinks. Or, the sheriff had. There were times when Moriarity did not drink. This was one of them, though he was taking pains to lead the sheriff to a contrary impression. Moriarity pushed the bottle toward him.

"Have another jolt," he suggested.

Macnab shook his head, though somewhat weakly. "No, I've had enough." He toyed with the bottle. "Well, if you insist—" which was something Moriarity had not done. "But this is the last."

Moriarity picked up the thread of the discourse. "I've done wild things whin the drink was in me, Mac," he volunteered, "but robbin' me fellow-man was never wan of thim. Av I sunk so low, I'd nade no escort; I'd be headin' for the nearest jail meself. Hangin'd be th' appropriate punishment. The dirty, lyin' thief! Hopped, did ye say, Mac—hopped out at th' ould man? Why, I couldn't aven crawl ta time the blackguard says! I was dead to the world—that drunk I don't rightly know where I was or what I was doin'. That's why I couldn't open me mouth at the thrial. I'd money on me and was spindin' it when the grabbed me, I know; 'twas the ould man's money, too, I make no doubt. But how I come by it—I can guess but the proof's not aisy. For the prisint I'm kapin' it under me hat. I was broke, though, earlier in the avenin', I can recollect that. I'm goin' to get to the bottom of this, Mac, and whin I do the snake that put up the job on me'll be wishin' wan of these mountains'll fall on him. . . Have another drink, Mac."

Moriarity had been observing the deputy as he talked.

"I like you, Moriarity," the sheriff confided, as he filled his glass—this time without protest. He put his hand on the Irishman's shoulder in a sudden burst of friendliness. "'S good stuff, aint it? 'S damn shame, sendin' you down—feller th's free and sociable—bu' they got the goods on you, didn't they?"

Moriarity's eyes blazed up dangerously, but the words on the point of his tongue remained unspoken.

Half an hour later there were no more drinks in the bottle and Macnab, leaning heavily on

Moriarity, was weaving a labored course up the stairs to his stateroom. A moment later he was stretched face upward in his berth, asleep. Moriarity regarded him with unabashed complacency.

"Shame on ye for a backslidin' scut!" he chided. "They got me with the goods on me, did they? The goods is on you, me fat-headed thraducer, tonight. I've looked too long on the wine whin 'twas red, manny a time to me sorrow, but niver whin 'twas me duty to kape sober. Take Powder River. Whiniver I'd the Jumbo payroll in me care, whisky and me was as distant to wan another as a hobo and a cake of soap. I niver touched a drop, though Johnson thought once for an hour I had." Moriarity grinned at the reminiscence. "But Powder River got too monotonous. After the little affair av His Nibs and the coffin, the yeggs all wint round be the North Pole whin they had to pass me station; there was no chance for fun anny more, or I'd been there yet. Well, as a substitute for Moriarity ye're nothin' to brag about as to looks, Mac, but it's no odds. Ye'll pass. Nobody'll see that ye mind about where ye'll be at, and ye have as good a right there as Moriarity. Neither of us has done anything wrong, but ye're luckier than me. They think I have. Ye don't know where ye're goin', but ye're on your way."

He unpinned the star from the deputy's breast and put it in his pocket.

"Ye're disgracin' the imblim av your office," he went on with an affectation of outraged propriety, "so I'll take charge av it." He chuckled. "Ye won't nade it down there and I can use it. 'Twill be mighty convincin' in the intherview I've ahead av me, av I don't misjudge. Ye'll get it back some day, mebbe, and av ye do I'm thinkin' ye'll see that nobody gets it away from ye again."

Moriarity sighed. The sigh was not, as might be supposed, an indication of regret for his own culpability, however. That he was responsible for the deputy's condition did not greatly trouble Moriarity.

He ran on: "Whisky's a grand thing for thim as can handle it, and whin I say handle, that's what I mane. Kape it in your fingers. They say it's saved manny's a life. Mebbe it has; they've got to prove it to me before I belave it. I know it's brought manny, Moriarity included, where ye are now, ye poor misguided mutt—as far from life as ye could be without lavin' it for good. 'T has a pleasant shmell and av ye like it a whiff'll do ye no harm. But lave it touch your Adam's apple and the jig's up. Your name begins with a D, like me own."

AT MIDNIGHT the Cocoanut tied up to the wharf at Nelson and Moriarity, with the still befogged sheriff and the other passengers, disembarked. A few minutes later Moriarity tapped at the door of the jail. The deputy warden appeared. Moriarity raised his eyebrows.

"Mister Jones? I've a prisoner here from Revelstoke. Six months—case of assault and robbery with violence. He'll claim he's not guilty, and between the two av us, I'd as soon suspect meself av doin' it as him. But the court says—well, ye know what courts are, so I'll hould me tongue." The sheriff's star glistened ostentatiously on Moriarity's breast; he drew the commitment papers from his own pocket, to which they had been transferred earlier in the evening, and handed them to the warden. "Moriarity's the name ye'll find here—Dinnie Moriarity—and it'll do as well as anny other, but it's not his rale name as I happen to know. Now, I'm takin' a bit of a layoff and I don't want to delay the thrain, so I'll lave ye. I'll be delighted to get him off me hands. Ye'll observe he's slightly under the influence. I'm that tinder-hearted—lavin' the irons off him; but it bates the Dutch how some pape'll shmell liquor a mile away. His nose didn't nade to be that good, though. They'd lashins av it on the boat."

Moriarity turned and started toward the door. Macnab seemed suddenly to wake up. He straightened himself and gazed with a flicker of reviving intelligence after his departing prisoner.

"Hey, you!" he bawled, retrieving some mastery of his tongue. "Where you goin'? Come back here!"

The warden shook him roughly by the shoulder. "That'll do, now!" he growled. "You're under new management. He's through with you. Shut up."

Macnab gasped. "Th' hell he is! He belongs in here. Who d'you think I am?"

"You? Why, the Ameer of Afghanistan, of course. You didn't think I took you for Christopher Columbus or any of those common guys, did you?"

Macnab struggled for speech.

"G'wan!" the jailer cut in. "Of course there's nothing against you. That's why you're here. Come on, now, Abdul. Your room's all ready for you."

Moriarity glanced back over his shoulder. "Don't be too hard on the poor devil," he interceded, as he passed through the door. "Sure, av he's made a slip, put it down to the drink. He's a dacint-enough lad when he's sober."

Lingering a moment on the steps, Moriarity grinned as he heard Macnab, remonstrating vigorously, being led away to the corridor opening on the cells. Sounds of struggle and savage protest, the clang of iron doors, a furious outburst and rattling of steel bars, followed. Moriarity chuckled.

"It worked like a charm," he commented. "And now to complete me job."

At the window of the telegraph office in the railway station, he stopped and asked: "Anything for Dinnis Moriarity?" He opened the yellow envelope the operator handed him and read:

Spokane, July 25—

"Your party left Revelstoke Monday, same train with me. Now here. Look me up on arrival, at Coeur d'Alene hotel. Will see you have a chance to meet him. CROWLEY."

Moriarity smiled, put the message in his pocket and sauntered over to the ticket office. "Wan to Spokane," he told the clerk.

As he stepped on the train, Moriarity chortled to himself: "Rale friendship, I call that. Crowley's campin' on his thrail and the blackguard'll niver shake him off. 'Twas lucky I'd a chance to see Mike ahead of takin' the boat. Before this time tomorrow night I'll have another interview that'll be more to my taste, even, than the last. And I'll not forget Mike Crowley. Next time he's sintinced to hang, I'll go out and get the akchool murderer for him."

"WELL, here we are again!"

The Italian jumped and looked up quickly. He turned a sickly green under the sallow skin and his jaw dropped. When you have been chiefly instrumental in sending a man over the road for six months, you scarcely expect to see him again in a week unless you visit the government institution having him in charge or the rockpile which is apt to be the scene of his labors. Pietro had done neither.

"I thought I'd just drop in and surprise ye," Moriarity went on in a cheerful voice. "I'm delighted to find ye at home. I'm a stranger in Spokane. Barrin' me friend Crowley—outside—ye're the only man in town I know. Ye weren't expectin' me now, were ye?" It was a needless question. Moriarity glanced round the dingy room. "For a gintleman of your talent in acquirin' wealth, ye made a poor choice of a hotel. I'd have thought you'd put up at the Davenport. I'll make a bet with ye. 'Tis this: It's not the first time ye've been in Spokane, and the police don't know you're here now. Ye won't take it? Av coorse ye won't! I don't blame ye. Afther all, a dirty room in a dive is ahead av a cell in the finest jail ever ye saw the inside of."

No, Pietro was not expecting to see Moriarity. It would not be true to say that he did not care whether he ever saw him again or not. He did. He had meant taking steps to avoid a possible meeting. He had anticipated being far enough from either Revelstoke or Nelson before the end of six months. And he had made a start. But the bright lights of Spokane had beguiled him and he interrupted his journey to enjoy them. There was no rush, he had thought; he might loiter if he felt disposed, since five and three-quarter months would afford him ample time in which to get to whatever locality he might settle upon as his future temporary headquarters and sphere of activities.

So it was rather disconcerting to find Moriarity in Spokane, and not only in Spokane but within ten feet of him in that lively city. Especially since Moriarity had a gun in his hand that was pointed with nonchalant carelessness in Pietro's direction.

Suddenly Moriarity flashed his star in Pietro's face and the Italian's jaw dropped another inch.

"They'd be sorry to see you lavin' again—it's the police I mane—that's av they knew you were in town, but it can't be helped. Ye're goin' back with me." Moriarity spoke in a brisk business tone. "No—but ye are, so don't sry ye can't come. I'm lonesome, and I don't know of annybody whose company I'd liefer have than yours just now. I've a pair of bracelets with me and I'll prisint thim to ye in token av me ginerous disposition. Shove out your fists, now, till I see how they fit. That's it."

The Italian scowled as the irons clicked on his wrists.

"Av ye tire av thim, the police at Revelstoke'll

mebbe take thim off, but while I'm with ye I know ye'll wear thim to show ye appreciate the gift. And while we're on our way I'm lookin' forward to hearin' ye tell me a lot av things I'm dyin' to learn. I'm an ignorant man in some respects, and ye can give me information I can't get off anybody else. Now, we'll walk over, quiet, to the thrain, and in fifteen minutes we'll be on our road back to the land av the high peaks. I'll pay your fare. I've the finest set av white whiskers in me pocket ye ever saw, too, so av ye'd like to pass for an elegant type of the respected New York banker av the ould school on tour, I'll decorate your mug with thim. The city officials, police included, might think they hadn't paid ye proper attintion av they recognized ye, and I know ye'd be just as disappointed av ye had to stay as I'd be. Crowley'll be with us as far as the thrain, and ye'll walk between us."

The black eyes of the Italian snapped wickedly as Moriarity put on the disguise, but he made no protest.

THREE o'clock. Moriarity reached across to the seat opposite him and shook his prisoner.

"Come alive! The next station's where we leave the thrain. Av you're anyways fussy about your health, mum's the word and do as I tell ye."

The sharp command, spoken in a low tone stirred in the Italian a sense of alarm.

The train braked to a stop with a sibilant burst of steam abreast an elongated packing case that stood, empty and silent, amid the pines through which ran the track, the giant boles nearest dimly outlined in the light from the coaches, which only accentuated the gloom beyond them.

"Come along."

On the coach platform the Italian jerked back violently. He peered fearfully into the blackness outside.

"What you do, Mr. Moriarity?" he muttered, shrinking against the door-jamb. "What place-a dis?"

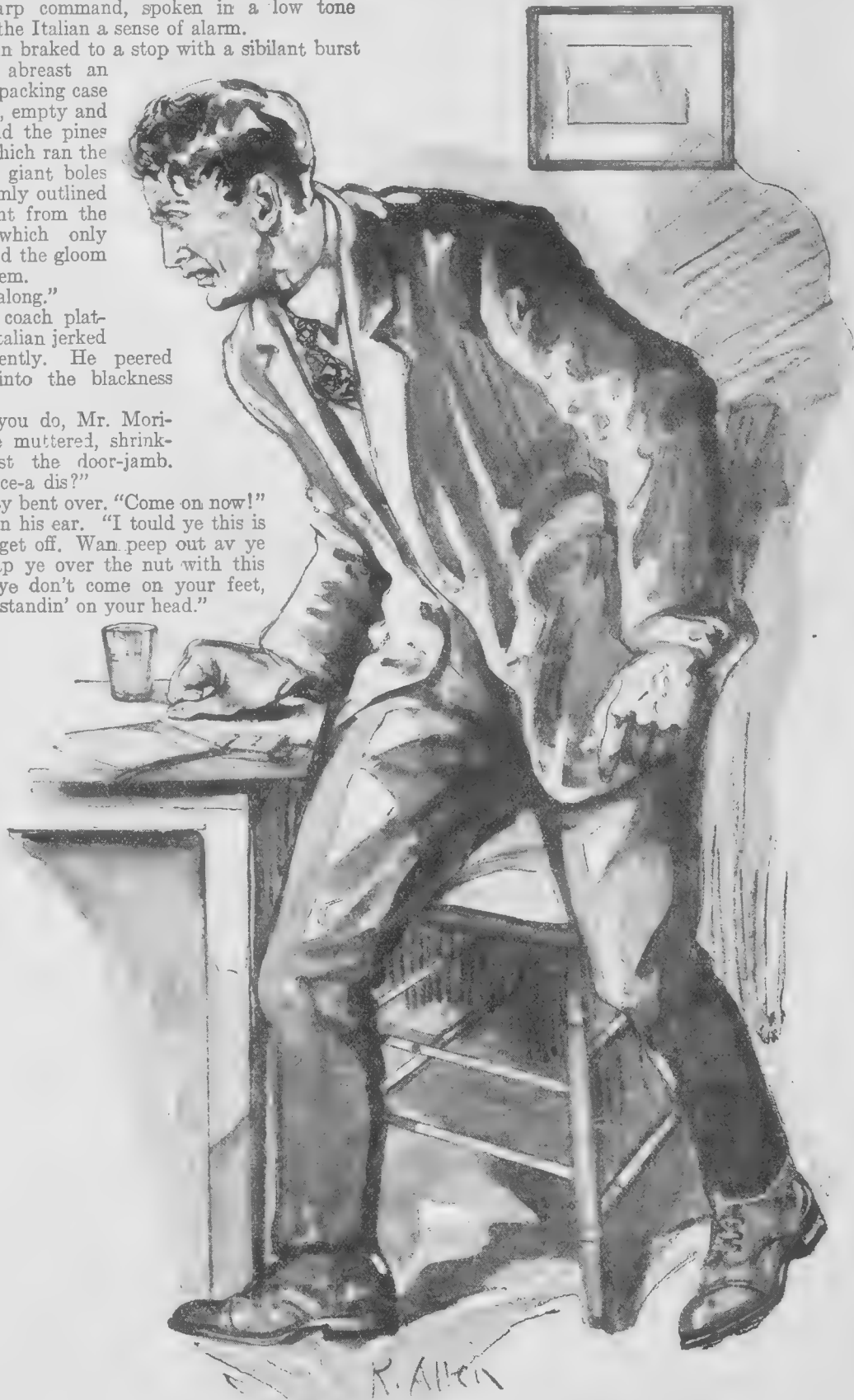
Moriarity bent over. "Come on now!" he hissed in his ear. "I tould ye this is where we get off. Wan peep out av ye and I'll rap ye over the nut with this gun. Av ye don't come on your feet, ye'll come standin' on your head."

He dropped to the ground, dragging the Italian with him. The train flew on.

"Ye'r twinty mile from Nelson," Moriarity imparted. "You've been in Nelson before, but did ye say good-bye to her? Because it's not like ye'll see the place again. This is a sidin', just, where the Seesaw Lumber Company unloads its supplies. 'Twould be a fine town av there was annybody lived in it, which there ain't. It's population's floatin'—ye're watchin' me, so ye're lookin' at half av it. Av ye'd a dog with ye, now, that'd make three. Do you know what's the next move? Ye're goin' back there in the woods and ye'll get half an hour for miditation and prayer to the saints to intercede for ye for the evil life ye've led. Ye see, I know somethin' of it—not all, but enough. Now, thim: R-right about face—quick march!"

Moriarity had drawn a flashlight from his pocket. He touched the switch and a thin pencil of effulgence pierced the woods that crowded like a blank forbidding wall upon the packing-case and the track before it. The Italian stood, stricken dumb, his face a dull grey, beaded with sweat, his eyes wide, his knees quaking under him. He tried to speak, but the attempt died in an inarticulate gurgle. Moriarity seized his shoulder and spun him round.

Continued on page 70



The Italian jumped, and looked up quickly



In the centre of a thick clump of branches and twigs the Shadow awoke

Kings of the Valley

By Victor Young

Illustrated By
Donald W. Gillingham

and the black tip of his tail, and these were the only outstanding marks to warn the gentler wild things of the presence of the Weasel, the Terror of the Woods.

He darted out of his den among the rocks, and surveyed the surrounding wilderness intently. The sensitive nostrils quivered as he sniffed at the cold air, analysing it into two groups; his enemies, and his prey. Of these, the last were the most numerous. The snake-like head darted this way and that as he sought for fresher scents. Now came a strong whiff of an enemy, and the needle-pointed teeth bared themselves in a noiseless snarl. Again the warm scent of a rabbit came to his nose, and his eyes glowed red as the pink tongue came out in anticipation. Thus the tell-tale air brought all sorts of messages to his cunning brain to be utilized.

Although he was small, he was much larger than the ordinary sized weasels. He was a monster of his kind. He was one of the two kings of the valley, all through his superior intelligence and great size. Many a wily trap had been placed for him, only to have him pass by unheeding, or else cunningly steal the bait without ever being caught by the steel jaws. Lesser weasels fell to the trapper's lures, or left the district because of its dangers. But the terror was a King, and as such pilaged his domain in a royal and lavish manner, scorning the attempts of mere man to end his evil life.

As he stood there, scarcely visible, faint puffs of steam arose from his nostrils. A moment, and the intense cold threatened his inactivity, and soon his long, lithe form was leaping swiftly and daintily over the light-specked snow, and the Terror had started his hunt for prey.

THE other one, the Shadow, awoke in different surroundings. In the centre of a thick clump of branches and twigs, in a tree in the midst of a dense grove of spruces, the Shadow puffed out his feathers and snapped his beak. He was a fierce sight, and looked twice as large as he really was, on account of his puffed feathers. His large, round eyes glared from side to side alertly, seeing all to be seen, while the wonderfully keen ears caught every sound. A nearby tree cracked like a pistol shot; under some close mossy log a wood-mouse squeaked his fright at the sound, far away a lynx screeched a defiance at the night. The Shadow heard them all, and understood. Thus Nature had fitted him; sharp nocturnal eyes, a pair of super-marvellous ears, and long, deadly talons for weapons. He was well equipped.

One last silent puffing of his thick coat of greyish feathers, one last settling of them, one last pause while he listened to some far-off echo of sound, and then the Great Horned Owl left his perch and sailed swiftly through the dark forest to start his night's hunt.

He was well named, was the Shadow, for his flight was so silent, so swift, so uncanny, that it was like the hurried passing of something ghostly and unreal. A blur of grey, casting a darker blur on the white surface beneath, and that was all. A silent, fleeting shadow. But that same shadow had often meant swift death to a tardily moving rabbit. Many a frightened wood-mouse had seen it once, and then seen nothing more. Many a wise old partridge had found that it spelled immediate obliteration. Many had shivered involuntarily at some dark shadow that seemed to resemble that of the real shadow. And many had shivered involuntarily, and then shivered no more when the sudden, terror-striking "whoo, whoo," came through the night, startlingly close.

That was his method of hunting. An old broken tree stump, the top some distance off the ground,

a moment's silent pause on it, where he seemed to blend into the stump, and then his quick, startling "whoo, whoo, whoo," and a listening pause. If a mouse cheep, a rabbit hop an inch, a partridge start in its sleep, or a small bird shiver—a swift swoop and the long, sharp talons gripped their prey. Seldom a miss, and the wood-creatures knew it, and shuddered.

So it began on this night. The large owl settled softly on the top of one of his many watch-towers, paused a moment to become indistinct from his surroundings, and then started his strange but effective manner of obtaining food.

OUTLINED in the doorway of a small one-roomed log cabin situated at the edge of a little clearing, on this particular night, stood an old man. His head was cocked on one side, in a listening attitude. Far across the valley came a muffled sound, barely audible. Another freezing pause, during which the man seemed to stiffen with the cold, and again came the sound, this time much closer. The old man nodded his head knowingly, and then turned and entered once more the cosy interior of his cabin, closing and barring the door behind him.

He went across the floor to the bright fireplace, where the blazing logs were doing their best to conquer the breath of winter let in by the man's entrance. He stood for a moment, warming his chilled hands at the pleasant heat, his eyes staring unseeingly at the dancing flames. Presently he came out of his dreaming, and seated himself in a comfortable rustic arm-chair, drawn up close to the blaze. At his feet lay a shaggy-coated dog, who eyed his master with expectancy as the latter proceeded to fill a large pipe. This accomplished, a hot coal was picked up and applied to the tobacco. After a few testing puffs, the old man settled back contentedly, and placing the stem of his pipe in the corner of his mouth, addressed himself to the dog.

"Well, Ruggy boy, I guess you're waitin' fer me to tell you what's up," began old Grayson, the trapper. It's just this way, doggie, just this way. There's an old wise brute of an owl hereabouts who's as big as a beaver. You heerd him a minute ago if you was listenin'. He's so big, Ruggy, that he stands 'most as high as you. A regular whale of a monster; the biggest horned owl I've seen.

"Yes, boy, I've seen him. Seen him twice, and both times was at night. He c'n fly like a shader, doggy, and he's the fastest one I ever caught sight of. Goin' like Sam, he was; skeered o' me, I guess. Both times he had somethin' in his claws; once part of a rabbit, an' I don't know what the other time. Takes a lot to feed a bird of that size, Ruggy; more'n it does to feed you, though nobody'd believe it. But he's got to eat more'n you to keep himself warm on nights like this; he ain't got a warm fire like you an' me have, boy. So he goes after the bunnies, an' the partridges, an' mice, an' sometimes little birds, an' all sorts of things like them.

"That's him we heerd tonight, Ruggy, an' he was awful hungry. 'Cause why? 'Cause if he wasn't he wouldn't hoot so often. See? Well, that's him, an' he's one of the two bosses of this little valley—barrin' you 'n' me, old timer.

"The other boss is different. He ain't a bird, he's an animal. He's a weasel, an' that ain't all, neither, he's an infernal big weasel. They're two real big bosses. This one's a regular elephant, for a weasel. He's 'way longer'n that one up there on that stretchin'-board, and that's the biggest I've got. This other one's 'most twice the size o' that one, too, I figure. He's a whale, jest like the bird.

"He's one of them kind of animals who kill, an' kill, an' kill. I've followed his tracks lots of times, an' seen heaps an' heaps of the things he's killed. He's not like an ordinary honest hunter, Ruggy, who kills only what's needed for eatin'. This weasel hunts an' kills an' slaughters jest for the fun of doin' it. If he gets hungry, say, he'll go'n

THE cold sun sank lower in the colder blue, and slowly passed behind the Western horizon. The grey twilight came on, presently deepening into the first shadows of night, and the yellow-white moon and pale stars came out to shiver over the frost-locked wild world below.

It was cold. Very cold. Freezing, tingling, biting cold. Now and then the dark spruces that clad the sides of the valley broke the silence with loud sharp cracks; eloquent protests against the lowering temperature. The frost on their needled branches glistened and glittered in the white light of the moon, a further proof of the intensity of the air. The branches and twigs of the balsams and birches stiffened as the cold increased, and snapped off loudly if the slightest pressure were placed on them. In between these sounds, the everlasting silence of the wilds reigned; the tingling, listening silence of a razor-edged winter's night. Below, as in the sky above, the white blanket was dotted with countless stars, countless diamonds, countless sparks of light; all suggestive of the icy atmosphere. The chilling grip of Jack Frost was felt in the wild North Lands.

Suddenly a breeze swept through the forest-dotted country. It was the last dying breath of the day, which always sounds before victorious night comes. It sighed through the spruces, rustled through the cottonwoods and birches, shivered among the creek willows, moaned over the prairies, and then subsided. The day was dead. Night had come. Numberless wild creatures, all waiting for this signal, awoke and left their chilly shelters to come out into the cold outside world, shivering as they began their nightly search for food. And among these night prowlers and fliers were two notables, two distinct from the rest. They were the Terror and the Shadow.

THE Terror looked his name. Although so small and slender, his features were ones to inspire fear and terror. His wiry body, a bundle of innumerable nerves and muscles, were a sight that never failed to send a tremor down the backs of the bravest of the smaller wild things. His head, small as it was, had something sinister in its outline, and held two cruel red eyes. He was clothed in white; a cloak under which to hide his evil intentions, blending perfectly with the surrounding white blanket that covered the earth. White, except for the glowing coals that were his eyes,

kill a rabbit, an' suck some of its blood. Then he'll go on a ways, an' kill another, an' just takes a little blood off it. An' he goes on, after that, an' he'll kill jest as many as he can find. Jest for the fun of it, see? That's why he's hated so much; that's why I hate him, an' the little animals and birds hate him, an' 'everythin' hates him. 'Cause he'll kill every time he gets the chance, hungry or not hungry.

"But here's what's goin' to happen, an' it's goin' to happen soon. One or the other of them two bosses has got to leave this valley. Either that or they'll get killed, or die, or somethin'. The valley can't support the two o' them. See why? No? Well, here's why. This is February, an' this is the worst month of all for the animals an' birds. It's goin' to be cold as ice all this month, just like it's been the last few days, an' the animals an' birds'll have to eat lots to keep 'em warm. An' how's an animal or bird o' prey goin' to eat lots if there ain't lots to eat, eh?

"This is how it goes. The rabbits an' pa'tridges an' all the other small game are gettin' scarcer an' scarcer—an' dern wise too. That old weasel goes ahead an' kills 'em off, kills 'em off, kills 'em off. Purty soon there ain't going to be much left o' the game, and it'll be the weasel's fault. Not just this one big fellow, but all the weasel tribe. But this fellow's the worst, bein' so big, an' he's the only one in our valley, now.

"Well, one o' these nights that weasel an' that owl are goin' to go hungry. Won't be able to find much food. Well, that means that they'll have to leave the valley, or die o' hunger. Maybe a mink, or a marten, or a wolf, or somethin' like that'll catch one o' them and kill him. 'Cause the owl an' the weasel're just bosses of this little valley, Ruggy, an' that don't include none o' the bigger animals.

"Howsomever, whichever way it happens, I hope the old owl out there lives; 'cause at least he's fair, an' only kills what he needs for food, an' that's not so bad as the other. I jest wish I could get the sights o' that rifle up there lined up on his pesky hide, jest once.

"So that's what, Ruggy boy, that's what's goin' to happen one of these cold nights. We're goin' to lose their company, though if it's the weasel, we won't miss him none. Listen! Hear that? That's a wolf howlin', an' he's jest made a kill, most likely a deer. He's callin' the pack together for a feed, an' I bet they'll need it. Let's hope that none of 'em run into that big owl when he's on the ground, which ain't likely, but we should give a dern if they snap up that weasel.

"But say, Ruggy, what do you say 'bout goin' to bed, eh? All right, then, let's turn in an' get some sleep. I got a long line to lay out tomorrow, an' we'll have to start early." And in a few moments, old Grayson was under his blankets and had forgotten all about his lengthy prophecy on the wild things of his valley.

THE old trapper was right; food was getting more wily and elusive every day. The cold bleak days and nights of January, and the colder, bleaker days and nights of February, the Hunger Moon, were beginning to show their effect. The wolves, the lynx, the foxes, marten, fishers, and mink, to say nothing of the owls and weasels, had in no way increased the seemingly exhaustless supply of deer, rabbits, partridges, mice, birds, and all the rest of the smaller and more gentle furred and feathered folk. The deer, the prey of wolves and lynx, had left the region of the valley almost entirely, and were only to be found in any numbers on the other side of the Pine Ravine, a country some twenty-odd miles distance. The larger beasts of prey who had not followed them and had remained in the vicinity of the valley, had to content their lean stomachs with what scanty supply of small game as they were able to catch, and that was now but very little. The rabbits, the Heaven-sent source of food for all, were now more wary than their usual watchful state, and no longer were to be seen gambolling fearlessly in the moonlit clearings at the edges of the dark woods. No longer did the tiny wood-mouse, that incomparable animal delicacy, leave its mossy, grass-lined retreat under the old rotten log and venture timidly into the open for a moment's enjoyment of the outdoors. Now, when it was forced to come out into the white world through the greatest necessity, it made two false starts instead of the customary one, and then scurried hastily into the next refuge. The partridge, correctly the ruffed grouse, when it buried itself in the snow for its night's repose, did it with a further development of the word, and then made a few sharp, deceiving turns at the evident end of the tunnel, much to the mortifica-

tion of more than one cunning fox or lean wolf. Squirrels, formerly so noisy and to all appearances so fearless, now remained quiet in the daytime, lest some of the hungry day-hunters or unsatisfied night prowlers should be attracted by its chatter and come to watch for a chance; and at nights they hid high up in some tall spruce in their little houses of moss and spruce twigs. The birds, too, were now more careful where they perched in the watchful light of day, and snuggled further down in the old holes and crevices of the trees in which they spent the night, lest some hungry killer discover them. Even the trustful little chickadee became more wary, and uttered his cheery tska-dee-dee-dee from a higher branch than usual as his bright eyes watched the lean animals passing on the snow beneath. Every living creature became more watchful, more careful, and more suspicious, for the old fight of the Survival of the Fittest was being fought in deadly earnest, and everything wanted to survive.

The giant weasel and the monster owl were no exceptions to this rule. Thus far, on this night, the Terror had made but one kill, and that had been a mere nothing; a small, if delicious mouthful off one of the fear-filled wood-mice. The Shadow had had slightly better luck, and had succeeded in catching a partridge. But neither animal or bird was in the least satisfied with their night's hunt, and the persistent gnawing within them cried more, more, and still more.

The weasel had made two failures. One a cunning blind alley of a wise old partridge's retreat, who had heard him and burst out of his shelter before the animal had discovered his error; the other a miscalculation of a leap to the spot where another of the mouse kindred had squeaked. Failures aroused his already fierce temper to the boiling point, and so it was that the white-coated Terror was in a particularly blood-thirsty mood on this cold, February night.

He leaped daintily over a log, nose to the ground, eyes watching the space in front. He was following the freshly-made track of a rabbit, and his eyes glowed redly as the thought of warm blood entered his narrow

brain. A sudden thump and a quick patter of retreating jumps sounded to one side of him, and he knew at once that his intended prey had suspected, doubled, seen its pursuer, and fled hastily to a safer region. The Terror quivered with rage as he turned away from the now hopeless tracks and started to follow the frozen bed of the small creek that ran through the centre of the valley.

The shadow was in equally desperate straits; the body of the partridge had served but to awake to his knowledge the fact that he was in a starving condition, and needed more. From one old stump to another he flew, hooted and listened. Sometimes a very faint rustle, which he could not locate, was the result of his hunting; more often the silent silence of the woods echoing his call was the answer. Only once the sudden start of the ill-fated bird. But the owl did not give up hope. He flew patiently from one tower to another, trying always to frighten into movement something with which to satisfy his empty stomach.

Presently the old owl seemed to come to some decision as he perched on the top of a fruitless stump, and he left his position and flew slowly through the dark woods, watching, listening, hunting. This was the method of hunting he used in times of greatest need, when his patience could no longer stand the slow wait of the watch towers, and hunger advised new tactics. That time had now come.

Along the whitened, winding bed of the small creek, a dark shape moved. Not a large shape;

Continued on page 65

Snarls from the animal, silent hatred from the bird, then suddenly the Shadow swooped.



DONALD W. GILLINGHAM '27

Two Views of the Same Game

"COME Ben! Your breakfast is ready." Delilah glanced up from the griddle where the batter was turning miraculously into great golden coins—there stood Ben in the settin'-room door. He must have heard her the first time! Even now he neither moved nor spoke. She flipped another round of cakes into a neat pile; then paused again and stared at him, the plate of cakes tilted at a precarious angle. Most folks speak too hastily, some cannot get their tongues unlimbered when they would.

By way of reply Ben walked slowly to the little table laid for two. It stood in a far corner of the big kitchen. Why did he act so timid-like—this was no honeymoon breakfast. Surely the old blue sugar bowl with the faded crack in the side ought to make him feel at home. A careless ray of sunshine danced across the window-sill as happy as a child.

Both knew, though both preferred to act a part, that yesterday in town he had got his tongue tied with "red tape"—mortgage renewed, interest paid, nice lawyer shook hands; he must tell Delilah all about it. "It's colder than 'twas," he began. "Yes," she agreed. "Let me get you another cup of coffee." Conversation is like that in New England. Nothing more was said during the meal.

BEN took his old fur cap. "Got to mend the fence to the pasture lot." Slowly he went up the lane—slowly Delilah stacked the dishes. There went the man she would fain have crushed to her breast in an agony of sympathy, but never a sign.

The fence shaped up, Ben leaned on the top rail to breathe a spell. Lovingly his gaze carressed each familiar acre of the old "Homestead." "Sixty days! Sixty days!" What use to prolong their misery *sixty days*! The knotty hand gripped the fence-rail, his eyes blurred, the place seemed literally slipping away from under his feet.

The sound of sleigh-bells revived him. Around a bend in the road slewed the rural mail-cart on runners. Ordinarily this meant no more than any bit of the landscape; but it became a cataclysmic event when the driver pulled in beside the splintered pine and casually slipped something into the galvanized box marked "Ben Gowan."

Ben's fingers fumbled for the tiny padlock key on his ring. He drew out the letter—but he did not look at it. Instead he gazed up the road, across to the pasture-lot, on down the lane to the weather-beaten house, and so back to the letter in his hand.

It couldn't have anything to do with the mortgage—surely he had fixed that all up snug; why, yes, it was only yesterday he was in town, and now only two hundred and ten dollars remained in the bank—that was all between the Homestead and the Poorhouse!

The script was unfamiliar but that fact held his attention only an instant, for his eyes were glued to the Postmark: *Eldorado, Arkansas*. A missive from heaven or hell had scarcely astonished him more. Should he show it to Delilah first; or read it there by himself?

Slowly he peeled a tiny edge off the envelope with his thumb-nail. Slowly he seated himself on a stump. And still more slowly he read:

Eldorado, Kansas, Feb. 27, 1922.

Dear Cousin Ben:—

You mustn't keel over at this sudden introduction to a cousin 'way down in Arkansas. My mother was your cousin Allie who lived in Bangor, but I reckon you had lost track of her offspring long ago.

Just the same blood is thicker than water and that's why I am turning to you in the stiffest fight I ever got into. I've a lot of friends, but I sure need a whole lot more.

It is this way: Of course you all have read in the papers about the wonderful oil boom down here. Well, I happened to be covering this section last fall with a line of fancy groceries and I caught the "oil fever." (Just my luck). So I chipped in with some fellows that were staking a "wild-cat" and we struck it big. Of course it didn't make me rich nor nothin' like that and I turned right around and put it all back into the game. (They all do).

This past January I got hold of a ninety days' option on fifty acres of stuff, that one of these "geologist guys"—who's a good friend of mine—

By
Florence Ellis Shelby

swears is just simply a lid over a whole pot of "liquid gold."

It took everything he had, and everything I had, to swing the deal. Then we began rushing around like madmen to raise money to finance a company and put down some wells before the ninety days expired.

Everything was going along fine until about three weeks ago, when we got into a beastly row with one R. V. Deneen. He poses as high mogul around these parts simply because he is president of the little country bank, which, happening to be the only one on the spot, has doubled and trebled its business in a twelvemonth.

Deneen had agreed to put up one-third of the entire stock. For we've really got a gilt-edged proposition, Cousin Ben. Every man who has been on the ground says so.

Spring in Absence

*We may not see the banks of primrose bloom,
And frail shy beauty of the woodland flowers;
When Springtime weaves new patterns on her loom,
And April decks her bowers.*

*Nor meadows all agleam with cowslip gold,
And hedges crammed with silent bells of blue,
And emerald verdure of the fragrant wold,
When May sweeps into view.*

* * *

*Only at eve—when night comes drifting down,
And quick dusk darkens on the looming hills,
Unbidden fancies garb the hillsides brown,
With waving daffodils.*

But, to make a long story short, the geologist-guy (before mentioned) has been having a pretty good time with Deneen's daughter, a pale pretty piece of clay called "Opal." When it became necessary to send him back east to round up the balance of the stock, "Miss Opal" decided it was the very thing for a wedding trip. She "just knew something would happen if they weren't married right off." In which conclusion she showed more intelligence than I gave her credit for.

Of course my friend bucked. He's an educated Eastern fellow, fine family and all that; he was really hacked to death when he saw how deep he'd got into it and what it might do to the stock company. They finally compromised on a "definite understanding," and all might have ended well (at least for me) if that poor misguided boy hadn't met up with his old sweetheart back in Boston. She certainly didn't realize which side her bread was buttered on, for she persuaded him to send Miss Opal a night-letter calling it all off.

Holy smoke! I'd hate to be as exact as these scientists are, Uncle Ben, *sometimes*. Opal was simply prostrated by the blow. And her father flew into a towering rage, that could no more be controlled than a three-million-foot gasser gone wild. He called me down to the bank and cancelled his contract with us. Unfortunately we had not drawn a penny on him yet. "Not a damn cent of mine goes into this here 'hole' of yours," he swore. "What's more, if that don't freeze you out, you can look for more from the same quarter. I spotted you-all for a couple of automobile thieves when you first came down here."

"That's a lie," I shouted, jumping at him, "if you thought that in the first place, why'd you introduce your daughter?"

However, he's sure been putting on a good imitation of a blizzard. He succeeded in buying off several of our stockholders who had been paying instalments. Then last week our most reliable driller was waylaid by a thug and got beat up something awful. He'll not be fit for work inside a month. That was almost a fatal setback, for we couldn't find anybody for several days, everyone is that busy. Of course we are sure the thug was a tool of Deneen's—but there you are, not a clue.

Last but not least, the fool sent an agent to buy me out. "Nice profit," "No more worry," etc. But he had miscalculated for once. That made me see red. That jaw, I inherited from mother snapped to like a bulldog's. So it is win, or die in the attempt, for me now.

You see how I'm fixed, cousin Ben. If you haven't got more'n a couple of hundred dollars, though I suspect you've twenty times as much as that, it will help. Even if you have to mortgage the farm (here Ben gasped—could it be possible they *joked* about such a thing down in Arkansas) I beg you to go in with me.

I venture the assertion you will clear more in the next sixty days than you've made off the Homestead in a lifetime. We stand to clear 300 per cent on the investment—to put it conservatively. But you must act quick.

My respects to Cousin Delilah.
Yours truly,
HENRY MORSE.

P.S.—You better wire me what you'll do; 'cause I sure want you to get in on this.

BEN sat on after reading the last word, as still as the old crow on another stump in the field opposite. "Dast I?" he whispered at length—to the crow, doubtless. But before that wise bird had properly considered the matter, a robin ran along the ridge of a rut and cried: "Cheat! Cheat! Cheat!"

Suddenly Ben's perturbed face relaxed into a grin. "I don't care if I be! You hopeful little sass-box! What you doin' round here so early anyhow?" He rose from the stump stiff with cold, but a warmth glowed in his old eyes that defied the thermometer. "It's for Delilah; 'Taint for me." That settled it.

However, this did not save him from Delilah's railing accusation. It was certainly "perticular careless" of him to go and break a plow-share, when he'd just been to town the day before. And maybe it was. But when the matrimonial knot becomes petrified—as it does sometimes in New England, and elsewhere—it is a ticklish job to attend to one's private affairs privately.

He thus managed that Delilah did not see his hand tremble when he wrote his check at the bank and that was well worth a dozen plowshares.

But that sight was nothing to what Delilah did see in the distracting days which followed. His disposition got as ragged as a scarecrow and flapped about him this way and that, till she said he "got on her nerves." But Delilah did not know.

Sister Allie's boy did not write frequently—nor so glowingly—now that Cousin Ben's money was in his hands, and a mere beggar's penny at that!

On the morning of the 14th, Ben waylaid the rural mail-carrier above the bend of the road, as it was necessary to do daily on one pretext or another—what *would* Delilah have done, if Ben put a letter in his pocket without passing it over for her to read first. Merely to picture such an occurrence in imagination drove Ben to his prayers.

"Hi! A Valentine for you!" jollied the rosy-cheeked fellow as he slowed up, and he wondered why old Gowan took it so seriously. "Some folks ain't got no sense of humor," he muttered.

"Plenty of everything but money and oil," ran the Valentine. "We are down 927 ft. on our No. 1—with a slight showing. These are shallow wells, you know. But don't you worry about that mortgage, Cousin Ben. Long before April Fool's Day, I'll fool you with a bag of gold, you'll see. And I'm thinking we'll fool Deneen some too."

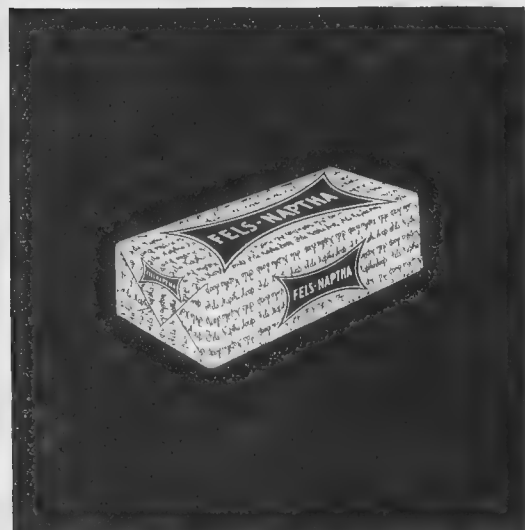
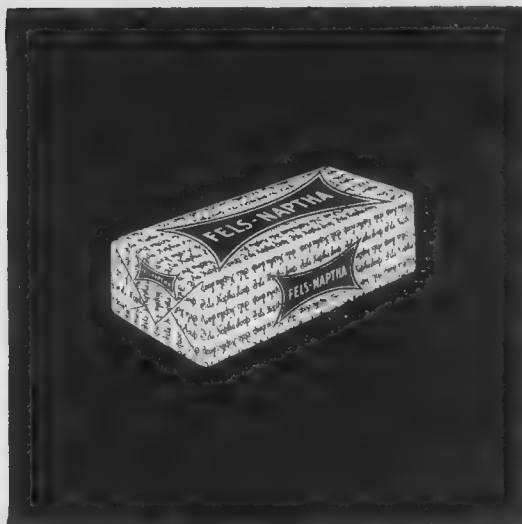
But Cousin Ben had a will to worry, sixty days never looked so dangerously short nor ever seemed so dangerously long. Besides, he had not told Delilah!

Likewise down in Arkansas, there were those who found themselves in an agony 'twixt hope and fear; as the sixty days raced by empty-handed or plodded tediously along through the sands of the hour-glass.

Half the night Henry Morse paced the narrow rig-room, or sat on a timber-head and smoked. Still the faithful bailer brought him no news worth-while. When the spring night turned chill and the first "tower" was up, he strode over to the "camp" with the men and flung himself down on a cot.

Oh, if they could only hurry! Deneen drove out frequently and haunted the vicinity. The men had

Continued on page 90



What would you give for extra washing help?

Isn't extra help for all your washing and cleaning worth considering?

Millions of women have been getting the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha for years in washing clothes.

Although at one time or another they may have been tempted into trying chips, powders or what not, they come back to Fels-Naptha. They realize that Fels-Naptha is more than soap—and does thorough work more quickly and more easily.

Unusually good soap and plenty of

dirt-loosening naptha, working together in Fels-Naptha, give *extra* washing help you'd hardly expect from any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or price.

But its *extra* help doesn't stop with clothes. This same dirt-loosening quality that helps so much with the wash, gives you *extra* help in cleaning painted woodwork, scrubbing floors, brightening bathroom enamel, removing spots from rugs and draperies, in fact in all your household cleaning.

Because Fels-Naptha has proved so great a help throughout the home, women who use it say: "Nothing can take the place

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Get a Golden Bar from your grocer. You can then prove, in your own way, that *extra* help is worth many times a penny or so more a week. —

Whether your washing is done in tubs or in a washing machine—whether cool, lukewarm or hot water is used, or clothes are boiled, you are sure to get the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha.

It is splendid for taking out spots and stains. Many women prefer it for their most personal laundering—for the extra cleanliness it gives with so little effort and handling.

FELS-NAPTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Herman Trelle—Wheat King

A Young Man in a Young Country

By

Miriam Green Ellis

Never before, in one year, had one man won two sweepstakes at the Chicago International. It was a supreme achievement and was of inestimable value to Canada. For, next to the lure of golden metal, the adventurous pioneers will respond to the lure of golden grain.

Only recently has Alberta been admitted to the select company of those who may win wheat championships; usually this has been considered the prerogative of the prairies. But three years ago it went to Major H. G. L. Strange, of Fenn, Alberta, a comparatively new citizen of Canada and a new recruit to the business of farming. In some respects Mr. Trelle and Major Strange worked along similar lines. Both had been trained to another business than farming; both are men of considerable culture and both, when they accepted the challenge of tilling the soil, looked about immediately to learn the latest methods from experimental stations and other authorities.

They realized the value of good seed, and having secured some of the best, proceeded to make it still better by selecting and planting, selecting and planting again. For six or seven years Mr. Trelle has been interested in this process of better seed selection. The result justifies his trouble for this year he was awarded the prize that signifies he has the best sample of seed wheat and seed oats in the world.

The reason that special emphasis is placed on the fact that these two men, neither of whom were born in Alberta or even in Canada, took advantage of all the assistance that could be offered by government institutions, is because so few men born to the soil will do it. Often they have a half-contempt for all such knowledge, acquired by men who go to school, and if certain results are attained on government farms which are not possible under their own methods, they simply say that it is not practical under everyday conditions.

BOTH these wheat champions have accepted everything governments and universities had to offer in the way of advice. They wasted no time doing things already tried out by trained scientists.

"He is just a sponge for knowledge," said L. H. Newman, Dominion Cerealists, after Trelle had been awarded the wheat championship. He soaks in everything you can tell him or show him."

"Then you have known of Mr. Trelle's work before this?"

"Oh, yes, we have been watching him for years now," was Mr. Newman's reply. Provincial officials said the same.

Young Trelle, just over thirty years of age, was not trained for farming, nor his father before him. Herman Trelle was planning to be an engineer and was attending the University of Alberta for that purpose. His school days had been spent partly in Edmonton and partly in Germany, when his family occasionally went back to visit relatives.

Then the war broke out and his German name and German forbears, made him an object of suspicion. He says: "I tried to enlist, but was not accepted."

"They thought I was a German spy," he said. "I wanted to go with the boys from the University," he continued, "but it was no use. Things became rather unbearable for me, after that, so I decided to do the next best thing—go farming."

Some time before this he had been in the Peace River country with a survey party and had become so enthusiastic over its farming possibilities that he had persuaded his father and mother to go in and take up a homestead, also to hold one for him, for he was not of age then. The parental homesteads were "proved up," and then abandoned to be sold to the highest bidder. It was to this land that young Trelle went, when, still in his 'teens, and his college course still incomplete, he decided to go farming, in lieu of military service to the country.



Herman Trelle, Wembly, Alberta

"THE King is Dead, Long Live the King." The new king in the kingdom of wheat is Herman Trelle, of Wembly, a new post office in the Peace River country. But this young man was not content with his kingdom as he inherited it from Seager Wheeler, J. C. Mitchell and a number of others; but scarcely had he been crowned wheat king until he annexed also the kingdom of oats. The battle for these kingdoms is fought each year in Chicago at the International Stock Show, and Hay and Grain Show.

To it may come knights from any country, who think they have the weapons with which to wrest these kingdoms from their former owners. But the weapons are not of steel, or gunpowder, which bring destruction, but are of small sacks of grains, the weapons of prosperity and peace.

While a grain grower from any country may compete, the final trial has usually been between Western Canada and North Western United States. Quite often it has simmered down to Saskatchewan versus Montana. But in the eighteen years the competition has existed, only twice has it left Canada. Last year was one of those times, so Canadians were this year specially anxious to bring back the honor to this side again. There are many samples from different parts of the two countries, and many different varieties entered in the different classes, but it is always the hard red spring wheat that wins the sweepstakes. So once the class for hard red spring wheat is judged, the winner feels fairly confident of winning the grand championship.

Herman Trelle, a young farmer from the far-famed Peace River country, came out of the North this year with two little sacks containing a peck of oats and a peck of wheat—Victory oats and Marquis wheat. They looked very nice, he thought: plump, good color, uniform, heavy—so he took them to Chicago where they were benched beside a hundred others, the best from all this continent.

After two days steady judging, his peck of wheat won first in its class; then, after the other classes had all been judged, it was again brought out against other first prize wheats, and not until it had again been acclaimed the premier sample did Canadians dare to breathe easily.

It is the supreme trial in the kingdom of seeds, for from wheat is made the staff of life.

The judges then started on the dozens of samples of oats; oats from this region, oats from that; white oats, yellow oats, early oats and others not so early, but when it had all been sifted down to the very best oats in the show, Herman Trelle's peck of oats was proclaimed the best.



J. C. Mitchell, Dahinda, Sask., and H. Trelle

He broke and planted the two homesteads, 320 acres. His first crop was enormous. He leased and planted more land.

Before the war closed, he was admitted to the Flying Corps, but the armistice came before he was sent overseas.

Then the choice came to go back farming, or complete his college course. He went back to the farm and later was married. Both Mr. and Mrs. Trelle were born in the Western United States. Life is a strange anomaly. Trelle, of German stock, would have fought for Canada against Germany; Trelle and his young wife both born in the United States, worked and gave of their best, to grow, select and show, grain of such high quality, that the land of their adoption would win from the land of their birth. It is safe to assume that the roots of their life have gone deep into Canadian soil.

THE future wheat king was at first only interested in quantity. Later he became interested in quality and found that the better the seed which he grew, the stronger and bigger crop he would harvest. He sent to the University for elite seed. It was fourth generation seed from this elite that won the sweepstakes.

Near Mr. Trelle's farm is a Dominion Government experimental station, over which presides Mr. Albright, a real student and enthusiast in the possibilities of his district. This was a real help to the young student of farming, and as he began to show his inclination as a breeder of seed, Mr. Newman and other cerealists, when visiting the experimental station, called over at Mr. Trelle's place too, just to see what he was doing.

So when, at Chicago, people wondered at the perfection of the seed entered by this young German-American, Mr. Newman was pleased, but not surprised.

"Are you going to stay in the Peace River country?" we asked him.

"Oh yes," he replied emphatically. "But they decided to take a good holiday at Edmonton and perhaps out to the Coast."

"My wife and I have practically never left the farm since we went in."

"And then what?" we asked.

"Well, Professor Cutler tells me that when I come back I will probably have a couple of thousand letters to answer regarding my seed—and I have lots of seed to sell too; I had the best crop

Continued on page 73



What a wonderfully amusing way Norman Rockwell has of telling a story! In this picture as in his cover illustrations for the Saturday Evening Post.

Here he lets us in on the fun of a darling tea party—and gives us a pointer on cooking: Puddings are improved by lots of Sun-Maid raisins.

Thousands of families agree with him on that. And it's so easy to add the raisins; no extra work at all, I often wonder why every housewife doesn't do it every time.

If your pudding recipes don't call for raisins—rice, bread, tapioca and chocolate puddings, the tempting hot weather ones made with gelatine—all kinds—and you don't know just how to fix them, let me help you. Write me in care of Sunland Sales Association of Canada, Ltd., 137 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec.

Mary Dean

The more raisins the better the pudding

And good raisins cost so little in this Sun-Maid bargain sack



And (new size) 2 lbs.

The simplest puddings will be popular at your house if they hold plenty of plump, meaty raisins. A few raisins aren't enough. And good raisins are essential.

Both are reasons for buying the Sun-Maid "Market Day Special" bag.

In this bag you get 4 lbs. or 2 lbs. of fine seedless raisins and you get them at a

surprisingly low price. It's a value that only Sun-Maid can offer for Sun-Maid alone can select from the crop just the finest raisins, perfect *those*, and profitably dispose of the rest that do not meet its standards. Sun-Maid methods and equipment are exclusive.

Ask your grocer for the blue bag with the Sun-Maid girl on it. Use these raisins generously in cakes, pies, cookies, cereals and puddings. See how the folks enjoy your treats.



Your grocer also has:
A wonderful new kind of seedless raisins—with the fragrance, flavor and plump tenderness of fresh grapes! Ask him for Sun-Maid Nectars.

And Sun-Maid Puffed—seeded raisins that aren't sticky! With all the flavor of the Muscat grape!

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possible in the narrower type of Wall Paper to develop such decorative charm as the Maximur line reveals in every one of its many patterns.

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We wish to find the best ten words (or less) which will most appropriately express the beautiful designs and colors of Maximur Wall Papers. To enlist your help we offer absolutely free—

\$500 for the Best Slogan.
\$250 for the Second Best Slogan.
\$125 for the Third Best Slogan.
\$ 75 for the Fourth Best Slogan.
\$ 50 for the Fifth Best Slogan.

If the winner of any prize is found to have one or more rooms of his or her home decorated with Maximur Wall Papers, that winner's prize money will be automatically doubled.

Ask your nearest wall paper dealer for an official entry blank and folder giving full particulars. If he hasn't Maximur yet, write us giving his name and address. We will mail you an entry blank and folder FREE. Contest closes May 31st, 1927. See your dealer now.

THE REG. N. BOXER Co. LIMITED

NEW TORONTO, CANADA

Interesting and Helpful Rug Lore

Especially Helpful When New Carpets Are Being Considered

By Katherine M. Caldwell

I HEARD an odd remark made the other day by a man who has been for a long time a careful student along special lines and had become so well informed on these subjects that he is frequently sought as a lecturer. "Knowledge," he said, "is becoming exceedingly common. The average run of people seem to know so much today about so many things!"

This conclusion was based, so far as I could gather, upon the very intelligent questions that are put to this authority. There is widespread evidence of a most healthy curiosity on the part of the public about things that it used to consider as known only to the expert. The casual business man and farm woman show a keen desire nowadays to know for themselves as much as possible about everything they buy or use or even think about.

Part of this curiosity that has attained such large proportions, is due to certain factors of our modern life that might not at first glance have much to do with the matter. This is a day of organizations of all kinds; men and women have their clubs in which they hear eminent speakers discussing matters of Dominion or Empire interest; business clubs for discussion of marketing, efficiency methods and so on; groups for the study of domestic matters—even the boys and girls have their Pig Clubs and their Seed Clubs! In every case, there is an attempt to reach a real understanding about the matter in hand; no mere superficial, take-it-as-true attitude, but getting down to real whys and wherefores.

Another thing that is developing and at the same time satisfying this Desire to Know, is the modern publication. Nothing like today's magazines and papers could have been visioned a generation ago. The publication that really serves its readers nowadays fairly bulges with information! Its mission is as much to help as to entertain.

The manufacturer, too, has come forward with information and advice that formerly he would never have been called upon to give. If he is making a worth-while article today, he is perfectly willing to tell the buying public as much as they want to know about it. He gives all kinds of service in telling how to use his product to the best advantage or how to care for it so that it will serve you long and well—even though this means that you buy less often! This spirit of frankness, this practice of fully informing the public, offers a very great protection to those who profit by it.

TAKE, for instance the matter of the carpets we use in our homes. A rug is not a thing that we buy for a dollar, or buy every week. A new rug is an event in any household. We begin by wishing for one, by feeling a need; we go on thinking and planning to buy one—to the consideration of the kind of rug we would like it to be. Because it will represent a sizeable outlay of money, the more we can know about it the better.

Spring brings such an orgy of home-brightening in its sunny wake, that the rug business flourishes. I have thought it a good plan to see the advance styles that are shown each season in rugs, just as they are in clothes, and pass on a word about them to Western Home Monthly readers.

Our Canadian manufacturers feel that they have a critical and discriminating public to serve. The person who wants a new rug today, wants a great deal more than a rug of dependable quality. One buyer requires for her room a carpet of a certain type; her neighbor, having furnishings and decorations of quite a different style, wants a rug to suit them. In short, our manufacturers have to make a close study of the whole mode in furnishing and have to be ready to supply rugs that cover not only a large range of qualities and sizes, but that will fit every conceivable decorative need.

I find some very delightful patterns in new rugs, and colors to delight one's heart. The most novel effects are those which have been designed to fit

in with what is known as the *modern style* of furnishing. *Color* plays perhaps the leading part. There is no doubt about it—our homes are infinitely more colorful today than homes have ever been. There is no color or shade that is not used in house furnishing. To appreciate the change this represents, one has only to study authentic reproductions of old Spanish, Italian or English rooms. We find almost altogether, that the colors used were strong, clear, simple and few in number. There was no thought of a vast range of shades and tones of every color—little attempt at "made up" colors. Beautiful reds, that we are prone to call "old red" nowadays, soft blues, golden yellows, were the solid favorites. We use them today, and with every appreciation; but we know the charm of rose and coral and terra cotta and Chinese red, of peacock and turquoise and marine and pastel



This Barrymore rug is typical of the fine quality Canadian-made carpet

blues—to say nothing of such combinations as mauve and gold, jade and sand and scores of others that bear the brand "modern."

So the rug manufacturer makes us carpets in gay, bright and delicate colors that we can work into delightfully fresh and charming bedroom schemes or into living rooms in which new color notes are stressed.

Another special trend he has studied, in the new-old vogue for antiques. He can give us a rug in soft mellow coloring and suitable pattern, that will settle right down in a room filled with old furniture, or reproductions of pieces from past periods, with every appearance of harmony. I saw, in my browsing, a rug of this type that I thought would be a happy choice, in a dining room, say, in which the furniture was a dark wood polished to a mellow tone and built on old-time lines. The ground was a sort of taupe-fawn shaded weave, with here and there a conventionalized floral design in dull old red, soft blue, green and, I think, a little brown. The whole effect was restrained and mellow to a degree.

THERE is the need for a plain carpet that must be met, for the room in which there is perhaps a lot of chintz or a good deal of pattern in furniture coverings or walls and which therefore need the relief and the contrast of a considerable area that is without pattern of any kind. Even a seam is sometimes thought to break too much into this plain surface and so manufacturers are weaving what we call the "broadloom" rug—with a width of six or nine and even twelve, or more, feet. Again, the rug of plain tone, seamless or otherwise, will have a border that is slightly deeper.

When it comes to a design, one can truthfully say that there is almost no limit. If you have a big room and want a bold, free pattern in your rug, you will have no difficulty in getting it. The principal demand, however, is for the standard sized rug to fit the medium and the rather small room,

and so the manufacturer has paid particular attention to getting from his artists designs that are perfectly balanced for the proportions of these rugs.

The whole world is drawn upon for these designs. In some cases, there seems to be nothing set about them at all; they have more the appearance of a single picture, sketched by a knowing hand, than of anything that could be worked out with mathematical precision, to be interpreted by a machine. However, when I think of those almost human machines that I see when I visit one of our big carpet plants, I can very nearly credit it with doing its own thinking! Opposed to these very individual types of rugs are those with the highly conventionalized designs—borders, medallions on a plain field and all-over patterns.

Style is not the only influence that guides the rug maker when he plans his offerings for the new season. He must understand and size up the

other considerations that will guide the householder. What grades of carpet, what weaves, will be most in demand? In what proportion will his buyers want plain or sparsely patterned rugs, as compared to those with well covered design? He must understand the influences that will guide people toward each of these; we have spoken of the parts filled by the plain rug; a pattern will be chosen for its own interest, or by the person who prefers a softly mottled appearance that does not call any real attention to its design, to a surface that is actually plain; the close, all-over designs are also more practical when it is necessary to avoid a carpet that will show too plainly the trace of a dusty footmark and when accidental spotting must also be allowed for—as in the dining room rug for instance, especially when the family is youthful.

Just as the range of designs must of necessity be a wide one, so must the range of qualities

meet the needs of every buyer. Here is another place where the person who is in the market for a rug cannot be too well informed. It's a comfort to feel that when one goes to purchase something as important as a new rug, one can feel some confidence in one's ability to size up its quality. True, the average woman will speak with greater certainty of the quality of a piece of cloth than she will of a piece of carpet; nine men out of ten would feel better qualified to pass on the merits of a motor car than those of a rug. In a case such as this, when we realize that we don't know quite all we might about judging the article, our best plan is to buy the product of a well known manufacturer, who is not ashamed to mark it with his brand and who will stand behind whatever guarantee he makes.

I am sure that it would be interesting to the average householder, however, to take a bird's-eye view of the most-used kinds of carpet and to get a general idea of the comparative quality of the carpets of different weave.

HEADING the list of the domestic woven rugs, is the Wilton. The Wilton and Axminster rugs are so named because they were first made in the little British towns of Wilton and Axminster, to which they came under rather dramatic circumstances. Carpets, which had first been made in the countries of the far East, had made their appearance in Europe; there were, in the northern European countries, craftsmen who had learned the art of weaving and were making carpets for the use of people who were very rich. But political distresses caused a lot of these gifted workmen to flee from their homes and a number of them sought shelter in Great Britain. As soon as they could manage it, they took up again their old crafts—and so the little group of weavers who had settled in Wilton, and another group in Axminster, began to make the carpets which were the direct ancestors of the Wiltons and Axminsters that are made today in our Canadian plants. *Continued on page 29*

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

A Place in Heaven

A STORY is told of a well known financial man who, at the beginning of his career, went to a bank and borrowed a hundred dollars. The banker, after advancing the money, inquired as to the use to which it was to be put. He was informed that the borrower did not really need the money for a specific purpose, but borrowed it on the theory that having got into debt he had an incentive to go to work in order to pay the money back.

It is doubtful if such practice would be good policy for the average young man. In Hamlet, Shakespeare advises: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

A contrary policy is disclosed concerning a half brother to Abraham Lincoln, one John Johnston, of whom it is said that he was "shiftless and always in debt, and consequently restless and discontented." In 1851, according to Tarbell's Life of Lincoln, he was determined to borrow money or sell his farm, and move to Missouri. He proposed to Mr. Lincoln that he lend him eighty dollars. Mr. Lincoln answered:

"What I propose is that you shall go to work, 'tooth and nail,' for somebody who will give you money for it. . . . I now promise you, that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of May, get for your own labor, either in money or as your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. . . . In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles County. Now, if you will do this, you will soon be out of debt and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting into debt again. But, if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in Heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in Heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work."

Meetings

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, Ltd., 70 Bond St., Toronto, announce the publication of a new book by F. D. Head, B.A., of Oxford, entitled "Meetings," dealing with the regulation of and procedure at meetings of companies and public bodies and at public meetings.

We live in a time of group meetings, conferences, committee meetings, company and public meetings, and it is not uncommon for a young man, lacking experience, to be asked to do his share and take perhaps some prominent part at such meetings. While the volume referred to is based upon English practice which is regulated to a considerable extent by the statutory law of England, it covers many points that are likely to arise in meetings in Canada as, for example: Adjourned meeting; amendments; business, ordinary and special; powers of chairman; county councils; confirmation of minutes; rules for motions; notices of meetings; rules for debate; voting; and statutory regulations for meetings of public bodies.

In illustration of the principles governing various meetings, legal decisions are quoted freely. For instance, on page 124, it is stated that "The right of free speech is to promulgate your opinions by speech so long as you do not utter what is treasonable or libellous, or make yourself obnoxious to the statutes that deal with blasphemy and obscenity." But it is pointed out that the right of free speech is a perfectly separate thing from the question of the place where that right is to be exercised. Thus, in the case of McAra versus Magistrates of Edinburgh, the Lord President observed:

"As regards the common law, I wish most distinctly to state it as my opinion that the primary and overruling object for which streets exist is passage. The streets are public, but they are public for passage. . . . What I mean is this: streets are for passage, and passage is paramount to every-

thing else. That does not necessarily mean that anyone is doing an illegal act if he is not at the moment passing along. It is quite clear that citizens may meet in the streets and may stop to speak to each other. The whole thing is a question of degree."

The price of the book in Canada is \$1.50, cloth bound, gold stamped, 203 pages.

The Higher Life

FOR group and Bible Class leaders, according to their bent and responsibilities, the following publications of the American Tract Society, 7 West 45th St., New York, will hold some interest:

The Self-Explaining Bible; A History of American Revivals; The Miracles of Jesus; and Life and Letters of St. Paul.

Among the helpful features of the Self-Explaining Bible are a helpful introductory note by J. Wilbur Chapman; an interpretative introduction to each of the separate books of the Bible; a synopsis of Kerr's Harmony of the Gospels; a chronological index; extensive marginal references; and, probably its most important feature, explanations and instructions concerning important verses in every chapter. Here, for instance, is an explanation of Mark 3:5: "With anger; holy indignation, just displeasure against their sins, and grief on account of them." The instruction concerning the application of this verse reads as follows: "Indignation at the sins of men is perfectly consistent with the deepest compassion for their souls; and no opposition or danger from the wicked should hinder us from doing them good, as we have opportunity."

"The history of American Revivals, by Frank G. Beardsley, covers a period from 1679 down to recent times, and will no doubt be a welcome volume to those who desire to know more of this phase of the great religious movements that occur in the course of what are called revivals.

The miracles of Jesus, by the same author, is a compact little volume written in restrained but convincing style with the thought that there are still some things that ought to be said in defence of the miracles. The author says in his introduction that "to those whose minds are closed upon this subject there probably is little that can be said, but to those who seriously seek the truth it is hoped that the lines of reasoning which have been followed may prove both helpful and convincing."

The Life and Letters of St. Paul, by Dr. David James Burrell, is to be commended for its clear print, fine maps, and its simple yet eloquent language. Young men should find this a most inspiring book either for class or group work, or for personal study. The general divisions of the book deal with first, Saul of Tarsus; second, Paul's campaigns; third, Paul's Companions; and fourth, Paul's Letters. The chapters are short and for that reason are especially suitable as units of study. It would be possible to cover almost any one of the chapters at a single session. The headings of the chapters of Part One give a slight indication of the contents: At Home; At College; Finding Himself; A Wrong Beginning; Right About Face; Forgotten; Home Again; Life Begins.

Shorthand and Dickens

A FRIEND has sent me from London, England, a copy of a book entitled Gurney's Shorthand. This book is the eighteenth edition of a system published by Mason in the latter part of the seventeenth century and reduced to practicable form by Thomas Gurney about the year 1720. Sermons taken down by him in clearly written shorthand in 1723 and the following years are still preserved. Gurney called his first edition "Brachygraphy, or Shorthand Made Easy." A dictionary of shorthand based upon it was published in 1777.

In 1788-95, Mr. Joseph Gurney took notes, for the managers appointed by the House of Commons, of the whole of the Warren Hastings trial. This shorthand is still legible and was transcribed in 1859 for the authorities of the British Museum. In 1791, he reported the debates of committees in the House of Commons and apparently these were the first occasions on which shorthand was used in parliamentary committees.

In 1809, Mr. W. B. Gurney reported in shorthand, charges against the Duke of York, and in 1813 he was formally appointed shorthand writer, first to the House of Commons, and immediately afterwards to the House of Lords. The state trials of Lord George Gordon and of Hardy, Horne and Tooke, and the court-martial of the Mutineers of the Nore, were reported in this system.

The firm of Gurney and Sons, I believe, still hold the contract for the shorthand reporting of the British parliamentary proceedings, but most of the reporters now use other systems, and but a few Gurney writers are still in the Houses of Parliament.

Charles Dickens was a writer of Gurney shorthand and specimens of his notes have been preserved and published. Apparently he had a very difficult time in learning the system and it is supposed that in David Copperfield he has given some accounts of his efforts in studying shorthand, likening them to the difficulty that would confront one in attempting to transcribe the Chinese characters on a chest of tea.

Today, students of shorthand have a much less difficult experience in learning, and there are several systems published which can be learned over periods varying from three months to a year. This applies to theory. Speed writing of from sixty to, say, a hundred and fifty words a minute depends upon the time given to practice. One hundred and fifty words a minute, however, is by no means the limit of shorthand speed today. In England and the United States, in the various official speed contests arranged from time to time, records have been established of from two hundred to two hundred and eighty words a minute, the speeds varying according to the difficulty of the matter dictated.

Courage

FORTUNE can take away riches, but not courage.—Seneca.

True courage is like a kite; a contrary wind raises it higher.—Petit-Senn.

He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he that loses his courage loses all.—Cervantes.

Troops should never be deficient in courage, if they could only know how deficient in it their enemies were.—Wellington.

The most sublime courage I have ever witnessed has been among that class too poor to know they possessed it, and too humble for the world to discover it.—H. W. Shaw.

There is a contemptibly quiet path for all those who are afraid of the blows and clamor of opposing forces. There is no honorable fighting for a man who is not ready to forget that he has a head to be battered and a name to be bespattered. Truth wants no champion who is not as ready to be struck as to strike for her.—J. G. Holland.

April

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

—WORDSWORTH.



Fisher Built—Canadian Built —Better Built

Wherever motor cars are known, "Body by Fisher" is a warrant of excellence.

It bespeaks not only beauty, not only smartness and distinction, not only luxury, but thorough structural superiority.

It is known for soundness and balance founded upon the skilful combination of wood and steel; for feature after feature of comfort and convenience; for distinguished appointments; for lustrous Duco finishes in tasteful color harmonies; for subtle touches of artistry and refinement that reveal the master designer and the master craftsman.

And wherever Canadian-built Fisher Bodies are known, they have added even greater prestige to that famous name.

For here those standards of quality are met with better materials . . . Canadian materials—

With better lumber . . . Canadian lumber—

With better upholstery . . . from Canadian looms—

With better workmanship . . . Canadian craftsmanship—

With better finish . . . Canadian-made Duco.

Fisher built—Canadian built—Better built—these bodies on General Motors of Canada cars present, in addition to their inherent safety and solidity, authenticity of style and commanding beauty, regardless of the price class of the car.

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Hints for Canadian Tourists Travelling Abroad

Transportation in Germany.

By

William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

war, Germany is again becoming a great commercial giant.

No country of Europe offers better hotels, more attractive diversions for tourists, and at a reasonable price. There has been much written about the excessive charge of hotel accommodations, but this is not now a fact. There are hotels which offer very moderate prices in all the important cities, but if one requires luxury this must be paid for, as in all other countries.

Germany is now provided with the best possible railway service, as the delegates of the American Association of Passenger Traffic Officers can attest, who visited Europe to study this subject from the standpoint of American tourists, with a view of further increasing transatlantic passenger traffic. During the stay of the delegates in Germany they were guests of the German Railway Company and were thus afforded opportunities to observe the remarkable progress made by this vast system of railways during recent



A section in the day-time train converted into a sleeping car at night



Interior of a German diner

are vast territories traversed by only a few lines. Germany, which has only one twenty-fifth of the area of the United States, has the densest network of railways of any country in the world. There is not a village of Germany situated more than ten miles from a railway station. There are 118.4 kilometres (kilometre five-eighths of a mile) of railway to every 1000 square kilometres, as against 40 in the United States. The density of traffic is calculated for the total area of the German Reich and the traffic is considerably denser in certain parts as in the case of the highly industrialized state of Saxony, where there is 180 kilometres of railways to 1,000 square kilometres.

The number of engines, not considering electric, belonging to the German Federal Railways is 30,000, three times as many as that of the London,

Continued on page 103

THE increase in the number of American and Canadian tourists visiting Europe during 1926 has brought a large increase of passenger traffic to the railroads of the United States and Canada, and has stimulated Germany, realizing the benefits that competing countries were receiving from the many thousands that go abroad each year for pleasure and business, to improve her transport facilities, both by sea and land.

The writer visited Germany in September last and has never been treated with more courtesy and polite consideration in any country of Europe. Before the war there was an imperious attitude toward strangers. They are now welcomed with a fraternal zeal quite foreign to the stolid nature of the Teutonic people. The military spirit has passed. Industrial progress is the ambition of all and though one sees economic depression caused by the

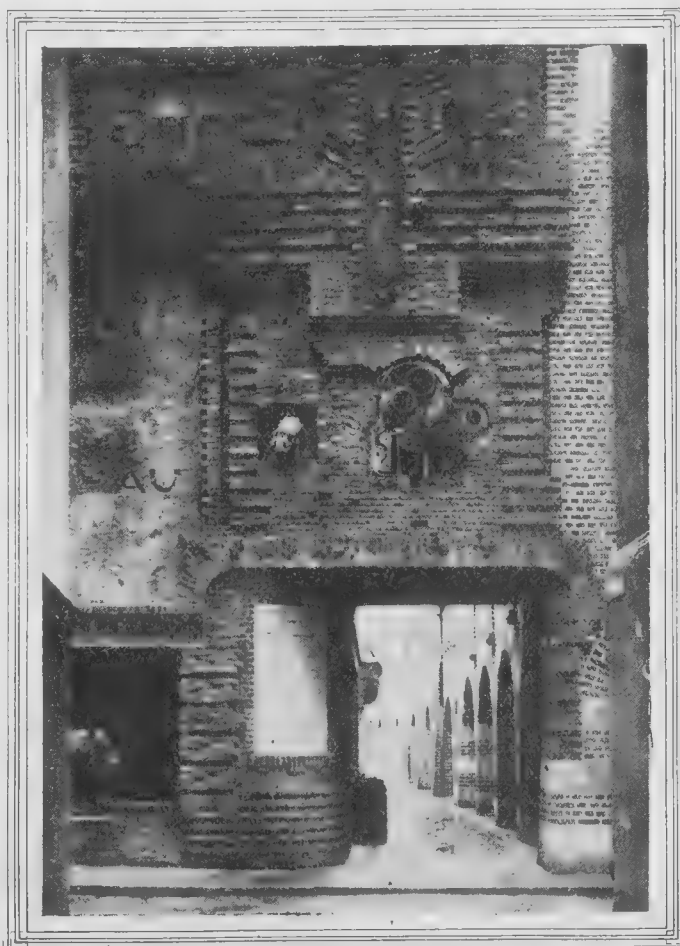
years and promising possibilities of future development.

THE Federation of German railways is the greatest traffic undertaking in the world. Previously to 1920 they were owned and administered by the various Confederate States, and prior to the war this system of ownership was the most profitable undertaking of its kind in Europe. The war paralyzed operations in every respect as a result of the blockade which prevented the importation of raw materials and the excessive demands made upon them. Despite all difficulties of the post-war period due to local and national unrest, and monetary depreciation, the German railways have nevertheless been able by tenacity and unflagging energy to master successfully the task of technical reconstruction and reorganization. After the socialistic and political upheavals of 1919-20, the various Confederate State Railways were united in one organization known as the German Federal Railways, having a total mileage of 33,125 miles, or over four times as great as that of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, the largest railway company in Great Britain.

In the United States there



Picturesque Rothenburg—unchanged for centuries



Grotesque architecture—old street in Bremen



Worth Investigating

New improvements in Dodge Brothers Motor Car are so far-reaching that an immediate investigation is advisable. You will find a smarter car than ever before, fresh new color combinations adding greatly to its charm. You will find also a still roomier, a still more comfortable car.

Of even greater importance are numerous mechanical advances, including: A new silent-action clutch, a greatly improved steering mechanism, a stronger, more durable differential, propeller shaft and axle shaft, an air cleaner. These are in addition to the improved starting and lighting system and the five-bearing chrome vanadium crankshaft recently announced.

In beauty, comfort, performance, dependability and value these cars are superior to anything that even Dodge Brothers have hitherto produced.

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TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

MADE IN CANADA

Moose in Canada

Hunting the Largest of all Deer with Camera, Notebook and Rifle

By Bonnycastle Dale



Hunter and four year old bull moose

WE HAD seen this huge deer all over Canada. Englishmen always told me we had it misnamed, that it was "The Elk" of Europe. *Cervus alces*, it is. We call it "The Moose" here because we have a huge deer also which is misnamed in America The Elk; this is the Wapiti. The Rocky Mountains is the best place to see these true monarchs, there and Vancouver Island, and the Olympic Range, across the straits of Juan de Fuca.

It was not until we came to this misty, rock-ribbed Atlantic province of Nova Scotia that we undertook to hunt the great horned beasts with anything but cameras. We took over the 800-acre Allan Estate, as tenants, on the Clyde River, and proceeded to study this monstrous deer. In the first place, outside the estate, we wondered how any of the Moose managed to escape the holiday throng that went out after it. There are over two million licenses at about fifty dollars each granted on this whole continent to big game hunters; that is, in the United States and Canada, and by the very best estimates there are certainly not over a million moose. Here in Nova Scotia we kill annually, mainly by the "calling" when the animals are rutting, some one thousand bull moose. That should mean that we have ten thousand in this province, for we kill only bulls. The result of this is that most of the herds in Nova Scotia now are only two to six-pointers, as most of the old bulls which bore a really good set of horns have been killed.

We had listened pro and con to the arguments of the still hunter and the man with the birch bark horn who advocated "callin'."

To anticipate our hunt in the October month we went, by bumping ox team and silent canoe to the far back lakes, choosing Mic-chic Lakes for our study station. We knew, as we found signs, that there were a number of bulls and cows and calves in the primeval forest that yet, in some places, surrounds these twin lakes. By grey dawn at sunrise, by the glittering waters of mid-day, in the gloaming of the eventime we tried to approach these big clever beasts closely enough to get a fair picture. We knew, by broken stick and fresh sign, and by the filling in of the fresh hoof-mark, that the short-sighted moose were in the woods about us, standing perfectly still, as is their habit, until they see that they will be discovered and then moving off swiftly with hardly a sound.

I have seen a fully grown cow moose melt into the landscape, through dry and wet cover in which I would have rattled like a tin-peddler's cart, and not make a sound. Laddie, my assistant, with the cameras scoured the land. I did my share but we rarely got a close-up of a moose, excepting when Laddie was about to press the trigger and the hunter overcame the snap-shot enthusiast—I will tell you of that later.

As instruction, as is our wont, I allowed him to join a guide's camp, said guide being supposed to get him a shot at close quarters. Result was that an auto spun into camp the night before the shoot opened and the guide, to save Laddie's pelt and his own, had perforce to place these four new men. The boy tells me: "—the night before we found it was turning very cold so we went out along the tiny creek near camp and listened for the animals. Soon from the east came a passing of some almost

silent great thing, the thin sheet of ice shattered under its huge feet and it went its way.

Here it was a bit marshy and was spattered with bunches of tall dark firs and spruces. Ahead was a ridge on which or near it he had killed many a moose. At first I was unable to distinguish the spruce trees, but at last I saw them mistily. Then the guide took up his horn, stood erect and while he passed it in a great circle about him he called "E-eee U-uuu R-rrr," the last note rising and falling at the end like a wail. Far off I heard a snoring grunt. "A bull answering," he told me. Again the birchbark sounded out that long wild call,



A moose skin—50 lbs. green

a call unlike any noise made by any animal, as I have heard so many of them. This time the answer was closer. The third time he called it was but an echo of the first loud blast.

Suddenly I saw that the sun was rising. Myriads of millars were also rising from the low wet bushes that clothed the barrens hereabouts to dry their wings. . Now three separate and distinct calls came from three bull moose. Unfortunately for us I was back at the last station near the guide. Those "butters-in" had the front "hides." "Spat! Spat! Spat!" sang a high-powered rifle. There was a tremendous plunging and crashing in the woods directly ahead and then the rifle took up its loud work again for five more shots. We rushed down and saw one of the young deep sea fishermen standing beside a big, fine young bull moose. "It came right up to me 'fore I saw it," he told me. "Guess it was 'bout ten yards off." Soon there was no chance of moose hunt-

ing. It was moose butchering that was going on. Fearful of the flies that at once appeared, fearful of the stomach heating and tainting the flesh, the men started to cut up and carry out the meat at once and I left for camp. I tell you, Sir, it is no trick to call and kill a moose; I can do it myself."

NOW came another winter's work and spring and summer before we could hunt again, so we used the cameras and notebooks. That winter the snow fell heavily. The Clyde River country is a low valley with hog-back hills shutting it in. The inhabitants are leaving on account of the nearness of the United States and the better wages and the high tariffs which shut out their fish, so the animals are coming back. Numerous streams cut up the valley. It is clothed on the barrens with blueberry bushes, laurel and sweetfern, along the creeks by firs and birch and alder and on the hills by beech and oak and maple. In this country in 1923-24 the snow lay so deep that aged moose getting down into the creek beds could not get up again, and perished. Others in a country filled with browse—for they eat the tender limbs and shoots of alders and birch—perished from hunger, amid plenty. You should dissect the mouth of this great cud-chewing moose and see the very set of millstones he has for grinder teeth. He can smash up any wood. We saw the moose again in the spring of 1924. Then they had lost their horns, as they do each winter, the younger the moose the earlier it sheds them. We saw two moose that were so devoid of hair and horns that they looked pink naked against the evergreens. Of course they are doubly shy now, as the black flies were out. At nightfall I could, through the binoculars, get a few glimpses of the moose, usually not more than two together, then it was a cow and last year's calf. This was in early April and this year's calves were not dropped yet. Last year's calves stay with the cow. After hunting for the moose with cameras for months the only really close-up we saw was when a cow and calf suddenly lumbered right out on the road beside my motor-caravan. I had several guests and no camera ready. They ran out into the road and trotted ahead. I never saw better trotting than a well grown calf and a cow moose can do. They were then, in August, of a dark brown color and the legs were fawn, as exquisitely colored as my lady's castor gloves. Each adult moose we had seen bore a "bell," that useless appendage below the neck. I have dissected this part and find but a muscular tissue inside it. No real fat or flesh, nor is the tissue as light as the

Continued on page 44



No wonder the moose hears every sound—look at its ears



How our soft and savory eatables have impaired the health of our teeth and gums

A FORMAL dinner, served with pomp and ceremony, may seem quite different from a snack you take at home, but in one way at least they are much the same.

The food at both is soft. It is deficient in fibre—utterly unstimulating to the tissue of your gums. And the gums, which much need the exercise that rough, coarse food was meant to give, are growing soft—more open to the attacks of that long list of gum troubles so prevalent today.

Sometimes the gums bleed—the tooth brush “shows pink” in the mornings. This does not necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, for authenticated cases are few and far between. But it does mean that your gums need some daily attention, as any good dentist will readily attest.

How to counteract the damage soft food is doing

Most dentists will tell that the first thing to do is to bring about a healthy flow of blood within the gum walls, and this they point out can be done, and should be done, by massage.

Hundreds and hundreds of dentists, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana

*— and how by a simple addition to
their daily care you may keep your
gums healthy and your teeth brilliant!*

Tooth Paste, recommend that this massage be done with Ipana at the time of the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If your gums are at first too tender, do it with your finger. Later quite gently apply the brush.

Why very many dentists urge the use of Ipana

This massage with Ipana will help by improving the circulation, by augmenting the stimulation to the gum tissue itself and even more directly because of the ziratol content of Ipana. Ziratol is an antiseptic and hemostatic used by dentists in their work at the chair, to allay bleeding and to restore gum tissue to its normal tonicity. Ask your dentist about Ipana today! He knows it. He and hundreds of others approve its good

work. It was, in fact, through the help of the dental profession that Ipana first became known and famous.

Then when he approves, resolve to begin your use of Ipana. Switch to it completely. Use it faithfully. Before the tube is out, before a month is over, you'll note, as many thousands do, the beneficial effect that Ipana can exert on your gum tissue. You'll find out, too, how it can clean and beautify your teeth.

There is a coupon on this page. If you care to send it, we will forward you a sample of Ipana. Frankly, we do not recommend your doing so. For ten days is too short a time to prove Ipana's merit—ten days can only start the good work.

But, after all, as nearly every druggist in the Dominion has Ipana, you'll find it easier to go to your nearest drug store and get a full-sized tube.

Switch to Ipana now!

Even if your gums bother you but seldom, start your use of this delicious dentifrice today, for it not only cleans teeth safely but, with its help, you can keep your gums as they were meant to be—firm, sound and in perfect health.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE, without charge or obligation.

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MADE IN CANADA

Harnessing Our Emotions

By Dr. J. C. Mitchell

(In the "Christian World Pulpit")

"Thou knowest I love thee ... feed My sheep."—John xxi 16.

IN THIS chapter the author has given us a wonderfully real word picture of two men who are engaged in a heart to heart talk—a sincere earnest conversation that is crowded with spiritual significance. They are dealing with the most wonderful thing in the world—love! and the expression of that love in words and deeds. We follow this conversation with interest. Jesus had been talking to His disciples about fishing. When the meal was over Jesus turned to Peter and said "Lovest thou Me, more than these?" Peter answered, "Thou knowest that I love Thee," Jesus replied, "Feed My sheep." "Thou knowest that I love Thee," "I love Thee!"—A great emotion.

"Feed My sheep."—Action.

In other words Jesus said. "Harness this emotion, give it a job. Bring it into action." Emotion without action is of little value. The words of Jesus, "Lovest Thou Me?" and "Feed My sheep" were a fascinating reiteration calculated to transform this vacillating disciple into a man of stability whose love and emotions would incarnate themselves in deed of daring and daily devotion. "Feed My sheep." "An emotion however deep and passionate which does not compete in moral decisions, and in a style of behaviour corresponding to the depth of emotion, is by itself an unfinished thing." A man has taught himself a bad practice if he has accustomed himself to having strong feelings on which he does nothing. Emotion without action is worthless. Action void of emotion is lifeless.

Emotion the Blood of the Soul

With great truth a modern writer declares that "red blood it is that gives color and beauty to the cheek, and hearts it is that gives charm and power to the virtues of the strong." Emotion is the rich red blood of the soul, divine in its origin and dynamic in its influence. Patient persistent heroism is fed by passionate affection. Holiness is a flame that is fed by the fires of holy love. Great deeds and noble living are sustained by a great invisible spiritual power. A soul that is past feeling, incapable of emotion, beyond the reach of joy or sorrow, is dying or dead.

I.—Emotion and Effective Service

In giving effectiveness to service emotion plays an important part.

In Arthur Mee's beautiful book "1,000 Beautiful Things," there is a soul-moving incident connected with a London cemetery. In this cemetery there were two funerals at the same hour of the day. The first small coffin was followed by one solitary mourner, a careworn woman, evidently the mother. There were no flowers on this coffin, while the other was covered with wreaths and beautiful bunches of flowers and followed by several mourners. At the graveside the father took a wreath and bunch of flowers from his own child's coffin and laid them upon the other. That was emotion expressing itself in action, in useful service. This is the comment of the writer: "I do not know the man's name, but I think the angels do."

Cromwell and Lincoln were kings in their separate spheres. Each was a man of boundless energy; yet both were men of great tenderness of heart, with emotions of joy and sorrow



The Daughter of Jairus Before the Sanhedrin

By Cecil Frances Lloyd

You learned Rabbis ask me what I know
Touching my resurrection from the dead?
Well, I can hardly tell, words fail me here.
The thing is strange; thus much I know, I died,
And you, yourselves can see I am alive
While I do know I never felt so well.
My step seems lighter than it used to be,
My lips more red, I scarcely can explain
Just how I feel,—like a young bird, I think,
When first it finds that wings were given to aid
The body, earth-bound else, to soar above
The fields, the very clouds, and wander free
Through the warm, sunlit wash of golden air,
Buoyant and joyous. I have often heard
How great Elisha raised a young child once.
Perhaps the mighty Rabbi who raised me
Was great Elisha's self. What say you, Sirs?
Enough for me, I died and am alive,
A little girl who numbers just twelve years.
One who has not done playing with her dolls,
Still cries o' nights when left alone 't the dark,
Has fancies which she cannot put in words,
And likes to cuddle close to mother's breast,
Listen to fairy tales and gather flowers.
I do not know your law, just one crude fact,
The Rabbi gave me life: I love him well.
You who are men, old, wise and reverend,
Must say who the great Rabbi is, and how
He did the things: the fact's enough for me.
How did I come to die? am I a leech?
I only know the weather was too hot.
One moment my poor body felt like flame
When the hand touches it, the next a chill
Shook me as cold winds shake the withered reeds
Along the stream's dry bed in winter time.
Three days I tossed and moaned in agony,
Nor found I in my playthings joy at all.
Then the ripe melon's cool, sweet, crimson pulp,
I love in health, grew bitter to my taste.
I cried for naught save water, water, yes,
Cold water for my lips were hot and dry.
Then at the last the heat grew less intense,
I felt so tired I could not keep awake,
Saw through a mist the faces round my bed,
Drew one hand, thus, across my eyes to clear
The mist away, so slept. You say I died.

My sleep in health was dreamless. Where they dreams
That brought familiar things before my sight,
In that strange country, O so wonderful,
Where were no shadows, only light and calm?
I felt no pain, only a little tired.
If dream it were, I dreamed my sister came—
You know our Rachel, she who died last June,
My tall, fair sister with the soft, fawn eyes,
Lips like pomegranate pulp, rich, ripe and red
And thick black tresses that I loved to braid.
I saw her plain as now I see this hall,
Your faces, that tall soldier over there,
Or any other object; and I'm sure
I felt her soft, warm arms about my waist
And heard her voice. You know our Rachel's voice
Was softer than a dove's coo, when the white
Dawn breaks, and sleepy children hear the sound,
The liquid murmur, with still drowsy ears.
What happened next? well, Sirs, I've often heard
My mother's voice coming, or so it seemed,
From far away, say, "Zillah, my beloved,
'Tis time to wake, get up, my baby, come.
Soft, rosy dawn light has awaked the rose.
Up, I have golden honey, new-drawn milk.
And baby girls must breakfast ere go play."
Just so it seemed that in that sleep, called death,
Above my sister's voice I heard a voice
Saying, "Talitha Cumi," and a hand.
Tender and warm as mother's took my own.
Then, as o' mornings I awake from sleep,
Sit up in bed and rub my eyes and yawn,
So, in a moment, I sat bolt upright,
Saw mother, father, three strange bearded men,
And Him the great tall Rabbi with the eyes
That seemed to talk as Rachel's eyes did once.
He smiled at me, I felt that all was well.
He's bad? I only know that He is fair,
With hair and beard one ruddy flame of gold.
Well, once again He spake, said, "Give her meat."
Then smiled at me again, and left the room.
And now I've told my story, all I think
That I can tell or you would care to hear.
You're wise, my seniors, and I have respect
For all of you, your learning and your place
And yet I'll not believe the Rabbi's bad.
If He's not God, indeed, He's God to me.

which redeemed their hearts from despotic and callous tyranny. The use of power is a supreme test of character. The man who renders the greatest service in a position of great responsibility is the man who by the depth of his feeling and strength of mind is able to enter into the experiences of those over whom he rules, or is called upon to lead. That was the secret of Christ's success. He knew more about human nature than any man has done before or since. He understood the rushing precarious emotions of Peter, and also the stable, reliable emotions of Andrew. And the great purpose of Jesus in His associations with these men was to teach them how to express their emotions in useful service.

II.—Recognizing Emotions

When Jesus asked Peter this question "Lovest thou Me?" He was recognizing the emotions of which this man was capable; at the same time He insisted this emotion could only vindicate its worth and possibilities when it found expression in action. Aspen leaves are tremulous, sensitive, quivering with agitated responsiveness in every breath of wind, endlessly stirring, but the night finds them just where they were in the morning. They move continuously, but they move nowhere. Jesus was saying to Peter, "Man, you have a reservoir of emotion. You possess great power and mighty strength; this emotion and power and strength must express itself in progressive movement."

William James says, "Refuse to express a passion and it dies," Power unused is power wasted. Emotion unexpressed will soon become incapable of expression. Love without works is mere sentiment. A Lancashire lad going to his mother and throwing his arms around her neck exclaimed, "Mother, I love you so much I would die for you." The mother replied, "Lad, I don't want you to die for me, but I wish you would come in a little earlier at night-time." Love without works is mere sentiment. G. Cadbury once said, "If I want to know whether a man is truly changed in aim, desire and purpose, I do not go to the church of which he is a member, but to the home in which he lives. There I discover whether his professions are turned into realities." The author of "The Roots of Methodism" gives great prominence to these words, "He felt his heart strangely warmed." This is a reference to a great emotional experience in the life of John Wesley. But more wonderful is this fact, that John Wesley kept his heart warm for more than fifty years. He did not allow that warmth to degenerate into grey ashes. He carried the warmth of his Aldersgate experience throughout England, and by his spiritual zeal he helped to save England from the destructive power of a seething revolutionary spirit. He kept his heart warm. He harnessed his emotions.

III.—Heart, Mind and Hand

Jesus was on this occasion proclaiming that the successful Christian life is one in which there is hearty co-operation between heart, mind and hand. The Christian life is a combination of the flight of desire and the fact of energy. Every impression must find expression.

Continued on page 104

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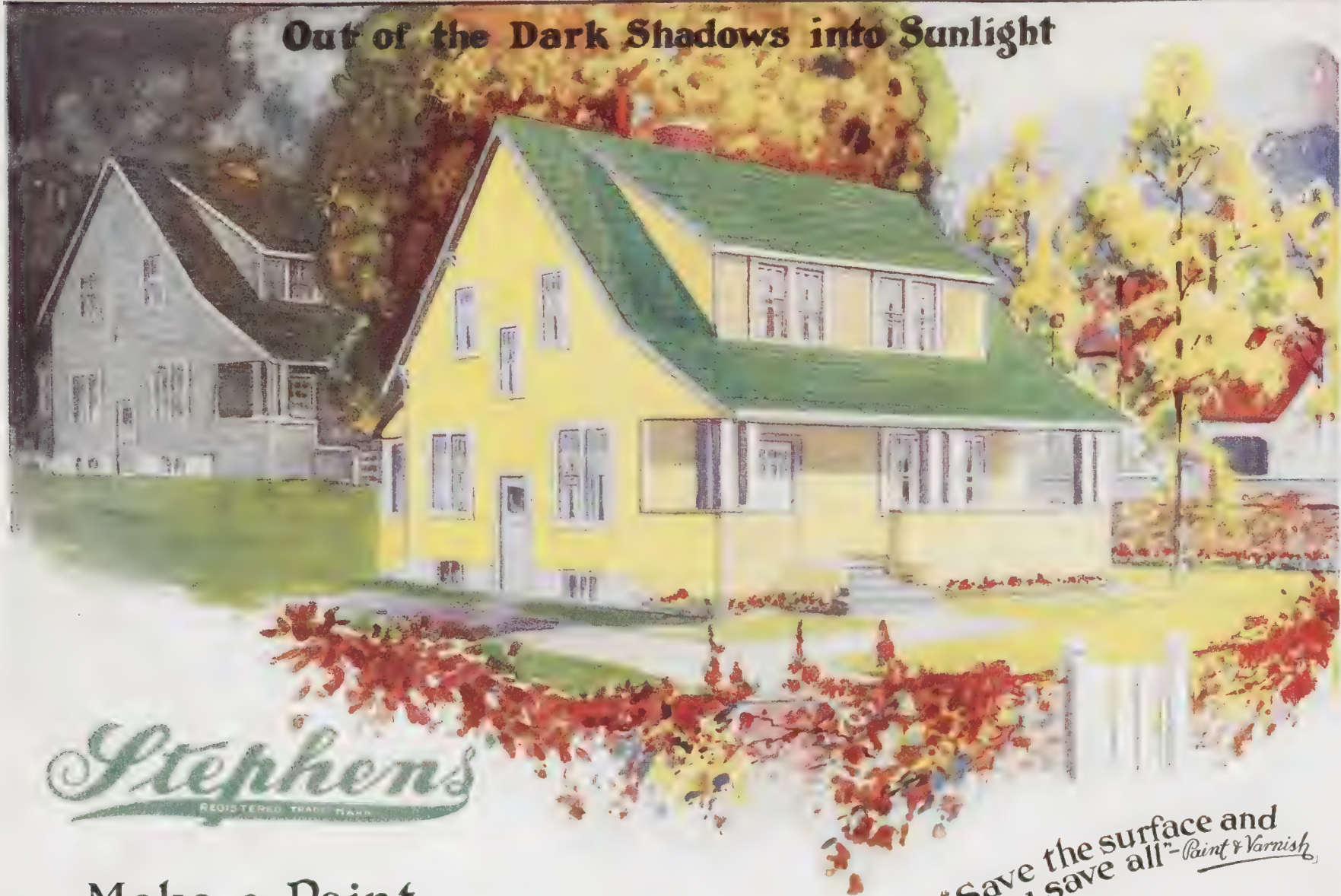
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A Home With "Welcome" on the Mat

ASTRID was tired and a bit frightened. Her heart was beating a wild tattoo in her bosom and her temples throbbed. Everything was so strange and so noisy. If only she could rest perhaps she would feel better. She had stretched herself as comfortably as she could on the station bench, but there was no give, no softness to its wooden harshness. It only made her limbs and her back ache more. The bundle she had placed under her head as a pillow was too high. It made her neck ache.

Opposite her two dirty-faced children were mewling peevishly. Others clattered boisterously about the bench on which she lay, bumping against her now and then in their annoying game of hide and seek. The whole world seemed to be in a whirl of noise, of motion, of odors; a world without any peace or quietness in it.

Astrid could not see ahead. She could not know that in two years she would be a happy wife, happier than she had ever been in her life; singing as she moved about the kitchen of her husband's farmhouse. She only knew that now she was tired and aching and oh, so homesick. Silently she abused herself for having left the tranquillity of her home in Sweden to come to this Canada which they had told her was a promised land. She had been so happy in spite of her tears when she had sailed from Gothenburgh. And now, here she was in this place with a strange name—Winnipeg. And she was tired, so very tired! The train which would take her west of here would not leave for an eternity and with a crowd of Poles and Slovaks and others of whom she was just the least bit frightened, she had been placed in this barrack-like room in the station with its mewling and noisy children, its never-ceasing throb of voices, its smells.

Astrid turned uneasily. She closed her eyes, but in the darkness little points of light danced before her, grew big and round, came close and flashed away. Lights that mocked her, jeered at her, taunted and tantalized. It was a world without quiet, without peace, without rest. The crying children broke into agonizing wails. One of those playing about the bench stumbled heavily against her. The jar sent a succession of angry throbbings through her temples. She sought for a soft place in her bundle-pillow, buried her head there and wept.

ALTHOUGH she did not know it, sympathetic eyes were watching Astrid and there were hearts close by who understood her needs. Room

That's the Kind of a Place the new Immigration Hall of the Canadian National Railways in Winnipeg is; a Haven of Rest and Comfort and as Bright as a New Pin.



Sir Henry Thornton

Song of the Immigrant

*"We have left the friends we have loved so long
With tears quenched our homeland fires,
And journeyed far and journeyed long
To the land of our high desires."*

*"Not for ourselves do we seek the gold
That lies in the prairie loam,
But that those we beget may find and hold
In Canada—a home."*

One Hundred, Union Station, Winnipeg, knows its business and is staffed by kindly souls from Dan Johnson, whose heart is as big as his body, down to the office boy who is going to make a first rate colonization agent himself some day. And because Room One Hundred felt for Astrid in her hour of tribulation, there has come into being in Winnipeg the best and most up-to-date immigration hall in Canada where Astrid and all her brothers and sisters can find soothing beds and cool pillows, quiet and peace, and a welcome home in the land of their choice now and hereafter.

Because it is such a fine building and fills such a crying need so completely, a lot of people are going to try to take credit for its creation. So right now, when it is all very new, let credit be given where credit is due. Three men are primarily responsible. The first is W. D. Robb, vice-president in charge of colonization and immigration. The second is Dan M. Johnson, manager of colonization for the Canadian National Railways in Western Canada and the third his capable assistant E. H. Gorton who, having come to this country himself many years ago when conditions were less favorable than they are today, knows by bitter personal experience the sear of the iron that may scar the heart of the newcomer who is not made welcome at the start. Nor should there be forgotten G. C. Briggs and those of the engineering department who turned a ramshackle building into a beautiful home, and the staff of Room One Hundred who dug in and helped wherever they could.

It is a large building, situated in Water Street, within about ten minutes walk of the station. It is three storeys in height, the second and third being given over to sleeping quarters which are so arranged that there is healthful and comfortable accommodation for five hundred newcomers at the same time. The building is completely segregated from the city thoroughfares by high fences and because special train sidings have been constructed, it will be possible for newcomers to enter this building from the trains and leave it again to entrain without the need of going on to the streets of Winnipeg, where they might run the risk of falling into unsympathetic hands.

Although it was constructed by the Canadian National Railways, the new immigration hall will be operated by the Immigration Department of the Federal Government. It was turned over to them on Friday, February 11, the golden key which

Continued on page 115



A section of the spacious dormitory



The office of the immigration authorities



A few minutes scramble through the well-trodden grass of the yard and the precious nickle was yielded up in the fat fist of Bunchie

The Littlest One

By Freda Graham Bundy

THERE had always been a Littlest One, as far back as Sandy could remember—not always the same one though—for a new baby was a yearly event in the Wiggins' home. As each year arrived, the former Littlest One would suddenly become Tootsie, Mickey, Curly or whatever name seemed appropriate at the time and the new arrival would automatically become the Littlest One. This had been going on for years; in fact, so many years that the present Littlest One was the fifteenth to carry the title.

The little house was full, or, rather, overflowed; for when a passer-by chanced to look, a curly brown head or a tousled fair one seemed to pop out of every door and window.

At the present moment, one young Wiggins was endeavoring to balance himself on the ridge-pole of the shed, much to the intense delight of five young Wigginses below. The position of the aerialist above must have fired the mind of one of the watchers below, for there was a terrific shout: "C'mon all you kids, let's play circus. Sport can be the lion and Prince'll be the white horse, what the lady rides and I'll be the lady," so said Curly.

"Haw! Haw!" screamed Jimmie and pointed one soiled finger derisively. "Gosh—you a lady—and our mother says you ain't got no more manners than a pig."

"Jimmie Wiggins, you keep still or I'll punch your nose," was the ladylike rejoinder.

"Tee-hee! you and who else to help you?"

What the outcome of this heated argument might have been was never known, for the young Wiggins aloft suddenly lost his equilibrium and came sliding down the roof of the shed in record time, much to the detriment of one pair of trousers.

"I'm glad! I'm glad—and you tore your pants—you tore your pants," and the young lady of the curls hopped delightedly from one foot to the other.

"Never mind, Jimmie," soothed Francis, "I'll pin it together with a safety pin and when you go to bed tonight our mother can mend it."

A semblance of order was soon established, the circus idea discussed and planned so efficiently that before long, a "three-ring" circus was in action—I say *action* advisedly, for ten sane, healthy children had suddenly evolved into ten yelling, whooping contortionists.

"Say you kids!" screamed Larry, trying to make himself heard above the din and roar of the miniature "Ringlings," "Did any of you find my nickel; I had it in my pocket and now it's gone."

This announcement acted like rain at a baseball match; there was a sudden cessation of activities. "Honest—did you really?" asked Tootsie, wide-eyed.

"Honest," affirmed Larry.

"Honest true?"

"Honest true!"

"Every one of you kids get busy and look for Larry's nickel," ordered Sandy, by virtue of seniority.

A five-minute scramble through the well-trodden grass of the yard and the precious nickel was yielded up in the grimy, fat fist of Bunchie.

"Sandy!" came the call from the house, as a serene-faced woman appeared at the door. Instantly Sandy hopped to answer the call.

"I wish you would run over to the store and get me a bottle of castor oil," said his mother. "The Littlest One seems awfully feverish, she may be just cutting some teeth."

"Please can I go too," shouted at least six lusty voices.

"No, I would rather Sandy would run on alone; he can go faster than if some of you little ones were tagging after him," replied the mother, with a good-natured smile. The six petitioners promptly smiled back and then went on with their play.

Meanwhile Sandy took a short-cut through the field and over to the store. "Please our mother wants a bottle of castor oil," he said as he laid down his quarter on the counter. "And how are you all this morning, Sandy?" asked the Store Lady.

"Pretty well, thank you, 'cept the Littlest One; she's got a fever from her teeth."

"My!" spoke up Mrs. Perkins, who was standing by the apple box, trying to decide how many apples she would need to buy for a pie; "If I was that woman, I'd be crazy with all that batch of kids."

"Well, I must say," said Mr. Kross, leaning up against the peanut barrel, "they seem like mighty well behaved kids, which is somethink ye can't say of all the kids round this here town."

"Mr. Kross, I hope you do not mean my children," exclaimed a very suspicious Mrs. Perkins.

"Ma'am, I didn't mention no names," retorted the diplomatic Kross.

"Well, I want to tell you that I'm doing right by my children."

"My Mabel took honors in her piano for the first year and my Harold took honors on his violin." So saying Mrs. Perkins' thin chest actually expanded a visible two inches.

"H'm-m-m," snorted old man Kross; "'taint nothin' much, seems like, 'cordin' to the papers, nearly every kid in town did just that same trick."

"Indeed, Mr. Kross, little do you know about musicians—I wouldn't be surprised but what I have two infant prodigies right in my own home."

Sandy waited to hear no more, but pocketed the bottle and trudged off towards home. "Stingy old Mis' Perkins," he murmured to himself, "she'd be crazy if she had a batch of kids—she means the kids would be crazy, 'cause she'd starve to death—I'm glad we've got our mother 'stead of her—an' nobody likes her old kids, they think too much of themselves—s'posin' they can play the piano, that's all they can do, they can't sew, or cook, or look after the house and babies like our girls can—no feller wants to marry just a piano player; he wants a cook."

THAT evening Bess and Caddie got the supper while the mother rocked the Littlest One by the fire.

"This is Saturday night and if you youngsters want to go to Sunday School in the morning, you'd better all give yourselves a good scrub tonight," said Bess as she scraped off the dishes. "Sandy, you bring the wash-tub out in front of the fire where it is good and warm; Jimmie, you fill up the three kettles and the tea-kettle."

Soon the little kitchen was redolent with steam, soap and damp bodies. Each one from Bunchie up, was expected to scrub their own arms, legs, and face, and a little assistance was given when it came to the difficult task of getting the washcloth rubbed up and down one's spine. Needless to say Bess or Caddie tended to the job of scrubbing behind the ears. They were also the ones who, as each little body stepped pink and shining from the tub, would envelop it in a warm towel and rub vigorously.

Of course, there being so many little bodies to dry, one could not expect a fresh, dry towel for each, so Larry was delegated to hold the damp towels before the oven door, that they might be warm and dry for each bather in turn.

Early next morning, the little Wigginses were up and arraying themselves in their cleanest for Sunday School. The task of finding enough clean underwear, clean waists, clean stockings—to say nothing of "top clothes," is no easy task for two or three, but 'or fifteen it becomes a Herculean affair.

"There's no buttons on this waist," called Curly.

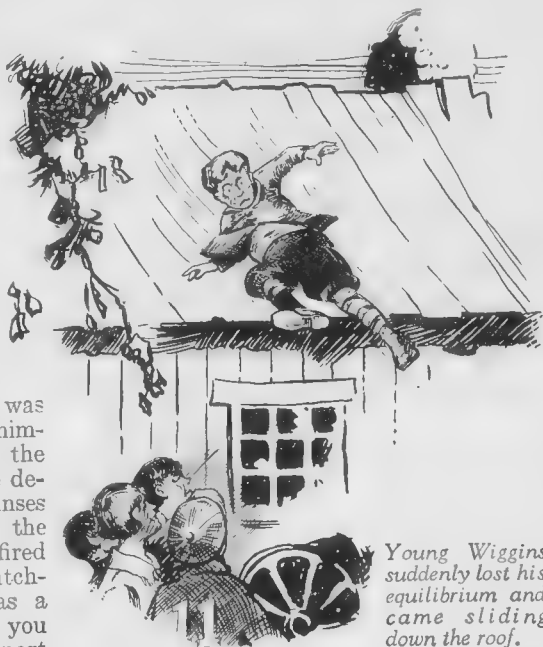
"Well, you'll have to pin it this morning—mother didn't have time to sew on any buttons last night, she was so tired too, holding the Littlest One all the evening."

"All right, I'll pin it."

Promptly at quarter to eleven, twelve little Wigginses filed, Indian fashion through the field

"And how is the Littlest One this morning?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

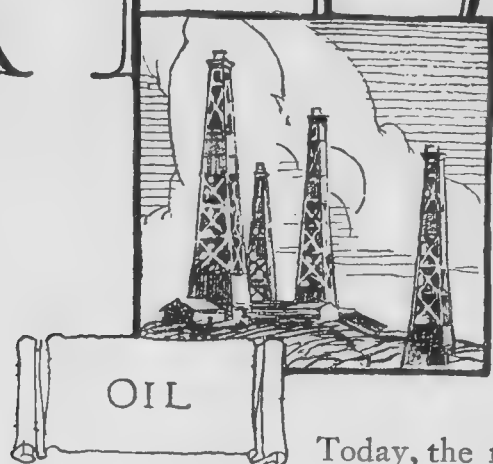
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Young Wiggins suddenly lost his equilibrium and came sliding down the roof.



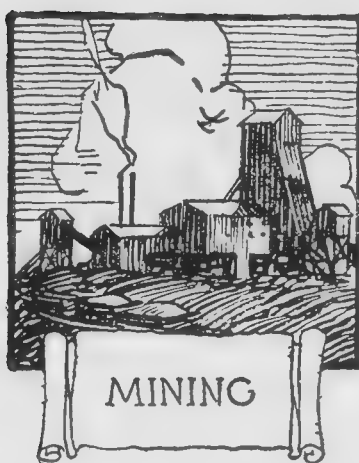
Alberta



NATURE endowed Alberta with broad agricultural lands, a wealth of mineral resources and mountain scenery.

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When the province was created in 1905, the total area under cultivation was little more than 100,000 acres with an agricultural production estimated at \$20,000,000. Last year (1926) more than \$206,000,000 of new wealth was produced as field crops from 10,845,280 acres under cultivation. Yet, little more than 30 per cent of the land capable of agricultural development has been utilized.

Not agriculture alone, however, makes Alberta a land of promise to young Canadians. Under the fertile acres are other sources of wealth and power and greatness.

Coal The potential wealth of the coal deposits of Alberta is just beginning to be realized. The coal reserve of the Province is estimated at 1,059 million tons — sufficient to last the whole of Canada for many generations. This comprises 14 per cent of the entire world's coal reserves, 72 per cent of the British reserves and 87 per cent of Canada's reserve. Every year more and

more Alberta coal is exported from the Province.

Iron Ore The reported discovery of a large body of iron ore on the shores of Lake Athabaska brings to Alberta's vast fuel wealth increased significance and importance.

Petroleum Valuable petroleum deposits exist in Alberta and one of the richest oil wells on the continent, yielding approximately 548 barrels of crude oil daily, was tapped recently in the oil fields near Calgary.

Extensive drilling operations presage an era of tremendous industrial development.

In addition to the oil, there are many reservoirs of natural gas with an annual production now exceeding seven billion cubic feet.

Timber Government authorities say that Alberta has an area of more than 60,000 square miles of merchantable timber. Several large timber concerns are already established in the Province.

The Northern Electric continues to contribute to this growth by developing and supplying much of the electrical equipment which binds the provinces together industrially and socially.



Information

The contributions of other provinces to the wealth, resources and prestige of united Canada will appear in the press throughout the Dominion in subsequent months.

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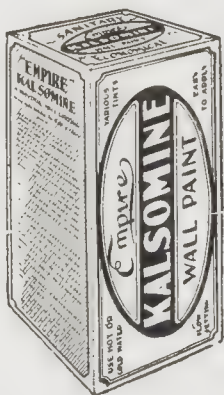
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The "Gables"

Written and Illustrated by V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

MOST of us remember a home. Years may have passed and mellowed life into ripeness. The hot ambition of youth seems to have gone by and a calm retrospect has succeeded it. The future which lies before seems like a roseate twilight sinking into the dreamy and silent night. This home, the Gables, for it is a home, whether it is situated on the prairie or on a city lot, brings back the same recollections of the hillside, the rustling brook, or the tree-lined street where in the calm evenings all was peace. It is no mock cottage or house, but a substantial wide spreading home with clustering gables where vines can clamber over and show the shimmering stucco walls through the interlacing climbers. There is a sun porch with easy arm chairs, and tiled window ledges fragrant with mignonette and geraniums.

The chimney stacks rise high and show clear against the skies blue. The birds are nesting in the shrubs. The shrubs, Honeysuckle and Lilac chief amongst them, stand in picturesque rows by the close shaven lawn. The gateway to the side entry is between two rough brick piers, and the brick wall continues the base of the stucco house.

Within, the Living room is beamed and panelled and generous bookshelves are provided. An old fashioned mantel is above the brick jambs of the great fireplace, and along it could be distributed the records of travel or work, little Bronze temples from Rome, a porcelain bust from Dresden, or some nearer and dearer remembrance. Massive chairs stand here and there in tempting attitude, strewn over the oak tables are the magazines and books of the day. This is what the "Gables" should be.

In all the houses of this series, mere architectural display is avoided. Materials are simple and the details are the outcome of an honest expressive construction. A well designed roof mass, windows well placed; the detail of leader and cornice properly proportioned with due regard for what the different mouldings really represent; that a bed moulding which is a supporting moulding should not represent a crown moulding. The interior woodwork to be simple while the utilitarian parts in its heating and plumbing to be of the best. Any elaboration of cornices or other features on a house which is built with due regard for economy, not only add to the cost but generally apes the detail of some more pretentious building. The

copy of a door from a Greek Temple may not relatively add much to the cost, but its presence in a homey house is to strike a wrong note in good design. At the same time cost should be actually encouraged in providing good and enduring materials, for in this lies true economy without undue ostentation. With good construction goes oak doors, panelled walls, hardwood floors. Some of these may prove beyond the purse of the owner and must be eliminated, using other cheaper woods, but so long as the cheaper woods do not masquerade as the more expensive ones and frankly show themselves, this becomes as good design as the more higher priced material.

FROM sad experience ideals are one thing and the actualities are another. One desirable part may have to be sacrificed to another of more importance and it is the province of an architect to provide the balance between the exigencies of cost and design. It should be realized that this is the true function of the architect and the very reason for his existence. He is not a clerk of the works or a foreman, or a privileged parasite to add up the cost of the building, but an artist who is to add to the pleasure as well as the comforts of life by giving amongst other things cheerful, beautiful and comfortable buildings.

In Holy Writ we read of the man who built his house upon a rock, "and the rain descended and the flood came, and the wind blew and beat upon that house and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." And there was another man who built his house upon the sand, and in the storm the house fell.

To build upon a solid foundation is the best advice, in fact it is the only way to build. It is poor economy to build upon insufficient footings. For every house, especially when a wet clay is found, use wide concrete footings, never less than ten inches thick and six inches on each side of the foundation wall. In this house make them twelve inches thick and ten inches wider than the walls, with open tile drains placed outside the walls leading into the catch basin in the cellar.

The house above the brick base is stucco finished, or as some call it cement finish. In Ontario and Quebec many of the old houses are of stucco, a rough pebble dash being the finish, a surface which reflects every play of the sunlight.

Stucco has been for hundreds of years a favorite outside finish in the old country and by judicious coloring can be made into a beautiful everlasting wall. It is one of the triumphs of the modern cement manufacturers that to-day he can put on the market permanent colors which can be incorporated in the cement giving effects at a reasonable cost which only a few years ago were impossible to obtain. The base or walls to apply this stucco are many, tile, brick, wire lath on frame, or one of the many excellent gypsum products which are easily handled and are practically indestructible.

THE interior is a change from the square planned house. The stairs are rather unique and deserve a little explanation. There has been a large billiard room planned under the living room with big open grate and to get to this conveniently a stair leading from the closet off the vestibule goes to a common landing, where it is joined by the service stair leading from the entry. The main stair is also a combination one, leading up, turning on the landing going over the telephone closet which is one step down, and is gained by going over the landing from the front hall. This arrangement of stairs has been figured out very closely as to head room and space, and in building them every measurement should be exact.

The kitchen is arranged logically with sink, kitchen cabinet and range. It is always well to remember that by some rooms the house is judged. The kitchen is one. It has an entry where the ice may be delivered into the refrigerator, or even better where the electrified refrigerator is placed. What a temptation to a jaded appetite the glistening white compartments are. In the sultry thirsty weather bringing up memories of frozen desserts, the tempting appeal of a cool crisp salad. The purity and healthfulness of all perishable food which appears upon the table depends upon the efficient service which is given by the refrigerator. This service is given by the electrified refrigerator. One reason is that the cooling coil is equivalent to 200 lbs of ice and is some 12 degrees colder than ice and best of all never melts. The 200 lb. cake of ice supplies a temperature of about 55 degrees in the food compartment and as the ice melts naturally the temperature rises. With the refrigerator electrically installed, and it can be installed in any refrigerator where electric currents can

Continued on page 68



For Your Easter Breakfast

SWIFT'S Premium Bacon—the perfect dish—well befitting so distinguished an occasion. Here is Bacon incomparable in its distinctive tenderness, fine flavour and uniform goodness. The Swift high standards of selection and the exclusive Swift process of curing and smoking have raised this famous "Premium" Brand to a supreme high standard by which all other bacon is judged.

Serve "Premium" for Easter and you'll serve it all year around.

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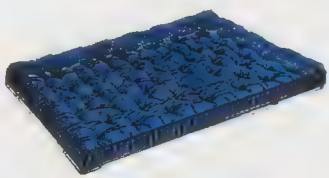
Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



The CHATEAU Bed \$25

*"O sleep it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."
—Coleridge*

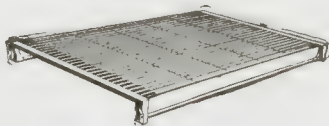
The Bed That Brings You Joyous Rest



THE OSTERMOOR

It costs less to buy a mattress that lasts so long. Built for perfect rest.

\$25



THE SLUMBER KING

Noiseless—clean. No rough corners. As comfortable for two as for one.

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BEAUTY SLEEP PILLOWS

Just what you have been looking for. A soft, downy pillow filled with clean feathers. A lifetime of healthful sleep comfort. In factory-sealed beauty box.

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NIGHT after night of perfect sleep undisturbed by creak or rattle. Relaxation such as you never knew before, and mornings of joyous awakening.

No wonder the CHATEAU BED is proving to be one of the outstanding successes of Simmons history. The beauty of its graceline frame and the delicacy of its finely shaped spindles are strengthened by the added feature of perfect rest—silence.

The CHATEAU is an all-steel *graceline* bed, firm and solid, and yet a fitting match for your finest bedroom suite. It combines beauty with perfect rest.

Note the delicately-turned one-piece spindles of the CHATEAU BED; this marks a new advance in metal bed construction. Finished in mahogany or walnut, or in any of the new art colors.

SIMMONS

Graceline Beds
BUILT FOR SLEEP

Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

A Charming Diarist

AS IF to heap further coals of fire upon "Beachcomber's" indifferent head, I received yesterday the gift of a little book from an American I met last summer whilst in St. Malo. It is called "Seaside Scenes and Thoughts," (Boston, George H. Ellis Co.) by Walter Wilder. I began to read it after dinner and did not close it until I had reached the last word. It is one of the most charming little books that has come my way for a long time. The contents were never intended for book publication.

Every once in a while Abraham Walter Wilder Stevens sent to the "Springfield Republican" an extract from his diary under the pen-name of Walter Wilder. These little essays or vignettes, so pleased the readers of the "Springfield Republican" that the author was prevailed upon to collect them into book form, and glad I am that he did, and gladder still that I had the good fortune to meet his son at St. Malo, and gladdest that I spoke to him! As you read this simply written diary, you feel you are in the presence of a most delightful personality, a thinker, a kindly philosopher, one who loves life, and beyond all, little children. A man with a twinkle in his eye and with a sympathetic understanding of human frailties. A man of imagination and one who indulged in quaint fancies. Listen to this, for instance, written on August 10th, 1913,:-

"In the course of my long life I have known many persons who reminded me of nothing so much as the third letter in our English alphabet. The letter 'C' has really no mission or message of its own, but always represents and speaks for either 'K' or 'S'. The men and women who do not do their own original and independent thinking, but who accept without date or question the thoughts and opinions and even prejudices of others—I call 'C-folks,' because, like the letter 'C,' they have no kindling, challenging mission or message of their own creation or discovery....."

and again,:-

"I have been crabbing for the first time in my life, (he is 80 years old). I had supposed that going crabbing was like going fishing; but it is and it isn't. In fishing you practice nothing but deceit, you just tell the fish a lie. In catching a crab you have to combine artful strategy with bold attack."

There are some beautiful little references to children and some very thoughtful ones to religion, but space forbids further quotations.

For the Kiddies

A SLENDER little book has just reached me. It is called "Bed-time Stories—A Book of Verse," by Joan Paterson, illustrated by Joy Hays (London, Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd.). Here are a dozen or so of little rhymes about fairies and flowers and trees and stars, charmingly illustrated but, alas, not in colour which would have been so much more appealing to little eyes.

I should imagine that Joan Paterson is quite a young rhymester for she has need to gain a greater flexibility in rhyming skill and more varied in rhythm. But she has woven pretty fancies into her little verses and doubtless this book will please the little folk for whom it is designed.

From the point of view of the book-buyer, the price, the equivalent of seventy-five cents, is much too high for the quantity of verses and for the quality and size of the book, at least this is my opinion, thinking as I am of all those wonderful little Beatrix Potter books, dozens of which I bought in Winnipeg to the great delight of all who received them.

Sorrow, Sorrow

IDA LASCELLES, the editor of the well-known monthly periodical called "Woman," has become novelist. "The Silver Lullaby," (Stanley Paul & Co. Ltd.) is the title of her first novel. As this

writer is descended from the historic old Scottish family, the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, it is no wonder that her first book should be Scottish in spirit and in setting. One suspects that the Celtic vein of melancholy is also hers. For this is a sour, dour, sad, gloomy tale. Haunted castles, cruel, arrogant, religious fanatics and deserted womenfolk are some of the notes in "The Silver Lullaby." I wish Ida Lascelles had chosen a more attractive plot, for it is quite obvious that she is a clever writer. There are passages of real pawky humour, and her characterizations are strong and convincing. If this tempestuous story with brutal passages is a silver lullaby, then let us hope that the author will not be inspired by melody of any kind for her next novel!

A Cruel Analysis

THE PEN is sharper than the sword! At least this is true when wielded by Leonard Rossiter. What a bitter book is "That Ridiculous Woman" (London, Selwyn & Blount).

Leonard Rossiter portrays people who count less in the scheme of life than the rats in the sewers. A worthless, brainless, parasitic group that justifies Labour's violent antagonism to the so-called leisured class. One cannot read this book without marvelling that such folk are permitted to clutter up the world. Major Geoffrey Cane, forsooth—cad of cads; Maudie, a failure as a wife, as mother, as a thinking being—in fact, without a redeeming feature than I can find. There is only one lovable character in the entire book and he's a bit of a fool! Ridley—Evelyn's husband, is a dreamer,

an idealist, a gallant gentleman who sees in everything that his wife does, proof of her fine and noble nature. Not so is Leonard Rossiter, the author. He sees in Evelyn Ridley a slightly deformed, decidedly plain, neurotic woman who makes herself ridiculous in the eyes of all but her blindly adoring husband. In short he shows us "that ridiculous woman." He has no mercy, he rips her soul bare for the amusement of the cad Major Cane, the cruel sister Maudie, and the public who will read this book. Not a nice, not a kindly, not a pleasant piece of work, but brilliant! Clever to the nth degree. Although the entire theme is that of a woman whose sex life has gone awry, there is not one ugly passage, not one revolting phrase in the entire novel. It is the merciless and accurate portrayal of a type which one is relieved to know is uncommon—but whom one knows, unhappily, exists.

More Stories from Malay

SOME months ago I told you of Major Owen Rutter's first novel, "Sepia"—a story of Borneo. Now another volume of stories, "In Days That Are Dead," by Sir Hugh Clifford (John Murray), about that comparatively little written about part of the world has appeared. To write about Malay—its customs and its people—one must have lived there—you can't just sit down at home and write about Labuan and Kelantan as I told you a lady writer had done about Canada some time ago, never having been across the Atlantic. The ways of Malay are too strange for that and the environment unlike anything but its own.

These eleven stories of Sir Hugh Clifford's impressed me very much. To begin with they are written by a man who does so with authority. The present Governor of Ceylon has had a distinguished career in Borneo, Labuan, and in the Malay States generally, as well as in West Africa and other outlying parts of the Empire. This is not the work of a prentice hand either, for he has written several other books about the outposts of civilization where his duty has called him.

This, his latest, is no novel. It bears on the face of each story the convincingness of truth. I have read them all with the deepest interest because of that. They are not love stories in the ordinary sense—though they all have as a subject that love which passeth the love for a woman—the love of one's country which inspires England's sons to accept positions in England's outposts—cost what it may. Some of the stories are happy, some are not, but I can say truthfully that they have given me a better picture of that part of the Far East than I have ever known before. It is not a country I ever want to go to. Read the fourth tale; "In the Rushing of Many Waters." For a word picture of the horrors of the Eastern jungle—where so many young Britishers have to assume Government responsibility—I have never read anything more vivid. Creepy and crawling things; impenetrable forests; implacable floods; degraded head-hunting natives; all make a picture which is as vivid as it is forbidding. We who know something of the rigours of an icebound climate in Western Canada are in comparative clover compared with Sir Hugh's empires of Empire.

Stay-at-homes never think of the penalties parents pay for being pioneers: the separation from children or from each other. "The Story of Rachel," will perhaps enlighten them.

I would like to touch on each of the eleven stories, but it would be unfair to the other books I must speak about. Marvellous for a modern book of stories; there is not one of them dependent on the theme of sex.

Surely this marks "In Days That Are Dead," as a remarkable book. Read it—you will thank me for the advice.

Old Soames Again.

IN "The Silver Spoon" by John Galsworthy, published by William Heinemann, Ltd., "Fleur" is a little older, but no more stable, "Soames" seems to be the same as ever, there is a new dog and a baby.

In this novel we see Michael Mont at loggerheads in politics, and Fleur fighting her social set. Such a restless, brainless lot of snobs and empty heads are gathered together, and how John Galsworthy does understand them. Just as Arnold Bennett shows what a lot he knows about pneumonia, so John Galsworthy proves that he is au fait with libel actions, and a great part of the book is taken up by the suit brought by the beastly Marjorie Ferrar against Fleur, for whom I have not a shred of sympathy, liking, respect, or desire to meet again. There are some lovable bits in this otherwise gloomy novel. Michael Mont, for instance, Fleur's husband, is such a dear. He really does believe in Fogartism, and he really does want to help his fellow Englishmen, who since the War have been unable to re-establish themselves in civil life. He has some brains; he has loyalty, tenderness, and decency, and one wonders what he is doing among the crowd that his wife Fleur draws to the house. Now I do not wish to meet Fleur again, but I am awfully anxious to know what becomes of Michael and how deeply Norah Curfew influences him. And I think I long above all else for John Galsworthy for once to give us a solution to the problems he places before us. For beneath all the iciness, glitter, and hardness of this very modern novel is the heart-break of one striving to know what to do for ex-soldiers, shattered in health, and out of work.

At present old Soames is on a world tour with Fleur. I suppose if they did get drowned we would not hear anything more about Michael, so let's pray they don't!

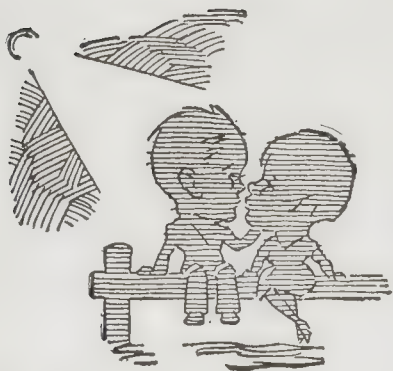
By DUDLEY H. ANDERSON



Mary Magdalene

(She, supposing him to be the gardener)

She knew Him not although the morning came Fair o'er the eastern hills to light His face, And gild the stone rolled from its resting place, And light the empty tomb with heavenly flame, Whereto had come the angels to proclaim Love's triumph for her Lord and for the race; Yet Mary's eyes for tears might never trace The glory there, till He outbreathed her name.	Then Easter Morn within her heart upleapt, And gentle peace her troubled spirit found; Still wept her eyes yet now for rapture wept, And dewed His feet and all the sacred ground Of that rough cave wherein awhile He slept Upon his journey heavenward, home- ward, bound.
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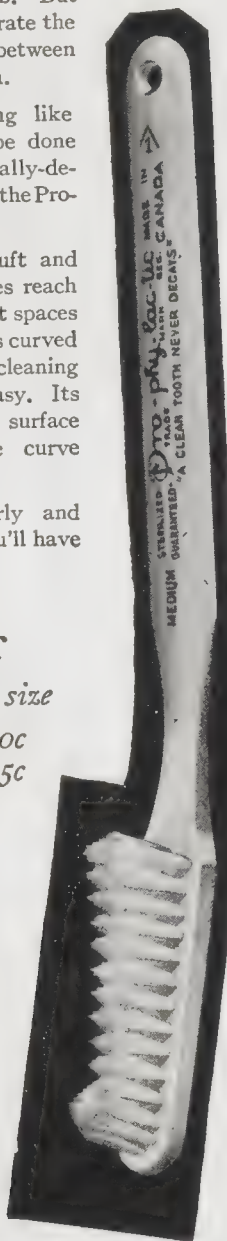
Like a Searchlight —it penetrates

Ever notice how a searchlight probes into shadows? Many tooth brushes do a good surface job. But they don't penetrate the difficult places in between and behind teeth.

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lip and nostril, that delicacy of the moose hunter's table called "the muffle," from the French word *moufflon*.

There is no doubt that in the early days when the Lilies of France ruled over Acadie (Now New Scotland, or Nova Scotia) moose roved here in incredible numbers. One man who bought hides had three thousand Orenac (moose). That was in the 17th century. But they hunted the helpless things in the deep snow, or put nets across rivers and built bush fences, and used snares and drove them into pits where they were impaled until the moose almost disappeared, all the way from the St. Lawrence to the lower United States. We white men have "dogged" them out of Cape Breton until they seem extinct there. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick report them in increasing numbers. Quebec has a fair amount. Ontario reports the gain in numbers, so also do the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. In British Columbia I know they are numerous in the north—all—all of it the results of broad-minded men making good laws. Yes! we meet the unlawful moose killer all over. No wonder. Many of the provinces where we shoot have places as wild and unvisited as when Cabot first saw our bluff Cape North in Cape Breton. You take one of us and put him in these wildernesses and let us fence off a bit of beaver-meadow hay for the only beast of burden we can afford, a single ox, and let us wake at misty morning and see a broad-tined moose calmly feeding in our field. Result—salt moose meat. No, personally, I cannot blame him. We personally keep every game law they put on the books, but we are never starving. Nor do I know how to reach him. By example, say you! We let all sorts of valuable fur and game animals pass unchallenged in close season and these men say we are "too proud to break the law." We will still keep up the Good Example work, however.

These moose roamed in huge numbers above what we now call Lake Superior in mid-continent, for I know of a record of two white men and an Indian killing 600 of these moose in a single season. "The spring approach which is the time to kill Oriniack (moose). A wildman and I, with my brother, killed that time above 600 beside other beasts."—Peter Radisson, 1660. Take the case of our verdant little Prince Edward Island. The Micmacs actually killed, or drove off, all the moose. Yet it was so widely spread upon this continent that its body appears in numerous coats of arms of States. From the 40th to the 60th parallel of latitude is where we intend to hunt this great creature, with the cameras, when we make our return trip back across the continent. For almost only in those latitudes can we find it plentiful.

WE HAVE stopped the cruel using of the "snare" to catch and kill this noble beast. The last case I know of was where an old man tied one of these big rope loops to a balanced pole, covered it with an autumn-reddened strand of maple leaves, and went back next morning to find a great moose standing, head held well down, grunting in the snare. Off trotted the ancient law-breaker for his smooth-bore. Back he rushed breathless and made such an excellent shot that he cut the two-inch line completely in two and watched, with many an imprecation, the big bull leap off to safety.

Roughly speaking, and as far as my own personal knowledge goes, the moose will be found everywhere, in the more unsettled places, in Canada, right up to the limit of the timber line. And the heavy, high-powered bullets, like the .303, are the best to use, as moose

Moose in Canada

Continued from page 32

needs to be killed at once, mercifully, else the great short-sighted creature will wander miles in a dying condition. One was known to keep ahead of a hunter for two days before it died. The less powerful rifles are well enough for the smaller deer, but it needs stunning power to lay low the gigantic moose.

Now as regards the different species: I am a plain man and can never see the differentiation the subdividers of the animal kingdom call for. So far as records go, and I have men like Merrill and Hornaday to back me, there is but one species of moose in America. Yes, I know many of the birds and animals are darker on the Pacific Coast. I have seen them so, but why make so many subdivisions?

Just a word on the killing of bulls only. I hold with that, but it may be necessary on this broad continent to allow the killing of cows, say once in ten years, for I have not seen a good set of antlers on a lately-killed moose in Nova Scotia in five years. A word as to the moose being destructive: He never girdles a tree. He is not nearly as much so as a porcupine. When the moose tears off and eats the inner and outer bark it is from mainly an unmarketable species of softwood trees, and on one side of the tree only. There is no doubt that some of the greatest heads and horns have been taken from Alaska, but New Brunswick has a record of a moose with a spread of horns of 68 inches, with 7-10 points, 16-inch beam.

These Nova Scotians (yes, "Bluenoses" they are called), but this was from the fact that they have marketed for years a "Bluenose" potato, (not from their noses being nipped, as Nova Scotia climate is too mild for that), they have no moose head recorded as great as that; several have been taken, however, that go 60 inches with variable breadth of palmation and 5 to 12 points. I think there are yet many record heads in all the provinces, but like all animals the moose, when it gets near its twenty-year-old prime of life, is a very shy animal, and when it dies it is probably on an island in a savannah or marsh and the rodents soon destroy the great spreading branches of antlers that will weigh as much as 50 pounds, dry, on the skull. This nibbling of mice allows the unlearned man to nibble away our positive assertion that every horned moose loses its horns yearly. This has been proved from captive animals. We often mount our heads with the horns on them, not using just the horns and impaling them on a shield, as is so common in Europe. I trust all my fellow hunters will don

red coats or at least red caps to save them sharing the fate of the men who are "mistaken for moose" in the woods.

As to the spot to place your bullet: I hold for the brisket shot when the moose is head-on and just behind the foreleg when it is broadside. It is very remarkable that even with the tremendous shocking and knocking down power of the modern rifles that one of these inch-thick-skinned beasts, with coarse, 6-inch hair and some fat, even in the rutting season, will stand up until as many as five shots from a B.S.A. .303 have been poured into it. I speak of this rifle as it is the one we are using.

IT IS delightful, when the leaves are turning to gold and to scarlet, to go after your moose afoot, or in your canoe, and still-hunt for it. Never again will we kill one by "calling" it up and slaying it. There is also that wonderful experience of walking them down on a moonlight night to see, not to kill, these statuesque, black-looking monsters. We have moose here that I know will go close to half a ton (1,000 pounds) live weight. Then in the dawn you may see that terrific combat when the old bull seeks to hold yet another cow—from a young bull—that feeds most indifferent to the conflict within ten yards of the combatants. To close let me tell you of the killing of the bull moose on this estate.

The old Micmac (Indian) told Laddie that a bull and a cow and a big calf had crossed the creek into the Estate. This is unfenced, we simply rent it, and any man might shoot upon it if he wished. They let us have the shooting, however.

Laddie, who is doing Field Natural History Notebook and camera work is but twenty, but with all his lifetime, outside his studies, spent afield. "I need no guide," he told me. The way they call those big moose up and kill them is easier than still-hunting, let me try it all alone, please." So off he set in his canoe while the planets yet burned in white shining glory above, circled and split into an infinity of rays in his paddle strokes. He landed far up in a tiny lagoon, pulled his canoe up and crept silently along the edge. "Smack" went the horns of a moose against a swamp tamarack close by and the boy stiffened, then crept along past the noise. The cow and bull and the big calf were in quarters in our savannah.

On an arm of the spruce woods that extended out into the adjoining barrens Laddie took up position and squatted listening for two hours to the grunts of the bull and the stamping and breaking of the bushes by the three big animals. The moment the first faint hint of grey showed the dawn approaching he called through the ten-inch birchbark horn, and I heard him 400 yards off, in the cottage. A strange note, truly, when you hear it afar: "E-eeee—U-uuuu—R-rrrr." A weird, wailing cry, certainly not a bit like a cow-moose's call. Still, he got an answer at once from the bull, a grunting roar; the moose stamped towards him, but never broke cover.

For an hour the lad sat there tempting that wily bull to put its head out of that tangle of firs and spruces and "old man's beard" mosses, but every time he returned to the cow, which was making some odd, low, explosive notes. Again Laddie saw the millions of millars dry their weak wings above the barrens in the glad heat of the rising sun and, as he could not tempt that big bull out, he decided to come home and risk leaving him there for the next morning's calling.

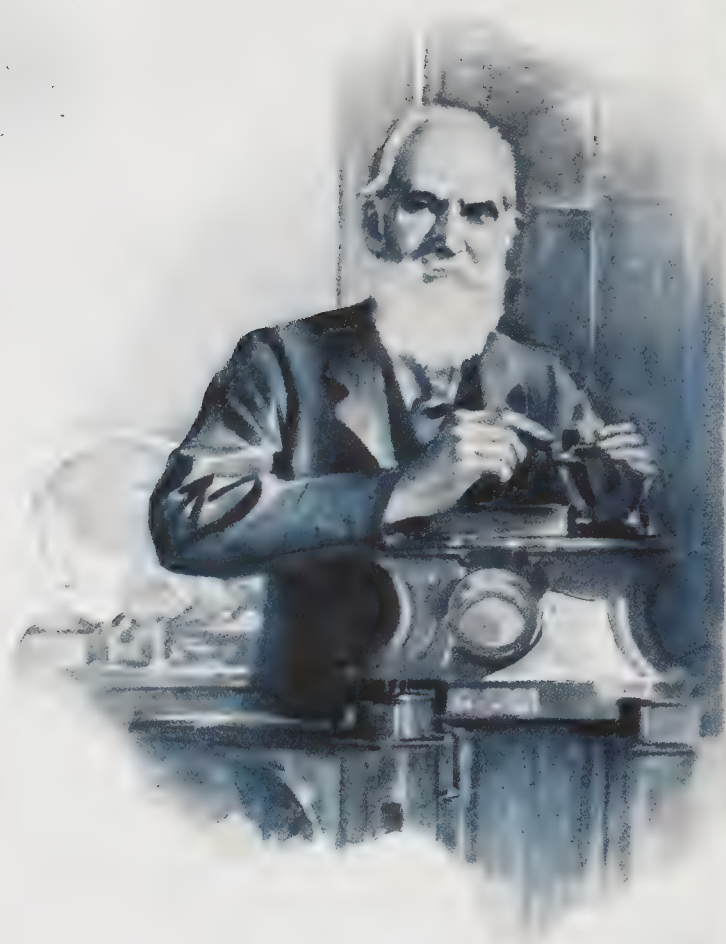
We heard the moose come down to the river's edge just across from the cottage that night, so we had high hopes for the morning's hunt.

Continued on page 109



"I've thought of a better way"

~ ~ *Lord Kelvin*



FOR half a century Lord Kelvin dominated the scientific world. He made practical the first Atlantic cable. To his genius is credited the modern mariner's compass, the deep-sea sounding machine and the tides predictor. And for every problem he undertook, he never rested until he found a more precise, simpler, surer, "better way."

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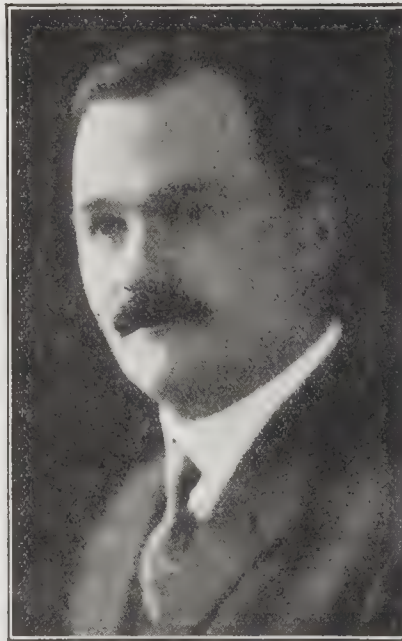
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An Unconventional Study of Democratic Dunning, Minister of Railways and Canals

By Harold C. King



The Hon. Charles A. Dunning

ABOUT twenty men were seated around a room in the City Hall, at Regina, Saskatchewan, fourteen years ago, and judging by their knitted brows and serious faces the question before the meeting was a very weighty one. In fact, to put it slangily, they were most evidently in grave danger of "busting their brains", all except one, who sat serenely listening to a speech which one of the members was inflicting upon the meeting. "Inflicting" is the correct description, because the man who was speaking was laboring heavily with his subject, which was that of "The Single Tax".

The meeting was that of the members of a debating society, and on the night referred to the members were having a "question night" which is conducted thus: A number of questions of general, and usually political interest, are written on slips of paper and placed in a hat which is passed round the room, and from it each member picks one of the slips of paper. It is then his duty to speak impromptu upon the subject written on the slip he has drawn. When he has finished, every other member is expected to give a talk upon the subject until everyone in the room has said his say, or made an ass of himself, usually the latter.

Every member was evidently suffering some trepidation as his turn came nearer—all but one. That one was Charles A. Dunning. He was as cool as a cucumber, and when at last his turn came to speak, which happened to be the last, he rose calmly to his feet and launched smoothly and easily into the subject, with the preliminary remark that as everyone had covered almost every phase of the subject it was difficult to say much about it that had not already been said by someone else. He thought, however, that a speaker should always try to say something new.

He did find something new to say, and said it very well too.

That is the key to the character of Chas. A. Dunning. To say something new, something that had not been worn threadbare by everyone else. It indicated independence of mind, the type of mind which thinks logically upon a subject without being led astray by common ideas or previous misconceptions.

Nobody thought at that time that the speaker was the future Premier of Saskatchewan, later the Dominion Minister of Railways, and who knows what next?

That debating society lasted as long as such organizations usually do—about two winters. Only one member has gone on, and on, and on. He is Mr Dunning. His public life since is quite well-known, but as I have had opportunities of meeting him on various occasions since, usually in a personal un-official way, I have caught glimpses of the Dunning character which are not so readily perceptible when meeting him at grand public events.

I SAW no more of him for some years until shortly after he had been made Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan.

This meeting occurred late one evening on the night train from Regina to Saskatoon. I boarded the sleeper, and before retiring went into the smoker for a pre-bedtime smoke, and who should be sitting there quietly smoking his pipe but Mr. Dunning. He greeted me in his usual friendly manner, which showed right then another phase of his character. I had wondered the minute I saw him whether he had become in any way inflated with pride at his sudden introduction into the public spot-light. But not a bit of it. He talked to me as genially and unaffectedly as if he and I still occupied the same relative positions.

When I found that he was the same frank open-hearted Dunning, I thought here is my opportunity to find out some things as to what being in public life is like. I wanted to know if he liked his new job? Did he find that he was now pestered with people who had "axes to grind"? Did his friends seem as true to him now as they appeared in his humbler days, or had they become sycophants and flatterers? His answers to my questions showed his usual mental penetration.

He said: "King, human nature is just the same in public life as in private, only magnified. The mean man behaves meaner

and the good man seems even better. I have also found", continued Mr Dunning, "that one has to be very guarded in what one says at all times, otherwise one is apt to find oneself quoted, and often only partially, for some political purpose".

I asked him if he did not find that such experiences had a tendency to make one take a sour view of human nature. "No," said Mr Dunning, "It might if a man did not use his common sense, but you know people mostly mean well."

During this time, and for some years afterwards one had only to sit in the gallery and listen to the debate during a session of the legislature to speedily perceive that Mr Dunning was the brains of the assembly, also the repository of all the knowledge. Question after question which required explanation would be answered by him, even when it was properly the function of someone else to answer it. This does not mean that the other ministers were empty-heads, but simply that Mr Dunning possesses such an extraordinarily retentive mind that the others would have been plain foolish to have tried to do what he could do with apparently a great deal less effort. One could easily see why he had been called to public life in Saskatchewan. He had brains, and had shown that he knew how to use them. It is to the great credit of the legislators of that Province that they had enough bigness of spirit to invite into their ranks a man whom they probably knew might easily eclipse themselves. They were not going to let a good brain go to waste in obscurity, and for that they deserve the thanks of all the Saskatchewan citizens, and maybe that of the citizens of the entire Dominion.

MR. DUNNING always seemed to have the knack of seeing exactly the functions and limitations of parliamentary life. He also showed very plainly that he knew precisely the proper duty of a cabinet minister to the country. This was exemplified very forcibly upon one occasion when a certain deputation waited upon the Government at a time when Mr Martin was premier. The deputation represented various trade interests of the Province, and each brought with him the grievances and suggestions of his particular branch of trade.

The deputation was received by Mr Martin, Mr Dunning, Mr McNab, and one or two other members of the government. The ministers sat behind a large table with their backs to the window, facing the body of the room. Round the room sat the various members of the deputation, most of them manifestly feeling somewhat overwhelmed by the weightiness of the occasion.

The members of the deputation rose one after the other to present to the

Government the case for the interests they represented. Some of the representations were reasonable and wise, some were of little importance, but one or two were palpably absurd. Among the latter was one bright suggestion from a man who represented the interests of the automobile dealers.

Mr Automobile Man explained that considerable hardship was being caused the automobile dealers by what he said were the unfair claims of certain dealers who advertised that they had sold many more cars of their particular make than anybody else. He said that all the other dealers knew that these individuals were lying, but the only means they had of proving that they were lying was to send a clerk down to the Parliament Buildings, there to search the records of licenses issued. This had been found a very laborious job, because the license records were only kept in numerical order, but were not classified according to the make of car for which the license had been issued, which involved a lot of work for the investigating clerk, who had to sort out from several thousand names how many owners of each individual make of car there were.

So Mr Automobile Man asked the Government to keep the license records classified according to the make of car, which would enable him and others to ascertain how much truth there was in the claims of big sales made by their competitors.

Mr Dunning answered first of all by laughing at him, and then in these words—words which contain the very crux and kernel of the idea of democratic government, and which are the reason for the title of this article "Democratic Dunning".

He said: "Please tell me Mr— what on earth that has to do with the Government? You do not seem to understand that we are not here for the benefit of the automobile business, or of any business particularly, but for the benefit of the people of the whole of the Province of Saskatchewan. We keep our records so as to be able most expeditiously to find who is the owner of any automobile. If the automobile dealers squabble among yourselves as to who has sold most cars, that has nothing to do with the Government. Although we are called the Government, we are really the servants of the people, and we cannot do anything, not even make what appears to be merely a trifling alteration in our bookkeeping methods unless it can be shown that it is of a nature to be beneficial to the people as a whole, and not only to a section of them."

There spoke the true democrat, one who recognised that the true function of government is to administer affairs for the people as a whole and not for the few.

That automobile gentleman seemed to be quite offended, and it is quite likely that Mr Dunning made an enemy right then, and it is equally likely that he knew that the man would be offended, which did not however prevent him from stating baldly and frankly what he thought to be true.

The country needs invigorating frankness of that sort, a frankness that will speak truth even at the risk of unpopularity. It is to be feared that there is a dearth of the sort of honesty of speech that makes plain the common rights at the expense of the insistent few. But Mr Dunning makes things plain even though some be offended, and even so, he does not seem to have come to grief over it, but on the contrary has won admiration by honest men throughout the country.

AFTER he became Premier of Saskatchewan he was very much in demand on all formal occasions. During that time I met him one day on the platform of the railway station. There he was standing all by himself away from the crowd. He was waiting for a train. So, as I always enjoyed a talk with him, and have never known him to be too "big" to talk to a fellow like a brother man, I promptly made tracks in his direction and asked what miracle it was that had caused him to be standing away over there all by himself, since usually he was surrounded by various bigwigs. He said: "Yes, King,

Continued on page 72



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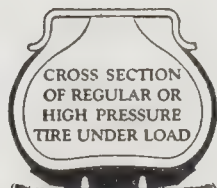
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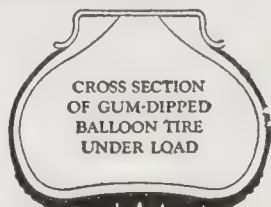


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THIS type of tire rides more directly on the wide rider strip at the center of the tread. That is where the weight and wear come, so that is where extra rubber is needed. The walls and tread of this tire are thick and stiff making necessary the use of large tread design for high pressure tires.



THIS type of tire—low pressure Balloon—carries the load on a wider surface, therefore grooves are cut directly in the center of the Firestone Tread to permit easy flexing. Greater amount of rubber is placed at outer edges of tread where most of the load is carried. Instead of large, heavy rider strips and projections which retard flexing and cause skidding, the Firestone Tread is provided with small projections and narrow rider strips which increase flexibility and give greater safety and skid-protection.

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WHEN Firestone engineers were developing the Balloon Tire they found it necessary to design a tread altogether different from that which is required by High Pressure Tires. The tread of a Regular Cord, or High Pressure Tire is usually designed with what is known as a wide rider strip at the center. Here the bulk of the rubber on the tread is concentrated.

With the Balloon or Low Pressure Tire this extra amount of rubber must be placed away from the center toward the outer edges of the tread. Because of the low pressure conditions the displacement is greater and most of the weight and wear is at these outer points.

Notice how the Firestone Balloon tread has a deep groove at the direct center, with narrow flexing rider strips and additional grooves on either side. These grooves nearly close up when the tire is under load, as they provide room for the rubber to spread out. Next come the outer rider strips—at the points of greatest wear—with numerous angular sharp-edge projections for non-skid qualities.

The Firestone tread was not designed with large, massive projections for appearance or to make plausible sales argument. On the contrary, the projections of the cross-and-square tread are small and the rider strips narrow, permitting the tread to yield to depressions and cling to the road, giving the greatest non-skid surface. This tough, pliable tread has the wear-resisting qualities that give thousands of extra miles of service.

The tread, however, is not the only important part of the Balloon Tire. Such a tread as this, designed to yield to every depression of the road, must be placed on the carcass that also has the qualifications to withstand the terrific flexing that this design tread permits. Firestone provides this extra strength and endurance by dipping the cords of the carcass in a rubber solution. By this process, every fibre of every cord is saturated and insulated—to withstand the extra flexing of the Firestone tread.

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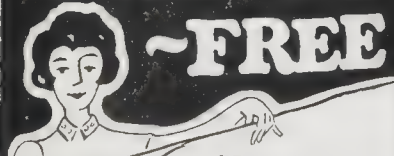
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The Spring Fashion Shows

By K. Caldwell

IF you would see the mannequins' parade, observe the very newest trends of fashion, compare the work of the world's greatest designers of lovely wearables, it is no longer necessary to leave Canada. Several of our own cities have adopted the most modern ways of displaying to an eager public, the advance models which will influence all that we wear in the coming season. Particularly has Toronto forged ahead in this matter of fashion forecasting, and this week has been a veritable feast for the clothes-hungry.

Nothing short of a large theatre will accommodate the crowds that rush to these early showings of all that is smart and charming in the new mode. So, frequently, to the theatres they go. Two such fashion shows have run concurrently at two large theatres last month—with tickets at a premium in both places.

Very complete, gorgeously done, the pageant presented by the Robert Simpson Company occupied an entire afternoon's or evening's programme, with the exception of a curtain raiser by A. A. Milne (his whimsical "Man in the Bowler Hat") and interpolated dancing numbers by a rather amazing trio of French dramatic dancers, the Marmein sisters. These gifted young

women originate their own dances, design the unique costumes they demand, and present in the end something totally different from the ordinary conception of a dance. One number, for instance, was born as a result of a visit the sisters paid to the Ford plant. The spectacle of vast machinery moving strongly, inevitably, yet with an exquisite precision—the dissonant music of metal-on-metal, caught at the vivid Marmein imagination and resulted in a dance-picture that takes one's breath, so unmistakable is its interpretation. Clad in iridescent armour-like suits and tall hats, of some supple material that glints in blues and greens and copper tones—perfect duplication of the metallic hues—the dancers become the machines of which they tell us; they have caught, in their view of a great modern industry, the sense of power, of vastness, and above all, of rhythm; the result is magnificent.

Exquisite, poignant, poetic, is "The First Kill," in which one of the sisters, in an indescribably lovely costume of woody greys and greens and fawns, with graceful antlers poised upon her hooded head, gives the most expressively joyous performance one might hope to see; the deer, roaming, running, jumping for very joy; suddenly, the dawn of fear. All the gay abandon, the happy little rushes, are gone; terror, the vain attempt to flee, to hide, useless, for the stalking young Indian's arrow comes fleet and straight. One final leap, and the little deer lies prone. Then, chasing the triumph from the young brave's face, we see horror, pity, realization of the beauty he has destroyed. Drama, this, of a high quality.

It requires a good deal of any interpolation, to keep entranced an audience, largely feminine, that has gathered for the sole purpose of seeing the new fashions. Here, too, pantomime was, if not King, an able consort. The scenes are usually more than a succession of models, "walking on"; each has its appropriate setting and there is plenty of variety in the action, to prevent monotony. This was, perhaps, particularly true of the second fashion show in progress—that of Mr. Creed. This famous *couturier*, once a designer for the world-renowned Bernard of Paris, has taken, of course, a very prominent place in the clothes-world of Canada. A novel feature of the showing from his establishment was the fact that all of the models were leaders of the younger smart-set of the city—members of the Junior League, taking this method of raising funds for the charitable work of their organization.

I MUST be satisfied to merely sum up for my Western readers, the general trend of the new styles for Spring, as revealed in these advance showings.

Day-time wear is disposed of in two groups; the tailored suit has definitely

returned—a trim thing, briefly skirted, usually in the plain wrap-around style, with a short jacket, hip length, a little braiding perhaps, and with a deep opening in front revealing, often as not, a smart waistcoat. When the short coat is removed, what suggested a waistcoat frequently turns out to be a top of different colour and material, attached to the skirt, making a two-material dress of it. The accessories of bag, gloves, shoes and stockings and the inevitable flower on the lapel, must all be in perfect harmony. A luscious fox-skin is the favorite fur piece.

Sports clothes dominate the entire spring scene. Not that they need have anything necessarily to do with sports. But the sportswoman leads the way to a type of clothes that for becomingness and practical comfort, never have been equalled, and so all the feminine world has adopted them. For shopping, calling, in fact for every day-time activity, sports clothes have become the thing.

The two-piece dress has lost none of the favour it has been enjoying. It is prominent and good looking as ever. Usually its skirt is given comfortable fullness by the use of pleats; box-pleats,

IN the one-piece frocks, some of the little details will interest you. The belt, for instance, is often quite the high decorative note in the dress. One that was very new was of brown and white calf-skin, with the hair on, in the manner that has become so fashionable, not merely for a spot of trimming on hat or handbag, but for coat collars and even whole coats. This calf-skin belt was something over an inch wide, with a plain silver buckle in front. The suede belt in many soft colours is good; others are in combinations of materials and there is also the narrow string-belt of the dress material—or of the colour that appears in one of the bordering stripes, in some cases.

Various interpretations of the turn-down collar are used on the trim sports frock; the round, square, or V neck is also in evidence. Stunning embroideries are the newest trimmings, and bands of color are effectively used—perhaps a two inch fold of cherry red around the bottom of a white jumper, and used again in the cuffs and collar. A red handkerchief, hand bag, or hat, will carry on the brilliant motif.

White seems to be away in the lead—unrelieved or otherwise, as one prefers. No outfit created a greater buzz of admiration, that the white dress,

with its long (or rather, full length, for there is nothing related to a skirt that could for a moment be called long this season) coat of white cloth collared in pure white fur, and worn with a small white hat and white shoes and stockings. A single color—yellow hat and bag, perhaps, or green or blue or scarlet—alters the effect of the white costume, and suggests the play of wide variety.

I hinted at the length of the skirts; a few inches past the knee is the favorite; becomingness should be every woman's personal guide in deciding just how many inches. It pays for the audience to study in a well-done fashion display of this kind, how carefully details like this are watched; one model will appear every time in a skirt

scarcely beyond her knee-cap; the next will discreetly reach the top of the calf; a full-length mirror in which she can study all her proportions at once, should help every woman to decide what length she had best adopt for her skirts for the season. There is no arbitrary rule to guide us wisely or rush us into indiscretion.

Closely allied to the subject of the skirt length, seems to be the color of the stockings worn. A grey or a white outfit invariably included grey or white hose. For wear with all the dark colors, the hundred and one shades of beige that have come on the market, have almost the monopoly. These are very pretty—and sometimes more becoming, as in the case of the woman who is inclined to plumpness—taupe and gunmetal and platinum shades that are also charming with practically all the color schemes except brown. With the pastel summer frocks, white hose seem to be most liked, or tints to match the delicate frocks.

Shoes are moderate—heeled for street wear—a sort of Cuban heel that is on the whole very satisfactory. There are more slenderly fashioned heels, of course, on the slipper for the more fussed-up occasion. Black patent kid, all the beige kids, grey and the brown tones in smooth and suede finishes are all fashionable. Many of the shoes employ two colors, with a fancy leather for trimming; but here again, personal becomingness should rule; some people look so much better in a shoe of conservative cut than in a fancy one; and if one's supply is limited, that is another reason for choosing a style that is not particularly noticeable and that will go well with a number of dresses.

THE full-length coat, too useful a member of one's wardrobe to ever go into oblivion, is very trim and attractive this year. It follows the same straight, slim line as the dresses I have been describing. The long and usually close-fitting sleeve is set well up into a trim shoulder, giving that well-tailored look

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Amoris Vita

By Mary M. Matheson

*We parted as the sun was burning low,
It must be thus—and so I bade Him go,
No more for me the glowing Dawn shall rise
And show to me the glory of His eyes;
No more the noon shall shine with splendid
strength,
Nor the long twilight shadows throw their length
Across our sunset path. My day is o'er,
And I go on alone to walk no more
With Love; yet, lowly, kneeling at His shrine
I know His Truth and Glory, still are mine.*

wide or narrow, are placed in the front; the narrower types of pleats are sometimes carried on around to the back; otherwise, it remains quite plain. Inverted pleats also appear in the front of the skirt.

The upper part is slim and straight. The shoulder must fit snugly, to be smart, and the sleeve is usually long, tight to the wrist, or in some of the silk crepe models, shirred into a tight cuff there. The "compose" idea which, according to Paris, dominates all the season's designs (and which is really just a new turn given to the "ensemble" which is carried out usually in two colours and two materials,) is evident from head to toe, and there is more than a little "architectural" feeling about many of the dresses. For instance, I noticed in several models, the careful use of stripes; a striped border that appeared around the bottom of the jumper, was used in the lower part of the sleeves, so that when the arms hung straight at the wearer's sides, the sleeve-stripes were a continuation of the stripes around the low waist line. Again, a white dress banded with red trimming, showed just one band around the elbow and another at the wrist, each of which continued the line of one of the many bands that encircled the bodice. These run-around stripes, one noticed, were worn only by the slimmest of the models—they are not flattering to any but a very slim woman.

The one-piece dress is not without representation, even in the field of active sport; the great advantage of the two-piece frock for the golf or tennis player, however, is in the fact that no swing of the arm will "hike up" the skirt. This gives far more grace, naturally.

Although nearly all the sleeves were long, one or two sports frocks had sleeves well above the elbow, and the sleeveless dress, beloved of Susanne Lenglen, also appeared. Unless one is quite reckless as to the effect sun has on the arms, the protection of the long sleeve is important.

AS THE TOOL IS TO THE WORKER

Your pencil should be as sure and as never-failing as the tested tool in the hands of the skilled worker. Such is Eversharp—and Eversharp alone. It springs into action at your command and never falters in its trusty service. Other pencils disappoint you when you need them most. The genuine Eversharp is as tirelessly efficient as your own right hand.

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Reminiscences of a Small City Post Office

By Nestor Noel

PEOPLE said it was a lucky thing for me when I, Margaret Watson, obtained a position in the Post Office of N—, a small city. Perhaps it was, perhaps it was not! It all depends on the point of view.

People hurrying to factories in the early hours of the morning envied me. The well-to-do who could breakfast in bed every day of the week thought it must be hard for me to reach the Post Office at eight.

There were others in the Post Office besides myself: they sorted and gave out the mail, had charge of Postal Notes and Money Orders, weighed the parcels and did many more things; but I had nothing to do with these people. I sat in a tiny compartment which, for want of a better name, I called my "Den." Here I gave out stamps, and weighed letters only.

"STAMPS" was painted in huge letters over my wicket, yet there were people who came up to me regularly with the question "Do you sell stamps?" I could have said "Of course, you booby! That is why I am here," or feeling sarcastic, I might have answered "O no. I sell candies and cigarettes!" I said neither of these things! I had a position to uphold! Did I not represent the Government? O yes, I knew my position.

In my "Den", there were a high chair, a counter, several cubby holes and two drawers. A few nails hung round the walls. From one of these I suspended a mirror. A woman needs this wherever she works.

"How monotonous you must find it here," remarked a woman to me one day. Monotonous! That was because she was not behind the counter, or she would have known better. There were days in which I had not a moment to lose. I sold stamps at breakneck speed. There were other days when few people came to the wicket. I was not bored, however. In one of my drawers, I kept a cushion cover which I was embroidering. I took this up when business was slack.

Amusements? Were there any? Yes, and to spare. The questions I was asked would fill a big book. Did people think I was an Encyclopaedia? Sometimes, especially if I had a headache, the questions nearly drove me crazy. At other times they made me laugh—not that I laughed out loud, that would have been against my dignity.

Once a lady came bustling up at one o'clock. "I see the foreign mail closes at four," she said, glancing at the clock. "Do you think I am in time for it?"

I could have thrown a brick at her head, especially as I was in the middle of an animated conversation with Mrs. King and her daughter, Irene. They were just telling me how they had been kalsomining their front room, and before they began operations they had had to take off three or four coats of the old kalsomine. Was it three coats or four? I never really learnt. That was one disadvantage of my business of selling stamps. In the middle of an interesting conversation, someone would break in with—"Twenty-five ones" or "Fifty-eight twos", and there you were! Stamps had to be given out if the roof fell down!

I could not always be expected to have my thoughts absorbed in stamps. Sometimes I had to say politely "I beg your pardon. What was it you wanted?"

"Are you here for your amusement," asked a woman of me one day. Mrs. King had just been admiring my butterfly ring, and Irene had suggested that I bob my hair. I was recalled to the business of life roughly. After all, one is only young once, and butterfly rings and bobbed hair are more interesting topics than stamps! I did not look flustered, however.

"Madam," I replied in my iciest tones, "to you, there may be something amusing in selling stamps. It all depends on the point of view." She put down her dollar. I gave her what she needed. She took it, then turned away, her nose high up in the air. I went back to more interesting topics.

DID people ever get angry with me? O dear, yes! If something was missing in the mail I had to bear it all. "It is shameful the way this Post Office is run," they would say. It was in vain that I told them I had nothing to do with sorting the mail. I remained in my "Den" for business solely connected with

stamps. It made no difference to them. I was in the Post Office: therefore I was to blame!

Sometimes I heard of the long-delayed letter having arrived. It certainly had not been lost in our Post Office. Someone at the other end had forgotten to write: that was all!

Small children were a diversion. They seldom knew how to ask for what they wanted but, in a roundabout way, I managed to find out. Some little tots could hardly reach the counter. It was the first time they had entered the sacred portals of the Post Office "without Mother", and they felt the importance of the occasion. Older people often pushed them aside, in the rush of business; but I said, leaning over my counter, "Well, little one. It is your turn. What do you want?"

If the busy men thought me officious, so much the worse for them. Why should not a child's stamp be as important as a grown-up's? Perhaps a mother lies ill, and a sister is hastily called. Who knows what hidden tragedies may lie behind the fact that Helen comes without Mother for the first time in her young life?

"Could you tell me the way to—?" was a question that came up so frequently that I found it necessary to keep a map of the city. Of course, I was not obliged to direct strangers, as the London policemen do; but then, why not be polite? It costs nothing.

There were people so absent-minded that, when they reached the wicket, they forgot why they had come. I had to refresh their memories.

Mrs. King belonged to this class. In time, I came to know that she wanted long envelopes that would hold MSS., and ever so many stamps. She was a writer, and generally in the clouds, and it seemed an effort for her to pull herself together and remember why she had come to my wicket! Sometimes her daughter reminded her; but when Irene had just bought a new hat, she could not be expected to know what her mother wanted! It was at such times that I brought Mrs. King down to earth and said, "Ten long envelopes?"

There were times too when Mrs. King either forgot to pay or forgot her change: but why go into all this? A writer whose soul is far away in Florida might be excused many things. How lucky for her that Irene always accompanied her!

Lovers? These came in scores to my wicket. Who uses so many stamps as a lover? Even in these days of telephones, how much more intimate is a letter. Can Romeo call to his Juliet over the phone "I love you. The stars grow dim in the light of your eyes. The sun's burning rays are cold when compared with your love. Light of my Life, my heart's desire, my Beloved, my Only One!"

All this and more goes safely on its way accompanied by a few stamps. Was the love suit progressing? I could tell it by the way the eager one asked for stamps? Was everything "all wrong", and never to be righted, I could read it in the misery on the face. Did things come right at last, and were the wedding bells soon to ring? I knew this too. Many confided in me.

I must have looked so safe to them, shut up in my "Den". I was no exception to the rule that "All the world loves a lover". I could often advise them too, because—ah well—that is another tale!

People would go away for months and then come back and greet me like an old friend. Was I not part of their native city?

No day passed in which it was just "Twenty-five ones," "Sixty threes". O no. There were always questions and questions: "Could you tell me?" "Would you be so kind as to tell me?" "I wonder if you know?"

Some asked their questions politely, some asked them rudely, and made still ruder remarks when I could not answer them. What business had I behind a wicket if I could not reply to their innumerable questions! "Do you know who is preaching to-morrow," one lady asked me. She did not say where! There are one hundred churches in our city. How could I remember to which denomination she belonged?

I was even asked about Elections! I had to answer these last questions warily; for people are often touchy about their religion and their politics! "Can you tell me a good Dentist? Do you know a Doctor to suit me? Which is the best private school around here?" I was asked all this and more.

I seemed to keep a "Lost Property Office", there were so many persons who left their umbrellas, their handbags, their purses. Sometimes they had mislaid them somewhere else; but they flew at me as if I were responsible. It was lucky for me that I had broad shoulders—the burdens I was expected to bear!

THERE were many people whom I dreaded to see—they were so rough and rude. There were those whose visit made a delightful break in a lonely afternoon. I had my favorites. I was not a woman for nothing! Some I allowed to enter and adjust their hats or sit down for a few minutes' talk, "within my Den", on days and hours that were slack.

The first time I invited Irene inside she walked in reverently, as if in a church, though, when she discovered I had a looking glass, her thoughts underwent a change. It is wonderful what difference a looking glass can make to the outlook of a bobbed-haired girl with an obstinate freckle on her nose! One woman had come from the lonely prairie. "How I envy you," she said. "You can sit here all day, and see people and people."

Even this might pall at times, I thought. There were days in which I felt like rushing away from it, climbing a high mountain and sitting there in solitude! Probably I would not have enjoyed this in reality, but I liked to think I would.

I had my holidays, just as others had. I spent them visiting friends, going about in their automobiles and taking life easily. It was then I knew the luxury of staying in bed or getting up with the birds, exactly as my fancy led me. It was then I shook off the yoke and was responsible to none. The Government had no hold over me in these delicious times. I was myself—not merely a cog in a wheel!

Strange to say, when the holidays were over, I went back to my work eagerly. I felt important again as I entered my "Den". It pleased my fancy to imagine that the Post Office could no longer exist without my services! It flattered my vanity when Mrs. King remarked: "It is wonderful how you can count out change without a blunder, and talk about something else at the same time!"

After all, we each have our pet vanity, and I was no different from other women in this respect. How glad I was to meet my "Post Office friends" again! There was Mrs. Murphy who sent a letter regularly every Monday to her boy in Ireland. She always asked me to weigh it, "for it would not do," she said, "to make Larry pay for her letters to him".

She was a hard-working woman. I could tell, by her handwriting and her talk, that each letter must have been a laborious affair, with much consulting of dictionaries and many erasures. It was, however, a labor of love. Probably Larry knew that to. When Mrs. Murphy entered the Post Office, she always began

Continued on page 62



Have Lovely Hands This Easy Way

KEEP them soft, white and supple, free from chaps and roughness, with Campana's Italian Balm. Every time you have had your hands in water—use this fragrant, soothing balm. See how wonderfully and quickly it brings back their lovely smooth texture.

A few drops of Campana's Italian Balm used daily, keeps hands attractive. Smooths catchy fingers. Keeps children's faces and hands free from chaps and chilblains. We want you to try it. GET THIS LARGE TRIAL BOTTLE.



CAMPANA CORP'N Limited, 468 King St. W., Toronto, Ont. Enclosed find 2c stamp to cover mailing costs. Please send a 10-day trial bottle of Campana's Italian Balm.

Name Address Town

Make \$2.50 an Hour YOUR PROFITS IN ADVANCE

STAY-PREST TROUSER PRESSER sells quick—everywhere. Thousands in use. Salesmen and saleswomen cleaning up. Sells on eight-minute demonstration. Reasonable price. 40% clear profit for you. You take orders. We deliver.

Wonderful New Invention Puts perfect crease in trousers. Takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than a minute. Folds into small size. Finely finished. Looks rich. Saves clothes and tailor bills. Every man wants one or two.

Make Big Profits—Others Do Jack Ames made \$24.00 in four hours. Randle sold twenty-five the first day. Mary Roberts made \$10.00 in one evening. Others making good in full or spare time. So can you.

Write us quick for free sample offer and full details. FREE

Smith & Rourke Co. London, Ont. Dept. D3

WANTED

Earn upwards of \$25 weekly growing mushrooms for us, in cellar or other waste space. Deliver to our nearest branch. Light pleasant work for either sex. Illustrated booklet sent anywhere, for stamp.

DURHAM MUSHROOM CO. TORONTO



NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

The 2-Door Light Six



The Superlative Value of Its Field

With the Vital Advantage of a 7-Bearing Motor

From every viewpoint this new Light Six model completely outclasses any other car in its field.

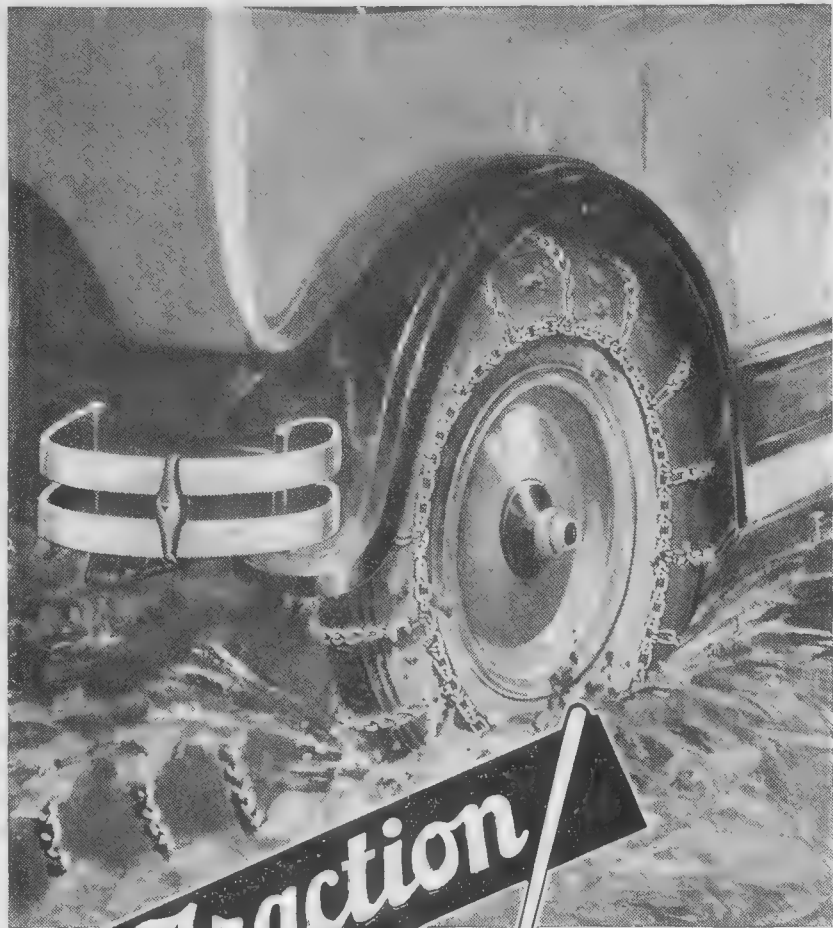
It is the **ONLY** car of its type in its price-field powered with a 7-bearing crankshaft motor—the world's smoothest type.

This, alone, means absolute supremacy in power-smoothness and power-quietness throughout the full range of performance.

And added to such sensational performance-ability, this new car owns such rare distinction in appearance and such splendid equipment that its superiority is apparent at a glance.

The body is noteworthy not only for its grace of line, but in its quality of workmanship. For it has the genuine wood-frame construction employed in the costliest cars of America and Europe. Doors are especially big and broad, and the front seats are of the luxurious parlor-car type.

Four-wheel brakes that are the most efficient known to the industry; 5 disc wheels; an oil purifier; an air cleaner; and many other important attractions are included in the amazingly low price placed on this model.



Pull Through the Mud

When there's mud, put on WEED Chains before you start out. These sturdy chains give you a grip on the road that means traction no matter how bad the going may be.

Made in several types for all tires and all road conditions.

WEED De Luxe Chains—With Double Wear Cross Chains.

WEED Regular Chains—The Original Tire Chains, standard for 23 years, better than ever.

WEED Super Extra Heavy—for heavy duty, as required by Doctors, Taxicabs, Business Cars, Light Speed Wagons.

WEED "Gumbo Traction" Chains—Extraordinarily heavy for extra-ordinary use on Prairie Trails, Mountain Roads, in Gumbo Mud, and Pneumatic Tired Trucks.

WEED Solid Tire Truck Chains—Designed heavy to stand the service required by Single or Dual Tired Trucks.

Don't Compromise with Safety—Use

WEED CHAINS

DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited
Niagara Falls Ontario, Canada

WEED BUMPERS

BEAUTIFUL, STRONG, FULL PROTECTION

Below is the new WEED "Sentry C-27 Triple Rib Bumper." Note beauty of design, full shock space and curvature which lends to close traffic work.

Put WEED Bumpers on your car fore and aft—they are SENSIBLE protection fore and aft.



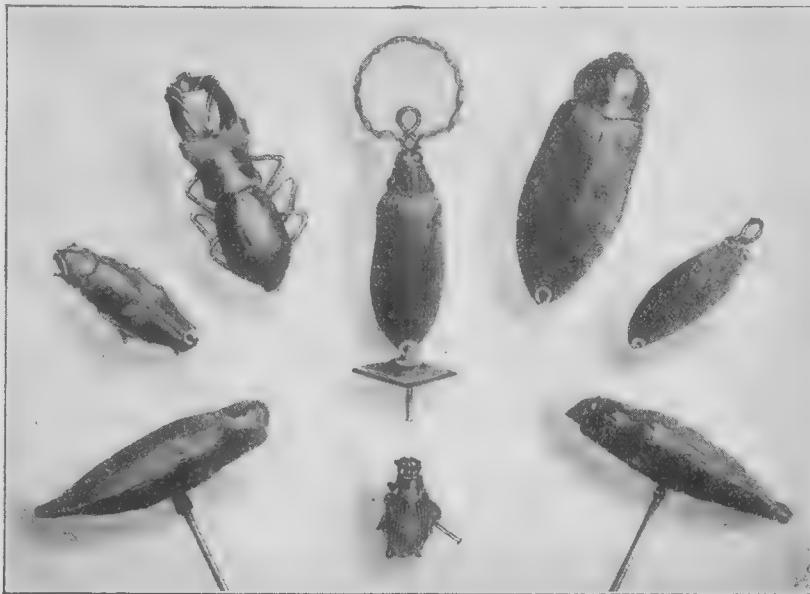
Making Jewelry of Insects

By William Thompson

MANY ORIGINAL handicrafts exacting a rare skill and fine technique are exercised in the French capital.

The transformation of insects into jewelry is one of these picturesque industries. Two or three established houses in the Popincourt quarters show effectively each year, in brooches, necklaces, pins,

her right hand she takes a little receptacle heated by gas on which is the sealing wax. Before cooling she collects the other parts and inserting a pin in the head, readjusts them on the shield. The subject is completely reconstructed but with internal organs of solidity. It only remains to be mounted on a gilded brooch, on a stickpin,



Stick Pins made of Beetles

or earrings, more than 50,000 coleopteres, redressed in splendid colors and about 100,000 butterflies with glistening wings that have been captured in South America or Madagascar.

On arrival of the coleopteres in France, a specialist classes and arranges all the examples of a specie in one box. They

or simply on marble for a paper weight.

When the lepidopteres arrive at the naturalists, workers with fairy fingers seize them with fine pincers. After having separated wings from the body, they pass them through benzine to remove greasy stains and once dry they are put in a box awaiting utilisation. They are finally cut



Mounting a beetle on a silver brooch.

are then sent to the mounting studio. Here a skilled worker commences to disjoint each of them. With a fine needle the head is separated from the thorax. Once the different parts of the insect are thus, separated, with her left hand she takes the two outer shell wings which adhere to the vertebra near the head, in

into morsels, either with scissors or with special implements to form geometric figures. This done, these little azure, green, yellow, red, or many hued butterfly wings, are assembled with art to form the background of a plate, bonbonniere, or saucer. These fragile mosaics are naturally covered with glass to preserve them.



Brooches ornamented with different exotic insects.

What Do SUPERTWIST Cords Do?

They *Stretch and Recover*



OLD-STYLE cords used in cord tires will stretch about 16% without breaking. If a blow from the road stretches such a cord *more* than 16%, it breaks. The tire is injured at that point.

SUPERTWIST cords are made by an exclusive Goodyear process so that they will stretch 26% without breaking. Long after ordinary cords have yielded to the blows of the road, SUPERTWIST cords are strong and active and elastic.

60% greater elasticity in the tire carcass gives an obvious increase in mileage—an increase which Goodyear users enjoy from *every* Goodyear-made cord—for all Goodyear Cords are made of SUPERTWIST, and *only* Goodyear Cords.

*Goodyear means
Good Wear*

GOODYEAR
MADE  IN CANADA

MANITOBA

A Province of Progress

The past four or five years have been a period of very substantial progress in Manitoba. There has not been the feverish enthusiasm of the days of the early homesteader; nor has there been the excitement of the boom days; but there has been a steady and substantial advancement, a re-discovery of the Province in many ways, and a restoring of confidence from the deflation shock which followed the War.

Agriculture

Ever since settlement began Manitoba has been famous for the amount and quality of its agricultural production, and during recent years has taken its place as a mixed farming Province of ever-increasing importance. The sources of agricultural profit are very varied, and the farmer's revenue is much more evenly distributed over the year than formerly. In 1926 Manitoba produced over one-half the barley of Canada. Also in 1926, 31 per cent. of Canada's flax and 30 per cent. of Canada's rye grew in Manitoba. Last year Manitoba farms shipped to the Union Stock Yards more than one-third of a million head of cattle and hogs, to say nothing of sheep and horses. We produced over five million dollars worth of poultry products. Our dairy products were valued at \$14,269,000. Manitoba creameries won 40.9 per cent. of all first prizes at leading exhibitions in Canada from Ottawa to Victoria. Yields of honey in Manitoba are almost, if not entirely, without equal in number of pounds per colony, averaging 150 pounds in 1925 and 115 in 1926.

Natural Resources

Manitoba has natural resources which, if developed, would support a much larger population. There is still arable land for several thousand additional farmers. Discoveries in minerals have just been sufficient to show that we have many very promising fields. We have excellent fish in our lakes and rivers, and our deep sea fishing on Hudson's Bay is still unexploited. Manitoba has pulpwood areas and water powers and great fur-producing tracts. The past three years have seen a real awakening in relation to mining. The gold-bearing areas east of Lake Winnipeg will be in a position to produce shortly. Power lines to these fields are now being constructed, and a mill is to be erected in 1927. Then there are the great copper bodies of The Pas area and other widely scattered mineral deposits in Manitoba. And still we have many natural resources undiscovered.

MANITOBA is a good place to live and a safe place to invest, and our people extend to all industrious, healthy, law-abiding people of other lands a welcome to share our future with us.

HON. A. PREFONTAINE,
Minister of Agriculture and
Immigration and Provincial Secretary.

Industrial Development

Industrially Manitoba is coming to the front. The ever-growing populations of Western Canada provide a constantly widening market for all sorts of manufactured goods, while the Prairies furnish the raw products for important manufacturing industries. The railroads are focused in Manitoba as nowhere else in Canada. There is no cheaper hydro-electric power on the continent today than that developed from the Winnipeg River and distributed to several cities and towns; and there are other vast water-powers still undeveloped. There is no more strategic location for the manufacture of wheat flour, macaroni products, breakfast foods, rye flour, malt and linseed products. Manitoba has a large milling industry. (Abattoirs, tanneries, shoe and harness manufactories, glue factories, meat canneries and makers of milk products find ample raw material and a sound distributing market for their products. The abattoir industry is already a large one. The past two or three years have given us a vegetable canning industry, a paper mill, one of the most modern retail stores on the continent, another very large and up-to-date abattoir, hydro-electric power expansion, and an outside market for building stone.

Financial

The Government of the Province has reported balanced budgets for the fiscal periods ending respectively August 31st, 1924, April 30th, 1925, and April 30th, 1926, the fact being that it has had a surplus upon each of those occasions. The Province has a recognized sinking fund policy, and has already created sinking funds on all its new long term borrowing. As a result of this policy and governmental economics, the credit of the Province is of the highest, and it is enabled to borrow for its capital requirements at most attractive rates. Tax reductions equivalent to the 1926 surplus are to be made during the present calendar year.

HON. JOHN BRACKEN,
Premier and Provincial Treasurer.



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

IN every contract the parties must be competent to enter into agreements with one another. As a general rule an infant, i.e., a person under the age of 21 years is not bound by any contract entered into by him except a contract for necessities or unless it can be shown that the contract is for his benefit. After the infant becomes of age unless he repudiates certain classes of contracts such as leases and shares in Companies he can be held liable. In all other cases he is not held liable unless he expressly ratifies the contract after becoming of age. The courts have been very assiduous in protecting the interests of infants and they will not enforce a contract against him if they are of the clear opinion that it is prejudicial to the infants interests, such as a contract for the payment of interest, the accepting of a bill of exchange or the making of a promissory note.

An infant may ratify the contract after coming of age by doing so in express words or by writing or by whole or part performance or by the retention of the benefits which have accrued to him.

If the infant repudiates after becoming of age he must restore whatever property or consideration he has received as far as lies in his power.

Infants are always liable for contracts involving the purchase of necessities. What is a necessary depends in each case upon the circumstances such as the position in life of the infant, class of goods which are supplied and the quantity of similar goods that the infant may possess at the time. In any case of dispute the burden of proof is upon the parties supplying goods to show that they were necessities and that they were suitable to the infant's requirements and also suitable to his condition in life. Unless the supplier of goods proves all of these elements the infant is not liable, although he is bound to restore the goods in his possession. It is to be clearly understood, however, that in matters of wrong-doing by an infant, whether criminal or civil, he is liable and stands in no different position from a person of full age in relation to matters of this kind. If an infant were to cause damage by reckless and negligent driving of a car he would be compelled to pay damages to the party injured and might also be faced with a charge of criminal negligence. Moreover, if he were a party to a fraud he might be held responsible for damages in an action for deceit and the mere fact that he was an infant would be no protection to him.

Weyburn, Sask.

Q. I would like to take advantage of your legal column for information. Kindly answer the following questions. (1) I have left my house on account of my husband's cruelty and have started proceedings for separation. In the meantime I have been granted interim alimony. There is 18 months owing to me and I have not been able to get a cent. Last fall I was told my husband's crop was seized on and still he got away with it all without any money being paid to me. Now how could he get away with all his crop like that and what can be done in a case like that? (2) My husband has let the homestead go for taxes to defraud me. If I pay the taxes have I right to go and live there? If so how soon can I take possession. (3) When trial comes on in spring can the Judge force husband to pay? If so how? (4) Can husband dispose of buildings on homestead? If so, is there any way to stop him? (5) Wife has bought most of the household furniture, can she claim? If so, how? (6) Is there any way of finding out how much money my husband has in the Bank?

—Mrs. L. McM—

A. (1) When your husband has refused to obey the order for payment of Interim Alimony you should apply to the Court for a further order committing your husband to gaol for failure to obey the order for alimony. (2) You of course

have the right to live on the homestead now although it would be inadvisable to return to your husband in view of the separation proceedings. If you obtain assignment of the tax sale certificate you have the right to apply for title in the usual way. When Certificate of title has issued to you, you could then eject your husband or any other person in occupation of the homestead. (3) The answer is the same as that to the first question. (4) Unless your judgment has been registered in the Land Titles Office your husband has of course the right to sell the buildings on the homestead because you have now no further claim upon the land, not having resided there during the past year. However, he is evidently selling the buildings in order to prevent you collecting alimony. We would advise you to obtain an injunction from the Court restraining him from selling any of the buildings. (5) If the furniture was bought with your money it is your property. You have the right to go and seize and remove the furniture. If he prevents removal sue him for recovery of this property. (6) To find out whether he has money in the bank you should garnishee his account upon your Judgment for Alimony. You may also examine your husband as a Judgment Debtor to ascertain what assets he has.

Sask.

Q. I am considering leaving my husband who is very unkind to me. I would like to know if he can claim my baby who is a year old. If I leave I will live with my father who will support us. My husband is in a position to provide us with a comfortable home, but refuses to do so. The place we exist in is unfit for anyone. Please tell me if I can keep my baby? He says I can go but he wants to keep her.—MADGE C.—

A. The rule is that the father is primarily entitled to custody of his child. This rule is of course subject to special circumstances, which might make it more advisable for the Court to grant custody to the mother. If your husband refuses to provide reasonably good home and maintenance for the child and in accordance with your husband's ability to provide same, then in such a case if you can show that you can give a better home to the child the court would probably defer to your wishes; more especially so if you are justified in leaving your husband because of his cruelty. Your husband is bound to support the child in any event and is also obliged to support you if you are justified in leaving him. We would suggest that you take the child with you and leave it to your husband to endeavor to recover custody of the child through the Courts.

Halbrite, Sask.

Q. Would you kindly give the following information through your valuable paper? Father died leaving a Will stating that all his property be bequeathed to his wife, that being my stepmother, but upon her death it should be divided between his children, her children and their children, naming my step-mother and one of her son-in-laws of her first marriage as administrators. My stepmother died three years ago and the son-in law does not make any effort to straighten up the estate, not even give an account of estate. I asked for account of this year's crop but did not get it. Asked the lawyer that has the handling of the Estate, he just puts me off by good promises, also says that he is working for the administrator. The administrator and another of my step-mother's son-in-law who has had the farm rented all these years, owe the estate quite a bit but so far have not paid any. (1) How can we make the administrator give an account of estate, when the lawyer always keeps putting us off by good promises, and says will have to pay it out of our own pockets if we get another lawyer? (2) Does the estate

Continued on page 106

Accelerates like a Flash



This is but one of the many Willys-Knight Points of Preference

THE great popularity which the "70" Willys-Knight Six has achieved since its introduction just fourteen months ago is based upon a group of exclusive engineering features found in no other car of its type or class.

Flashing acceleration! The new "70" Willys-Knight Six is the liveliest car of its class ever built—it accelerates from 5 to 40 miles an hour in 14½ seconds . . . a new record for activity.

The patented Knight sleeve-valve motor of the "70" Willys-Knight Six develops more horsepower than any other stock engine of its size ever produced in this country. It is the only motor-car engine in the world that actually improves with use. You never know what carbon trouble is—and there are no valves to grind.

The "70" Willys-Knight Six is notably light on oil. The Willys-Knight Oil Rectifier

greatly minimizes the quantity of oil consumed because it effectively prevents oil dilution.

And now Belflex Shackles provide still another exclusive Willys-Knight "Point of Preference." A noiseless, flexible material—shock absorbing, rubberized—Belflex guards against all chassis rattles and squeaks. It deadens road vibration, affords permanent chassis silence, and diminishes wear at every point of the car.

Examine the "70" Willys-Knight Six—you'll delight in the beauty of it. Ride in it—you'll thrill to the comfort and roominess of it. Drive in it—feel its responsiveness, its liveliness, the amazing power of it.

"70" Willys-Knight Six prices from \$1625 to \$1945; Willys-Knight Great Six, from \$2,575 to \$3,050; F.O.B. Factory, Toronto. Taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada. Branches: Toronto Montreal, Winnipeg.

**Willys-Knight
Points of Preference**
Knight Sleeve-valve Engine
(Improves with Use)
Belflex Shackles
Acceleration
Four-wheel Brakes
Automatic Oil Rectifier
Air Cleaner
7 Bearing Crankshaft
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Clear-vision Corner Posts
Greater Re-sale Value

"70" Willys-Knight Six



Insure Their HAPPINESS

That priceless possession — an easy mind — is the immediate reward of insuring the happiness of your dependents against the day when you can no longer help them with your living presence.

Protection
with
Profit

Great-West
ASSURANCE Life COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE — WINNIPEG

34



FOUNDATION STONES

in the Building of Your Estate

Protect your Life Insurance Policies by means of a Life Insurance Trust. Increase their value and make them the foundation stones of your estate—a source of steady income for your loved ones, unaffected by fluctuating financial conditions. How you may do this is told in our Booklet—"Life Insurance Trust—what it is and does." We shall be glad to send you a copy on request.

**THE
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION**

Established 1882

W. G. WATSON, GENERAL MANAGER

H. M. FORBES, ASST. GEN. MANAGER

TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG SASKATOON VANCOUVER

Attention of Western Home Monthly Subscribers

Notice of Change of Address Must be
Sent in By 10th of Preceding Month.



IN the last few issues we have been emphasizing the remarkable feeling of prosperity which has been the key-note of the annual reports of banking institutions, insurance and loan companies and commercial and industrial undertakings. The future seems to be rosy with promises of a continuance of this desirable state of affairs. Such confidence is undoubtedly based upon a sound foundation of information and an ability to gauge business conditions. The existence of prosperity always means that money is flowing in a stream spread over a wider area and of greater volume than usual. Many people thus benefit by the new order and come into possession of funds about the investment of which they have but hazy notions. Particularly is this true at such times as the payment of wheat pool moneys and dividends from bonds or from commercial securities.

No sooner is the fact of these payments broadcasted than the countryside becomes dotted with individuals hurrying to advise the happy recipient how best to invest the surplus cash either by way of purchase of gramophones, radios, agricultural implements or securities. In this article we desire to give some hints to intending purchasers of securities so that they may be safe-guarded as far as possible. It is but a trite statement of fact that no rule can be formulated which will prevent people from investing unwisely but it is hoped that the following suggestions will prove of benefit.

Two elements must be considered in the purchase of securities; first the character of the salesman and secondly the character of the stock. Like all other undertakings, businesses engaged in the selling of bonds and stocks are as variegated in point of financial dependability as the colors of Joseph's coat. This is not meant to be any reflection on the individual broker, but as a safe rule to be applied when any doubt exists in the mind of the purchaser as to the financial standing of the particular broker.

When it is considered that a party is to place trust in an individual to the extent of depositing with him moneys for the purchase of securities he should take every reasonable precaution to investigate closely both the moral character and the financial standing of the seller. If any doubt exists it is an easy matter to consult with the local bank manager and obtain a financial statement from any of the rating houses. Moreover the bank itself can often give information which may prove of inestimable value to the purchaser.

Beware of all salesmen who promise overmuch and beware particularly of those who hold out special inducements, such as absolute guarantees of large dividends and the undertaking by the Company to buy back the stock at any time at the request of the purchaser and usually at a much higher price. It is illegal for any Company to buy its own stock and a contract of this nature would be unenforceable at the hands of the buyer. Promises of this nature savour of high pressure methods and are usually of the same worthless fabrics as the Company itself.

To protect investors most of the Canadian Provinces have enacted legislation usually known as the Sale of Shares Act. The function of these Acts is to prohibit the sale of shares in Provincial Companies until such times as the Company shall have submitted to the Public Utilities Commissioner a statement of all its assets and liabilities and any special contracts entered into between the Company and other parties centering around the promotion of the Company. The Commissioner is bound to investigate all statements produced to him and to verify them as far as lies in his power. When he has examined the project as carefully as he can, with the assistance of government experts, he then either rejects the application for a permit if the scheme is unworthy or he grants a permit for the sale of a certain class and a certain amount

of stock of the venture. This is not to be taken as any guarantee on the part of the government that it recommends the sale of the stock, but is simply an expression of belief on the part of the Commissioner that the project if carried out as intended possesses a certain amount of merit and has a tendency to prove successful. These remarks only apply to Provincial Companies; for as yet the Dominion authorities have not enacted any legislation of this kind. As far as Dominion companies are concerned at the time of incorporation the incorporators must deposit with the government a copy of all contracts entered into between the Company and the promoters so that in this way it may check up on any contract which would give the promoters too great a profit at the expense of the proposed shareholders.

Every salesman selling securities of a Provincial Company is bound to carry with him a copy of the permit issued to the Company by the Commissioner and also his own license which is also issued by the Commissioner. He is bound to produce these documents upon request and if he fails to exhibit them at the time he makes the sale, the sale is illegal. Every purchaser therefore upon being requested to buy securities should ask in what manner the Company was incorporated and if it is a Provincial Company he should then request the agent to produce both permit and license. If the salesman will not do this then do not hesitate one moment to bring conversation to a sudden conclusion.

Very often salesmen lay special emphasis on certain contracts which the Company has entered into which will prove of material advantage to it. We remember one company whose agent declared throughout the length and breadth of the Province that a contract had been entered into with Henry Ford for the purchase of some of the by-products of the Company and possibly through the magic of his name the salesman was enabled to sell a large block of stock. The purchasers never thought it worth while to ask for a copy of the contract or to investigate the matter any further. At the same time representations were made that the Company was financed by the government and that the securities were government securities. Again no attempt was made to check up on this statement, but the word of the salesman was accepted at face value. If, therefore, any salesman attempts to induce anyone to purchase because of special contracts, the purchaser should immediately ask for a copy of the contract or for further and fuller particulars in reference to it. A Company which has such contracts should have no hesitation in revealing the contents if these contracts are of such value.

ANOTHER favourite trick of high pressure salesmen is to quote a list of prominent companies which have made remarkable and phenomenal advances such as the Ford Motor Company or the Gillette Razor Company, etc., showing the difference between value of the stock when first offered and its present day value. In this way they appeal to the speculative element which is lodged in the breast of most men. There is nothing particularly objectionable in this practice of itself, but it should be remembered that if a security has potential value, an expression of that value should appear in the project itself and should not be inferred from what other companies have done. In other words, it is not a sound argument to say that because others have done it his company must necessarily do it also. This may seem a childish statement but we know of many occasions where stocks have been sold purely by reason of this argument. Enterprises which are promised to be as profitable as those cited are not likely to be offered to the public. If stock cannot be sold for any other reason than that there is a likelihood that some day it will be a whirlwind of a money maker it had best be

Continued on page 63

1867 — 1927
DIAMOND JUBILEE SERIES

PAGES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY



TREMENDOUS construction campaign was planned when the Stephen-Smith-Angus Syndicate undertook to build the Canadian Pacific Railway within ten years. The financial men were needed at headquarters. Therefore, another executive of experience, of courage, of vision, of patience sought to plan and direct the work of construction. The search was keen. Finally, William Van Horne, General Superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, was selected. Van Horne flouted the fears of the weak-hearted and scorned the idea that the Dominion could never be linked except by connections through the United States. Selecting an all-Canada route, he led the way west, through waste of forest, rock and muskeg north of Lake Superior, while directing another army, moving east from the Pacific coast through the so-called unconquerable Rockies. On the 7th of November, 1885, Sir Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona) drove the last spike of the connecting rail which marked the completion of North America's first transcontinental railway. The impossible had been accomplished in five years instead of the stipulated ten. As the second President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Van Horne's fame spread to all quarters of the globe. He was a connoisseur of art and in later years became as familiar a figure in London and Paris as he was on the plains and mountains of western Canada. His ideals, his energy, his vision are today a part of the living structure of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

[4]



WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE
K.C.M.G.

Born near Joliet, Illinois, U.S.A., 1843
Appointed General Manager of the Canadian Pacific, 1882
Elected second President, 1888
Created K.C.M.G., 1894
Elected Chairman of the Board of Directors, 1899
Died, 1917

CANADIAN



PACIFIC

IT SPANS THE WORLD

Reliability



*Inspires Confidence
and an
Easy Mind*

**"GUTTA
PERCHA"
TIRES**

"Built Better to Wear Better"

Dealers all over Canada

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

The Red Crossbill

By H. H. Pittman

THE crossbills are some of the most remarkable of our birds and are inclined to be rather tame and confiding but their erratic movements have prevented many of us from becoming very familiar with them. For several seasons, perhaps, they will come to a particular bluff or strip of woodland and then disappear for years. It is interesting to visit their haunts, or at least to try to, but often, after a lot of trouble, such a trip ends in disappointment. Their summer home is the coniferous forest-belt right across the continent but in winter they may appear anywhere and will come to any group of suitable trees sooner or later. They have been known to nest in the Cypress Hills in Saskatchewan and, I believe, in south-western Manitoba.

the loss of the breast markings and the adoption of a rather darker coat of green. The bright colouring of many of these birds distinctly adds to their parrot-like appearance.

The crossbills are accomplished acrobats and, like the parrots, have a habit of using bills and feet to climb from branch to branch. I have seen and photographed them hanging upside down on a strand of fence-wire before descending to the ground, exactly as parrots will do on the perches in their cages.

The nest is usually rather high up in an evergreen and is a fairly neat cup of twigs, moss or grass, lined with fur and feathers. The eggs are of the finch type, greenish-white, marked with dark brown and grey. Like everything else about



Red Crossbills

These birds take their name from the crossed mandibles of their beaks which, viewed from the side, suggest the beaks of parrots more than anything else. The bill-tips are long and the upper one has a pronounced downward curve. The lower one, of course, turns up and they cross some distance from the end.

When studying these birds and their white-winged relatives in the field I found that the peculiar bills are not always crossed in the same way and fancied at first that the side upon which the upper half crossed the lower might be some indication of sex. Further observation failed to prove this theory but the following notes may be of interest. With one pair of crossbills I was able to watch closely the upper mandible of the male went on the left side of the lower, while that of the female went on the other side. A male we kept as a pet for years also had the upper part on the left of the lower one. Various other males and females had their bills crossing like this, but it would be necessary to examine a large series of skins to find if this difference is constant with the sexes or not.

The remarkable development of the bills appears to be a wonderful adaptation to the birds' mode of life, enabling them to extract the seeds from the cones of the evergreens. At certain times these seeds form the principal part of their diet and they can quickly and easily open cones which less fortunate birds would have to hammer to pieces. Leaf-galls, too, are rapidly opened, with something of the ease and facility of the professional oyster-opener at a popular seaside resort. The long curved mandibles are not a handicap when other food is chosen for the birds can pick up and shell weed-seeds or oats as readily as any of the finches.

The coloring of the red crossbills is bewildering and so far, has not been satisfactorily explained. Some of our observations regarding it have been made from captive specimens and confinement frequently has a peculiar effect upon plumage. Male crossbills are to be found bright red, green or yellow and it was naturally assumed that the red was the adult stage and the others intermediate. Now it is suggested that this should all be reversed and that the red is the dress of early maturity and comes before the others. I caught a young male once, well able to fly and look after himself, but still showing traces of yellow at the corners of the bill. We kept him for years but the only change of plumage was

these birds their breeding season is erratic and nests have been found from January to July and August.

The red crossbills, tongues are interesting and play an important part in the gathering of tiny insects such as those found in the galls upon the leaves of the cotton-wood and other trees. I don't suppose they are adhesive but aphides seem to stick to them like ants do to the tongues of flickers. In captivity the birds are fond of licking a small block of salt but it should only be given as an occasional treat.

IT will probably surprise many people to know that the red crossbills are good singers and, when feeding in the tree-tops, that they are great conversationalists. It is strange that more are not kept in cages, for their voices are very sweet and free from harsh notes. The song is a pleasing medley of musical twitters and melodious calls uttered very gently. An inconspicuous place is chosen and they are generally hard to find when singing. It is usually very unsatisfactory to try and put avian music down in words but one phrase, out of many, may perhaps, be rendered like this—"chip-chip-chip-chip (ascending) tu-tu-tu-tu" (descending). The call is a soft "chip" and the cry of alarm is a loud "pink-pink". Although caging on the whole is undoubtedly cruel, the crossbills are among the few birds that take kindly to it and suffer least. If taken young enough, they soon learn to regard their cages as homes and if liberated later by design or accident, are quite glad to return.

We naturally associate these birds with the great silent forests of evergreens, to which they lend a welcome touch of life and it is there that they must be looked for in the early part of the year. In winter they travel far and wide and not infrequently visit the little prairie towns. I have seen them in both Hartney and Souris in southern Manitoba and in Red Deer, Alberta. Isolated farm-houses are more frequently visited and I have seen them settle upon the roofs with almost sparrow-like confidence.

Like so many wild creatures living in the great silent places, far from civilization, they have little fear of man and a careful approach will enable the observer to study small birds of almost tropical colouring and form at a distance of only a few yards.

Continued on page 103



F A M O U S F E E T

MISS MAE MURRAY, *Lovely Movie Star*, believes that a corn is excess-baggage . . . with Blue-jay at every drug store . . . as easy to get as postage stamps!

Here's a vital "foot-note" A new way to end Corns

For the feet of *Madame* and *Monsieur* . . . for working feet and dancing feet . . . for feet that are fleet and for feet that are lovely . . . for *all* feet . . . Here, indeed, is an interesting foot-note. Your old friend, *Blue-jay*, has taken on a new burst of efficiency . . . new refinements and perfections. Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, Blue-jay in its new-style 1927 package has acquired added finesse!

No change has been made in the Blue-jay formula itself. It would be folly to tamper with the magic wax which has ended over fifty million foot annoyances. But there's a *white* pad now, instead of a blue one. A creamy-white pad to blend with the pearly pinkness of the skin. A concession to the fastidious.

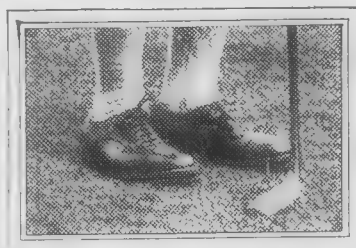
And there's a more flexible disc, to fit the medication perfectly even over the odd-shaped corn. To say nothing of the sprightly new package . . . a comely cardboard package instead of the old-style paper envelope.

Thus, in keeping with this progressive age, the Old Standby of your feet has moved upward and onward . . . with new efficiency and good looks.

No other way so safe and gentle! There are many drastic ways for removing corns. But Blue-jay is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the



ANN PENNINGTON says: "A corn is an evidence of personal neglect. Why should anyone keep one . . . when a dainty Blue-jay plaster will remove it so quickly, so urbanely and comfortably!"



GENE SARAZEN'S *Famous Golfing Feet*. "Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away. But Blue-jay does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on Blue-jay."

avored way. A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

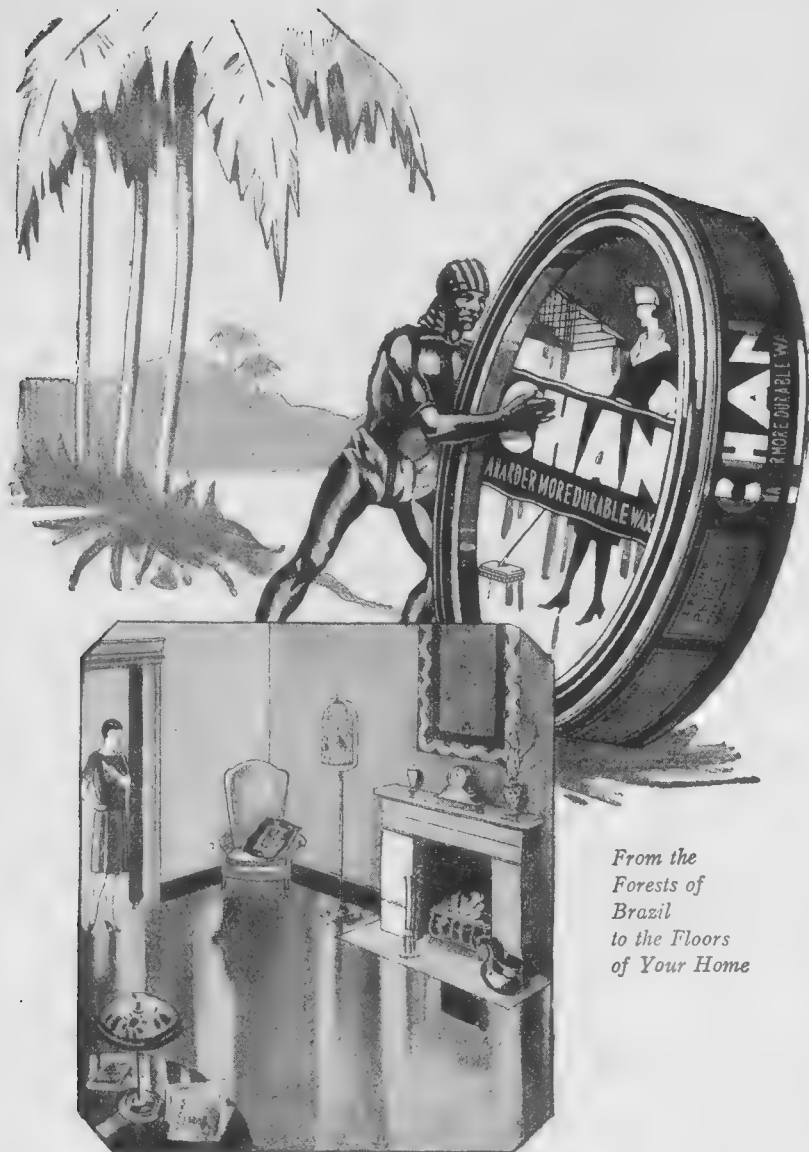
The new Blue-jay in the new and improved package now awaits you at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE New Blue-jay





From the
Forests of
Brazil
to the Floors
of Your Home

This New-Type Wax From Brazil

Is a Wonderful Improvement Over Ordinary Floor Wax

YOU can get no idea of the richer floor beauty obtainable with CHAN—the new-type floor wax—until you witness the magic of it on floors that are dulled and filmed from constant scuffing.

So get a tin or jar today. See for yourself how rapidly your floors respond to the CHAN treatment with a new brightness and sparkle. Note how easy it is to apply, and make a record of how much longer it lasts. You'll find its lovelier finish is practically waterproof too.

The secret of the unequalled durability and beauty of finish which CHAN gives, is "Carnauba." In the tropical forests of Brazil grows the giant "Carnauba" tree, from which is obtained a hard, brittle wax unequalled anywhere in the world as a floor beautifier.

Scraped from the huge leaves, then boiled and refined, this "Carnauba" wax is blended with small amounts of other waxes to make application easy, rapid and economical. Because of its greater polishing power, you should use CHAN sparingly. A one pound tin will cover 1,000 square feet of floor—two or three times more than ordinary floor waxes. It sets quickly, dries hard, gives floors real protection.

Your hardware man can supply you with CHAN in paste form of ½ lb. 40c., 1 lb. 75c., 3 lbs. \$2.00, 5 lbs. \$3.25. In liquid form ½ pint 40c., 1 pt. 75c. Also in larger containers.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO



(WEM-4)

MAIL THIS FOR FREE SAMPLE

Upon receipt of 10c. (stamps or coin) to cover postage and mailing, we will send a generous sized tin of CHAN, FREE postpaid, sufficient to polish a medium sized room.

Name

Address

City or Town

Is Juvenile Immigration an Asset to Canada? By Lilian D. Milner

IT is exactly fifty years since Miss Annie MacPherson, pioneer worker in juvenile immigration, crossed the Atlantic with her first party of children, and commenced the work through which many Canadian farmers and their wives have been able to secure help at very low wages.

From time to time the work has met with criticism, but such criticism has generally been due to ignorance of its real nature, and adverse opinions regarding it have usually been founded on insufficient grounds. It is solely of a philanthropic nature and has never been included in the Immigration Department's propaganda throughout the British Isles.

That it is desirable will be borne out by those who have been for many years employers of the young people brought out by the Homes. The children are sometimes referred to, even by those who are kindly disposed towards them, as being from the overcrowded slums of England. This is not quite fair, for, while some of them have not had the advantages of good homes, a great number have become wards of institutions because of the cruel results of deaths of parents who were unable to provide for them, many having been precipitated from respectability to practical destitution in this manner.

The Girls' Village Home, and Boys' Garden City, both of these being Barnado Homes in Essex, England, are the kind of surroundings these children are transplanted to before their migration to Canada. Modern cottages, accommodating from twenty to thirty children, are each run as a separate home, with foster-parents in charge. The children usually remain in these Homes for at least two years before being sent to Canada.

The Quarrier Homes in Scotland are run in the same way, and every effort is made not only to instil home life, but to keep alive the individuality of the child.

The boys from the Fegan Home receive an excellent training in farm work, the training school, a farm of about eighty-four acres within fifty miles of London, having stables, farming implements and general equipment of Canadian model and manufacture.

The policy of the Barnado organization is to bring out the children to Canada as young as is practicable, and to board out those of tender age, the Homes paying for these children to be cared for. They are thus educated in the schools of Canada and grow up with Canadian ideals. Prior to the war the Barnado organization was paying money into the pockets of the people of Ontario, who undertook this work, at the rate of from \$95,000. to \$100,000. per annum. This expenditure was apart from the additional vast outlays in Canada for the necessities of life for the great family, besides outfits, travelling, medical, visitation and other expenses, which for one year totalled \$164,140; the whole of this money coming from the old country.

It is a gratifying feature of this work to those who have it at heart that the good behaviour of one child frequently opens the way for others. Where a Home child has a brother, or sister, it is not an unusual thing for a foster-parent to make application for the second child also; and one great-hearted Canadian farmer has taken into his home seven of these children, four being from one family, as well as two little Canadian orphans.

SOME Home children have, later in life, become benefactors to their foster-parents. One boy who, by dint of perseverance, matriculated, put himself through college and entered one of the professions, acquired considerable wealth and provided a liberal annuity for his foster-parents in their declining days. The various Homes authorities are continually receiving unsolicited donations from former wards for the upkeep of the work. Beneficiaries do not always show appreciation of what has been done for them, but this characteristic is by no means confined to any one class.

A minister, addressing a large conference in the Capital a while ago, stated that his best church workers and supporters were twenty-five former Barnado boys and girls. A former ward of the Barnado Homes is now the very successful pastor of a large church in New York City. The

Northwest Mounted Police, than which a finer body of men does not exist, contains a number of former wards of Homes. A former Barnado boy recently refused an offer of \$25,000. for his cement block factory, this being but one of his several interests.

But it is in the agricultural professions that the majority of the boys have done well. Unlike older immigrants a great percentage of these boys do remain on the land. A boy, who was brought out by the Catholic Emigration Association, was placed with a farmer who permitted him to attend an agricultural college, giving him a piece of ground on which to raise money to pay his expenses. By the time he had reached his eighteenth year he had saved sufficient money to take a course which would enable him to take a position as Inspector of Agriculture. He had put in one year when war broke out and he enlisted. Upon his return to Canada he finished the course, and was recently sent west by the Federal Government in connection with the settlement of soldiers on the land.

Hundreds of Home boys have acquired their own farms. A former Barnado boy, one of a number who enlisted in the Flying Corps, was, because of his knowledge of internal combustion engines, appointed lecturer on that subject at one of our universities upon his return to Canada. A former Quarrier Home boy is the inventor of a new power-reversing gear.

IN "Canada in Flanders", the official story of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, Lord Beaverbrook (Sir Max Aitken) tells the story of the heroic effort and achievement of one Sergeant H., a former Barnado boy. Sergeant H. who was recommended for the Victoria Cross, but did not live to receive it, performed what Lord Beaverbrook speaks of as being "the most splendid of all splendid deeds". In the face of what promised to be certain death, he volunteered to recover two trench mortars which had been abandoned by his battalion. He brought them in, but found something of greater value than the mortars—the shortest and quickest way to bring men up from the reserve trenches at time when every life was of the greatest value. He guided party after party up to the trenches by this route, risking his own life every time he went back and forth.

On another day he ran forward in front of the line, dressed the wounds of five comrades and carried each of them back to cover, in the face of a heavy shell and rifle fire which the enemy, who had an uninterrupted view of his movements, did not scruple to turn upon him.

Sergeant H. is not the only former Home boy to be recommended for the Victoria Cross.

The argument has been raised over and over again that juvenile immigration means the dumping on Canada's shores of Britain's social wreckage. Some years ago the attention of Mr. G. Bogue Smart, Chief Inspector of juvenile immigration, was drawn to an item in an English newspaper, stating that a boy, accused of theft, would be sent out to Canada through an orphan Home. As soon as the matter was brought to the attention of Mr. Smart, he wrote the Secretary of the Home in question, pointing out to him that if the boy was sent to Canada he would be deported as an undesirable immigrant, as this country would not be made an asylum for children who had shown criminal tendencies. The Secretary of the Home, in his reply to Mr. Smart, stated that the compact to send this boy out to Canada had been made by the officials of the court without the knowledge or consent of the Home authorities, and said that they would not receive the boy and he would not be sent out to Canada.

Such a procedure would arouse the just indignation of Canadian people, and neither Mr. Smart, the Homes authorities, nor anyone interested in the work, is desirous that any child shall enter this Dominion who will be likely to prejudice people against the work by its bad behaviour. The continued demand for the children, a demand which cannot be satisfied for want of funds to pay for transportation, is abundant proof that juvenile immigration satisfies a real need, and is an asset to this country.

Hints on Flower Growing

ANYONE who wishes to have a good flower garden should be particular about cultivation, which means four things: (1) digging, (2) manuring, (3) timely preparation, (4) weeding. The digging should be deep. The soil should be broken up to a depth of about twelve inches. A certain amount of manure is beneficial to almost any soil. Especially when the natural soil is a gumbo, a great improvement can be made with manure. Gumbo, mixed with a fair quantity of rotten manure and some sand, will make an excellent material to grow flowers in. The work of preparing the ground should not be all left for the spring of the year, both because one is likely to be too busy in the spring; and because ground that is dug up in the fall and left in a loose condition over winter will benefit by the action

For combating this enemy a good thing is to move the plants to a different place every third year. One should buy the columbine roots, and plant them in the fall. It is easy to grow columbines from seed, but it is more convenient to buy the roots in stocking a garden.

Fall planting is the rule for all rooted perennials and bulbs. On the other hand, trees and shrubs are better planted in the spring. The soil should be well broken up and sifted, then firmly packed around the roots.

Perennial flax is a very beautiful flower. It keeps on blooming although it drops its petals all in one day. It drops one corolla and produces another, and repeats the process. The most important thing to know about perennial flax is that it is greedy of soil.



A beautiful clump of Peonies

of the frost. Winter frosts and early spring moisture will put the soil in good shape for the planting. When the seed is planted a gardener's work is by no means finished. He must relentlessly fight all weeds so as to give his plants the best possible opportunity to flourish. The weeds that are most troublesome in many gardens are the sowthistle and the sweet clover. Every time one of these weeds appears above the ground it should be pulled out, because the seedling can be destroyed with ease, not so the adult plant.

Of bulbs for outdoor planting, the hardiest, and the only ones generally recommended for this climate, are tulips. Some people in some favored locations have grown some others successfully, but any others are not to be depended upon. Tulips should be planted in October about six inches deep, though some people recommend only four inches. A little sand placed in the ground beneath the bulbs is a good thing. The best varieties of tulips to grow in Western Canada are the later June flowering and the Darwin and Parrot varieties. The Cottage Maid is one of the later tulips, and if some of these are planted besides a bed of Darwin tulips, which are later still, the period of bloom may be altogether as much as six weeks. When their season is over the remaining stems may be cut off and, if the bulbs are six inches deep, some annuals may be planted on top, to furnish bloom in the same place later in the summer. Tulips may be regarded as perennials, as many of them will grow year after year without replanting.

One of the best perennials for the western home garden is the iris. Some wild irises are found in parts of Manitoba. Of the garden varieties the Spanish and the English are not hardy, and the Japanese is not to be recommended, but the German and the Siberian are very good. The iris furnishes bloom for about a month if a right selection of varieties is made.

Columbine is another good perennial. It has no particular scent, but it is attractive in shape and colors. It has one serious enemy, which is a large root grub.

The peony is a favorite, but it is not to be recommended for a small garden. In a tiny garden the big blossom of a peony looks out of place. Peonies show to best advantage in a long row, or in a big patch. The period of bloom of any one peony is brief, but varieties of peonies are legion, and, by having several varieties one may have peony blossoms for four weeks or more. The roots are fat and bulbous. There are buds at the top of the roots. The root should be planted at an angle of about 45 degrees with the bud two inches down. Planting is done in the fall, and the soil well sifted and packed down by hand. The plants should begin to bloom the second year.

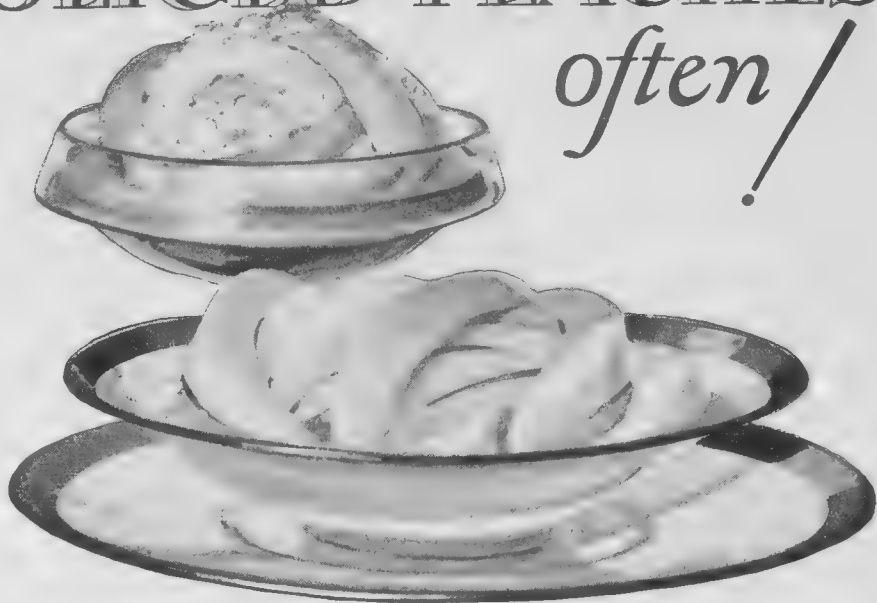
One flower which is grown easily in Manitoba is the tobacco plant, a flower that blooms from early July to late October. Its most remarkable characteristic is that it is so generous with its scent at night.

By growing a large variety of flowers like those mentioned above, anyone may have blossoms in the garden for from four to six months.

A flower garden on the prairie is in great peril from storms, of course, if it is not protected by some windbreaks. Sometimes a sharp wind will come along and snap a beautiful lot of flowers right off. There should be more hedges to protect them. Protection in the form of hedges will help a great deal in keeping a garden green throughout the summer. There are several shrubs which are suitable, such as lilac, wild rose, caragana, clipped maple. Some of these will grow far beyond the normal size of a hedge if not kept clipped. Probably the best hedge is the lilac, because lilacs retain the foliage late in the fall. Another simple precaution against storms is to have the flowers planted rather closely, that is more closely than the regulation distance apart.

Some people pay a lot of attention to the shape and architecture of their gardens but when the garden is only a small one in the front yard or back yard of a city house, it may not be worth while to bother much about formality. Color effects, scent and abundance of bloom are desirable in the smaller gardens.

Serve SLICED PEACHES *often!*



*Their fresh, enticing flavor
makes any number of
good dishes better*

And it is this variety that makes menus tempting—this novelty that gives flavor and interest to the meals you serve.

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, with all their fresh delicacy and appeal, offer scores of tempting adventures among the dishes you like so well.

For instance, they're always delightful with cereals these crisp, cold mornings. They make one of the finest shortcakes you can serve. Left-over sponge-cake becomes a royal dish when covered with the tender slices and topped with whipped cream.

Best of all, they are an ideal dessert by themselves—a quick, easy fruit treat that everybody likes.

Just be sure of their quality. Insist on DEL MONTE. Then you know in advance exactly what you're getting—the same dependable goodness and flavor, the same uniform assurance of satisfaction—no matter when or where you buy.

Just be sure you say

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*Other
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Peaches, Melba Halves
Peach Halves, both Yellow
Cling and Freestone
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Royal Anne Cherries
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PROFESSIONAL MEN SPEAK TO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

GUARD THE DANGER LINE
WHERE TEETH MEET GUMS



Not only are white teeth and firm, pink gums vital to charm and beauty, but physical well-being often depends upon their soundness.

With the vital fascination of good health depending on them, it is fundamental that you must guard your teeth and gums. But how are you to know which is the most effective method of protecting yourself? There are so many dentifrices—so many claims—so many conflicting theories!

E. R. Squibb & Sons decided to ask the dental profession to settle the problem. An investigation was started. Thousands of dentists were asked to state as briefly as possible what constituted the greatest threat to teeth and gums, and what was the best means of combating it. The answers are amazing in their simplicity and forcefulness.

Beauty, charm, health...they are too precious to risk lightly. This verdict, passed by the dental profession, removes all doubt as to what constitutes proper oral hygiene.

95% of the answers agree that mouth acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and irritated gums.

95% of the answers state that the most treacherous decay and gum infection occur at the place known as The Danger Line where teeth and gums meet—where a tooth-brush cannot reach.

85% state that Milk of Magnesia is the best product to neutralize these dangerous acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in the most convenient and effective form. Each time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There these particles not only neutralize the acids already present, but remain for a considerable time, to neutralize any new acid that may be formed.

Squibb's Dental Cream combines all the ingredients necessary for the correct care of your teeth and gums. It is a thorough cleanser—leaves the teeth beautifully white—relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums—contains no harsh grit or abrasives.

Protect your health and beauty. Follow the advice of these authorities. Consult your dentist at least once every six months, and meanwhile use Squibb's Dental Cream. At all druggists—45c a tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Ltd., 468 King St. W., Toronto.
**THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER**

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Peach Blossoms

THOSE of us who live where peaches do not blossom and grow readily, have difficulty appreciating the rare beauty of these dainty blooms. When they are at their best in Peach County, Georgia, and when the sixty thousand acres of peach orchards are in blossom in March, the scene is one of indescribable loveliness.

The delicate flowers have a variety of pink tints, shading from a waxy white and faint rose to a deep, yellowish pink hue. Against the azure sky, they are exquisitely beautiful.

them sprayed against blight and insects. When the crop is ready to harvest, it takes rare good judgment to know just when to gather it, that it will be at its best when it reaches distant markets, some of which are hundreds of miles, and others thousands of miles away.

The story of the wanderings of the peach from the Orient through different countries as it travelled westward from China, through India, Persia, Spain, and Mexico, into the United States, is extremely interesting. And when we enjoy some luscious ripe peaches or some



Peach Blossoms

One may almost lose oneself in billows of bloom and drifting fragrance in the heart of a great peach orchard, and it is easy to think of the world as far away, and of the Creator as very, very near.

The peach trees have to have intelligent care, and much work is necessary to keep

delicious canned or preserved ones, we must not think that there is no romance back of the peach. Its story reads like a fairy tale, and it is but one of the many blessings which we often enjoy without appreciating all it has cost in the immediate present and the far distant past.

Reminiscences of a Small City Post Office

Continued from page 50

by wishing me "the time of the day", or "the top of the morning". She asked after my health with real solicitude. (I was of a robust constitution). One morning she simply rushed at me with none of these preliminaries. I was beginning: "Good morning, Mrs—", when she staggered me by exclaiming: "Glory be to God! Me boy comes home this day. I've had a telegram from his ownself, I have. It's after getting his room ready for him, I am, glory be." She had no letter to weigh that morning. She had just rushed in to tell me the good news, on her way "to buy a bite o' summat for her boy".

I missed her on Monday mornings after that; but she was happy I knew. She had her boy.

I GOT easily attached to people while I sold them stamps. Of course, they left the city or married and went to live miles away, near another Post Office. It was all in the day's work. I could not help caring for people: it was the way I was made. There were people who could not pass the Post Office without coming in to talk to me.

Not afford a matter of two or three extra stamps! I could scarcely imagine such a thing; secure as I was in my Government position. In time, I found out that there is something infinitely worse than getting up every morning early, to be at the Post Office at eight. There were people in the city who would have given anything for my position: they would have been grateful if they had a reason for rising early. The burden of unemployment really weighs heavier than the burden of work, although I took a long time to realize this.

Some people made the Post Office a rendezvous. "Have you seen So-and-So," they would ask me, and then rush out again or dawdle around according to my answer. As for me, it was easy for anyone to catch me. My hours were regular. One day a messenger boy handed me a small parcel through the wicket. It was a box of chocolates!

After that, the people of the Post Office came to look on the boy as an Institution; for every day he arrived regularly with violets, chocolates, a book or something.

ABOUT this time, another wicket was opened next to mine, and another woman came regularly and entered my "Den", as if it belonged to her. She sold stamps. She took her work seriously. It was stamps and nothing else. She held no conversations with anyone. When my old friends found this out, they would wait, in long streams at my wicket, while hers remained nearly empty.

I said to them, smiling: "There's another wicket" but they paid no attention to this fact.

"This way, ladies," I heard the Postmaster say once. The people made a slight movement, watched him go, and moved back to where they had been waiting in front of my wicket.

I tried to make the other woman at home, but she froze up. She was here for business she distinctly told me. She was here to sell stamps! She sold them sometimes! She kept no one waiting. She never allowed her thoughts to swerve from her work. She was a real machine. Irene and her mother would never buy stamps from her. "She's an icicle," said Mrs. King. The child agreed with her. "She's efficient. She does her work well," I said. "Well, I won't buy stamps there ever," replied Irene. I smiled. At that moment the messenger boy came up and handed me a parcel. "Wait a minute," I cried to Mrs. King. "Oh, ten ones. (To a man). 'I'll show you something.'" I went on. "Look!" Irene and her mother bent over my counter. "It's a ring," exclaimed the child. "Rubies and diamonds. How lovely!" "Congratulations," said Mrs. King, who had a gift for guessing the right thing.

"Twelve threes," shouted a man; but I paid no attention to him. He went to the next wicket... to the efficient woman and bought his stamps there!

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 56

left alone and an attempt made to concentrate on something that would produce a quicker though smaller revenue on a sounder basis. The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of proud commercial vessels that left port with the flag of hope and confidence flying from the mast head but which never reached their destination but sank, a total wreck. The lure of high dividends has been the down fall of many who do not apparently realize that interest payable on securities varies with the degree of safety which the project possesses. Government bonds bear a low rate of interest for the very reason that the entire resources of the government are pledged as security for the bonds. The higher the rate of interest the less attractive is the undertaking. No Company wishes to pay, for instance on preferred stock more than that amount which must be held out as an inducement to the investor to purchase it. Promises of dividends of 20 or 30 per cent should immediately warn the purchaser that the claim is of a wild cat nature and should be shunned as a venomous serpent. This is particularly true when a salesman travels to out-of-way places to sell stock. No person will travel any distance and undergo hardships to sell stock that will pay such dividends for the very simple reason that it would pay him either to purchase the stock himself or to sell it to the public nearer home and under more enjoyable circumstances. It is a fairly safe statement to make that when stock of this class is sold in remote localities it is only sold because nobody else would purchase it or because the salesman does not wish to have his proposition investigated.

Finally never be forced into a speedy sale. If a salesman is honest and if his security is worth while, he will have no hesitation in giving the investor ample opportunity to investigate the proposition and to make his decision later.

THE GREAT WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

WESTERN CANADIANS are proud of their big financial institutions. Many of them started up in the uncertain days of long ago and, refusing to be discouraged by the conditions existing at that time, went ahead with their faith in the future of the country undimmed. Particularly are we interested in the career of an institution such as the Great West Life Assurance Company which came into being when Winnipeg was in its swaddling clothes and has amazingly developed so as to attain its present proud position among the financial institutions of the North American continent. This company has been particularly fortunate in having at the head of its affairs men of considerable ability and always tremendously optimistic as to the future of their country and of their company. Figures are often confusing to the layman but some idea of the tremendous growth of the company will be gained when we state that this year the assets of the company are over ten million dollars more than last year; the company's income has increased by over two and a quarter million dollars and the ordinary business in force is greater by over thirty-six million dollars. In keeping with that measure of conservatism which has been so characteristic a feature of the company it is not the intention of the directors to enter into new territory but "to maintain a high dividend scale by intensive cultivation of the present fields rather than by spreading out over wider area." The General Manager's report presents a picture of unbounded prosperity, tempered with a sane and optimistic outlook on the future workings.

Fashion Show

Continued from page 48

that lends to these coats their chief distinction. There is no more of the lavish use of fur that characterized the cloth of the past few seasons; the rather flat furs are preferred, like rich-toned mink marten, fitch, squirrel and all the host of dyed furs, and they content themselves with sometimes doing no more than line a little up-standing collar, or again, they form a collar that may go all the way to a big, soft, rooling shawl collar, extending perhaps right to the hem-line in front. The calf-skin already mentioned is used on many of the smartest coats—the spotted pure-white and black on black cloth coats, the brown and white, on coats in all the beige and brown tones. Other than its touch of fur, the cloth coat has no trimming, it depends almost entirely on its good plain lines for its style.

Some of the informal little afternoon and evening frocks depart from the straight-line idea, having bodices that are rather semi-fitted, often quite hinting at the waist line, and skirts that are quite full, with tucks, cordings and so on to give them flare. The wandering and temperamental waist line shows more tendency to creep up toward normal in these dresses, than in any others.

The evening gown gives up the only long skirt to be seen—and that only in what is called the "robe de style"—the period dress that is picturesque rather than modern. Very often it is of transparent fabrics, in which case the silk slip beneath, is quite short, with sometimes a scalloped hem-line that is very pretty. When the dress is not transparent, the hem will more than likely be uneven, with a strong tendency to run up in front.

A word about hats. The small—though not the extremely tiny—hat prevails for general use. It sometimes omits the brim entirely, following the hair-line idea. Usually there is a brim in front, but the back brim is cut away or turned up sharply. It is a joy to have a hat that does not conflict with one's coat collar or fur. Trimmings are exceedingly simple—again, the line is everything. The very high crown of the winter seems to have given way to a more moderate one. Very often, the impression exists that if the crown were pressed out to its full extent, it would be a very tall one indeed—but

nearly every crown is folded and tucked in, not only on one side, but in three or four directions sometimes, with a very smart effect. Lustrous and supple felts are in the lead, with the silk or satin hat putting up quite a claim to favour. Straw is combined this year with both felt and silk. The felt hat with the fairly large brim has also appeared—the brim turned upwards in the back, as a rule; the most beautiful colours are seen in these large felts—and no trimming but a bit of gros-grain ribbon. They are lovely with some of the silk crepe sports dresses.

The T. Eaton Company, who have brought the famous "Goddess of Styles", as she has been called by Paul Poiret, to Canada, for their fashion revue issues the following very complete summary of the last word: All the tones of blue. The pale tints of beige. Belts—to be buckled in snugly. The higher waistline. The bloused silhouette. The bolero effect. The frock with the short jacket to match it. The compose costume—two colors, two materials. Flaring skirts. The bow on the shoulder. Pin tucks. The tailored suit. The silver fox scarfs. The ensemble of printed frock and long plain coat. The small felt hat with drooping brim. The middle size hat of exotic straw. Deep folds in crowns of hats. Pouch and envelope bags with marquise monograms.

Weep to the tale of Willie T8
Who met a girl whose name was K8.
He courted her at fearful r8.
And begged her soon to become his m8
"I would if I could," said lovely K8
"I pity your lonely, unhappy st8.
"But alas, you're come too l8.
"I'm married already, the mother of 8."

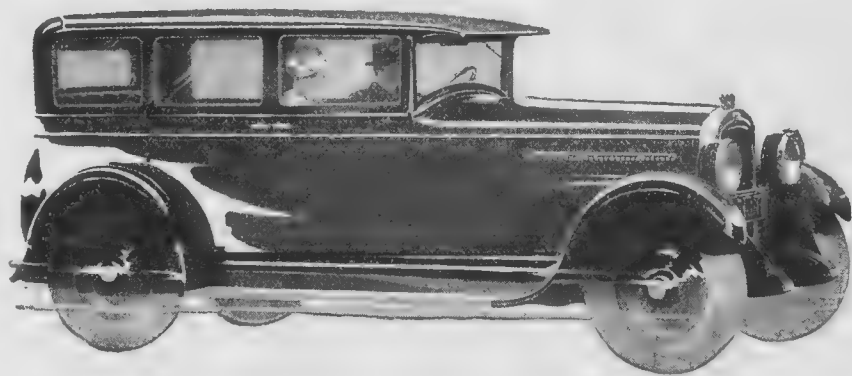
Corrective Old Gentleman—My little man, you mustn't say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going.' 'He is not going.' 'We are not going.' 'They are not going.'

Little Johnny—Ain't nobody goin'—Stevens Stone Mill.

"How do you feel about being on the water wagon, Pietro?"
"Oh, I feel much better off."



THE Closest-priced Six in Canada with ten per cent extra quality but not a penny added to the price. Hupmobile's own seasoned engineering and precision manufacturing assure power as smooth as electricity, superb roadability, economical operation, zest and go. In sound value, in engineering and accessory features, no rival near its price. Beautiful, clear vision, ball-back bodies ~ Color options ~ Genuine mohair upholstery ~ Beautiful hardware ~ All instruments under one glass, indirectly lighted ~ Vision-ventilating windshield ~ Automatic windshield cleaner ~ Solid walnut steering wheel ~ Rear view mirror ~ Tilting beam headlights, with controls on steering wheel ~ Both manifold and thermostatic heat control ~ Dash gasoline gauge ~ Gasoline filter ~ Force feed lubrication ~ Oil filter ~ Special vibration damper ~ 4-wheel brakes ~ Balloon tires ~ Snubbers. Sedan, five-passenger, four-door (below) \$1910; Brougham, five-passenger, two-door (above) \$1910; Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, \$1910; Roadster, two-passenger, with rumble seat, \$1910; Touring, five-passenger, \$1825. All prices f. o. b. Windsor.



Hupmobile Six

THE CLOSEST-PRICED SIX IN CANADA

New Viewpoints on Paris

Continued from page 16

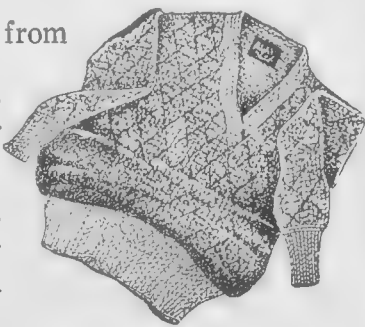


Men like this stylish new Aberley sweater

The Aberley "202", as illustrated, is a wonderful knitted coat of quiet elegance and outstanding quality. Fits with a snug gentleness that allows a free and easy swing.

100% pure wool, knit from the famous Aberley yarns, in a most attractive selection of new English heather shades at \$6.00.

The boy's pullover illustrated is an exclusive new Aberley design, priced from \$2.50 up.



Aberley

100% PURE WOOL
KNITTED OUTERWEAR



GIRLS' POLO COLLAR style is made in a wide assortment of handsome colors. Priced from \$2.50 up.

Aberley Knitted Outerwear is made by the makers of the famous ABERLEY Form-Fitting SWIMMING SUITS as worn by "Miss Toronto", winner of the 1926 beauty contest at Sunnyside.

Aberley Knitting Mills Limited
Toronto, Canada

of foreigners, particularly Americans from North and South America. Yet the French have taken a strangely antagonistic attitude to all visitors, taxing them heavily and in various ways, putting up the price on many things, all of which actions I am greatly afraid at the present time of writing, are going to have a bad effect on tourist trade. In fact, they are, at the present moment. Every foreigner staying in France more than two months must pay a tax of 365 francs for a card of identity good for a year. In addition visitors to small cities and out-of-the-way places are taxed a *tax de séjour*, or sojourning tax, amounting to about four cents a day. In some places there is an additional tax of about two cents a day charged by the municipality to keep up roads and parks. This would not be so bad were it not that a large proportion of the population of recent times are in a distinctly hostile mood to Americans, Canadians and Englishmen. I have talked at great length to old residents in Paris, both Americans, English and Canadians, and they all agree upon the existence of this unfortunate state of affairs. Particularly the working classes dislike foreigners, no doubt because most of the foreigners visiting Paris have plenty of money, or, at least, the French people are absolutely certain they have. Of course envy very often leads to dislike; and no doubt many Frenchmen feel justified. One day not long ago I saw an instance that had all the elements to arouse bad feeling. A middle-aged French war veteran sat in a pastry shop at the afternoon tea hour, which has become very popular in France. He wore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, so you can rest assured he was a brave man and had served his country well. Yet he was poorly dressed, and his food order consisted of a single croissant (a small horseshoe-shaped light pastry costing 2 cents) and a cup of coffee. While he dined frugally as his means demanded, the place filled up with a dozen foreigners, Greeks, they were. They ordered lavishly of the most expensive things. Small wonder if envy was aroused. Duplicate such happenings by the thousands, and it is readily understood why a hostile feeling exists against foreigners. Yet, when looked at in a sensible light, the feeling is wrong. When in my own country I see every day hundreds of men vastly better off than myself; still I do not dislike them. Still the feeling is there, and the French are hurting themselves by their actions; for in the past three months there was a large exodus of tourists from Paris to Italy, largely due to resentment aroused by French treatment. Unquestionably visiting Canadians and Americans in particular have had prices put up on them. So much was this so, that a friend of mine from New York, who speaks good French, whenever he went to purchase anything always prefaced his attempt by remarking: "I am not a rich American."

I mention all these things, because I found them interesting sidelights on the country, and it must always be a writer's endeavor to give a faithful and truthful picture of a land as he sees it. For it must be remembered that the Paris of today, and in fact the whole of Northern France at least, is not the France of before the war. The mighty conflict changed the nature of the people. They are bitter today, and lacking, in general, in that politeness for which they were previously famed. I talked to many Canadians here on various phases of life. One is the head of a big bank. He has been here four years. Yet in all that time not once has he been invited to the home of any

of the French business men with whom he is in daily contact. I talked to a clerk in a bank who has been away from Canada for six years and constantly employed in Paris. He told me the same story. He has never been invited to the homes of any of his fellow bank clerks of French nationality. That is what the Canadian misses in France: the free and easy comradeship. You do not have to know a man long in your own country to be invited to his home.

The most surprising contrast of any, at least to me, is the newspapers. Paris is a city of four million. Yet the newspapers are amazingly small, from six to eight pages, with very little in them. There is not a city in Canada of over fifty thousand population that does not publish a paper vastly superior to any in Paris not only in size, but letterpress and contents.

So much for the contrasts in favor of the new world. To anyone contemplating a journey to France they will be particularly interesting, and need in no way deter one from having a pleasant time, for few people come looking for social life. And while the undercurrent of hostility does exist, there are countless exceptions of kindly, amiable French people who go out of their way to make the foreigner as welcome as the difference in the psychology of two nations makes possible.

I KNOW of no more interesting adventure in Paris than renting an apartment. It is surrounded with such complexities, such intrigue, such petty graft that it is one of the experiences of a lifetime. This is, of course, due to the large influx of foreigners to Paris since the war putting living quarters at a premium. Before demand became great, many people living in Paris held long leases on apartments at a very modest rental which of course was not affected. Then came the foreign invasion, principally Americans. Prices soared to such an extent that great numbers of people holding apartments on the long-lease cheap rentals sublet their places in the following manner: the old moderate rental was still to be paid to the landlord by the incoming tenant, but the newcomer also was charged an enormous commission by the holder of the lease for the privilege. In many cases the original holder made enough out of his commission to live rent-free in the country for some time, or to build a small home in the suburbs. Finally the situation became so bad that the Government a short time ago took a hand and passed a law forbidding the charging of commissions. But the sub-letters quickly worked out a scheme by which to technically circumvent the law. Today this is known as "*reprise*." The giving of an example will best explain the devious methods which surround the securing of a roof over your head in dear Paris: The eager searcher, carefully scanning the newspapers, comes upon an advertisement: "Apartment to rent, so many francs a year with '*reprise*.'" He does not know what "*reprise*" means, but the place is so cheap, he cannot believe his eyes. He hurries to it; finds it excellent; the price as stated. He is about to close the deal when the owner points to a chair, a vase, a carpet or some other object, remarking: "Monsieur, if he takes the apartment, must buy the carpet." The price is 20,000 francs, or some such ridiculous sum. Of course, the carpet or other object is not worth perhaps more than a hundred francs. It is the little joker in the contract—the "*reprise*," by which the law is legally eluded, and the apartment renter collects his graft.

Continued on page 105

Kings of the Valley

Continued from page 21

somewhat smaller than a rabbit, it was, but fat and slow. Clumsily it waddled along, the long back legs and big paws, and the short, small front legs causing it to sway from side to side as it moved. It was easily seen; the dark brown color of its fur plainly visible as contrasted with the white snow covering the frozen creek. Behind it, making a track of its own, dragged the long, snaky tail, not fur-covered, but scaly, and hairless. It was a muskrat, that fat denizen of the creeks, and he was out for a stroll in midwinter.

He did not seem to mind the biting air, but leisurely ambled along, back humped, with not a care in the world. And why should he be cold? With the thick, rich fur outside, and the heat-holding layers of fat under that; he had no reason to feel the sting of the winter's night. As for cares; why should he worry? Back at his den were ample supplies of bark-covered twigs and juicy roots of rushes and other vegetable delicacies. He had small cause for worry as he travelled along the creek, warm, well-fed, and with the blissful knowledge of shelter and food when he cared to return to them. He was one of the favored children of Mother Nature, so why care he?

But some distance in front of him another shape stopped, and sniffed the air. An almost invisible shape, this time; one clothed in white. It was the Terror. His hungry eyes soon caught sight of the squat, fat muskrat, and he leaped forward eagerly. On nearing the brown shape, however, he hesitated a little and shortened his jumps, for he well knew the fighting qualities belonging to that sleek, well-fed animal before him, and he was undecided as to whether the risk was worth it. But the warm, musky odor filled his nostrils, his hunger gnawed more strongly at evident nearness of food, and again the large weasel came on swiftly to where the muskrat waited, watchfully.

Almost was the Terror within leaping distance, almost ready to close with his prey, almost tasting the hot blood, when something intervened and the muskrat rose in the air a short distance. The something was a grayish blur. Snarling his rage the weasel launched himself at his ancient enemy, the Shadow.

Quickly scenting his danger, the owl dropped the writhing and encumbering muskrat from his talons, and rose swiftly to avoid the other's rush. Below, the weasel snarled his hatred and enmity, and waited with watchful eyes for an opportunity. The large bird wheeled silently overhead, his fierce yellow orbs glaring into the blazing coals of the other. Food! A fitting prize to fight over at this time.

A moment of inaction, and then the owl swooped. Swift as light the lithe animal sprang out of harm's way, and then leaped for the other's breast as the large bird seemed to lose balance. But the owl quickly regained control, and struck out swiftly with his sharp claws to counter the attack. Stray feathers floating in the air showed the result of the big weasel's onslaught, while a darkening streak on the white fur of the animal marked the place where the death-dealing talons had grazed.

The two opponents separated, one on earth, and one in the air. One watching silently as he swung backward and forward through the air, the other snarling and spitting his anger and impotent rage. Like two duellists they parried for an opening, ever facing each other, lest some unseen move be

made and end a life. A pause. Then another swift strike from those long talons; another gash of red on the weasel's back showed where they had barely missed a death-grip, and another drifting feather or two told that the animal had not been idle.

Again they parted. The long feud between their kind was going to be settled in at least one case. Not a sign of weakening from either. Fight to a finish, or go without food. Hatred and rage showed in their eyes, not a trace of fear. Thus far, only the lightning-like swiftness of the weasel had saved him, and the owl's thick breast feathering had prevented the other from sinking his cruel teeth into the bird's flesh. Each knew the other's power and strength; the needle-sharp teeth of the animal against the long, curved, scimitars of the bird. Both were swift, both large, both kings. It was a royal battle, ending only with the death of one, or both.

Circling overhead, ever moving, the owl watched his enemy. The animal was stationary, except for the constant turning of his evil head to keep his red eyes on the Shadow. It was the bird that had to start things, and this, and only this, was the handicap under which the animal fought. The owl had to overcome the alertness and agility of the other, so they were almost equally matched.

A moment. Snarls from the animal, silent hatred from the bird. The Shadow suddenly swooped, and as suddenly the animal sprang away. But the owl had not finished his strike. Had only started it. He swerved in his flight and caught the Terror in mid-air with the deadly talons.

As he felt the other's keen weapons close on his body, the large weasel knew for the first time the fear he had so often inspired in others. But even with the chill of death upon him he strove to repay. He squirmed his head around, and bit and bit into the soft feathers of his opponent's breast. No use. Only feathers filled his mouth. The owl's body could not be reached. But the keen talons met in his flesh, and locked, and suddenly he stiffened. One brief, straining moment, and the white form grew limp. The Terror was dead.

The Shadow quickly realized his victory, and unlocked his powerful claws. The bleeding body dropped to the blood-spotted battlefield below. The owl circled a few times over the scene of the fight, watching closely for any remaining spark of life. A few times, and then he swooped and picked up the body of the muskrat, and sailed away to the nearby woods to have his hard-earned banquet, leaving behind him his dead enemy.

NEXT day, while looking over part of his trap-line, the old trapper came upon the site of the night's battle. The tracked surface of the snow, the stray feathers, the dark blotches of red blood, and the frozen body of the Terror were all that remained to tell of the fight. Grayson surveyed the sight silently, every track, every spot of blood, every detail used to form the picture in his mind's eye.

"Well," he observed presently, speaking to the surrounding wilds, "it's happened. The owl and the weasel met an' had a scrap over a wandering muskrat, an' there's the one who lost. I'm right glad it's him, an' not the other, an' all the little critters around here should agree with me."



To "Show Me" Fellows

Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true

— Accept, Please, Full 10-Day Tube to Try

GENTLEMEN:

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And since it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, we sell Palmolive Shaving Cream on that basis. We think you are entitled to a testable sized sample before you try it.

Will you accept one—a full 10-day tube? We'll thank you for the opportunity.

60 years of soap study stand behind this creation. It embodies the expressed desire of 1000 men whose supreme wishes in a shaving cream were asked before we started it. Our whole experience as soap and skin

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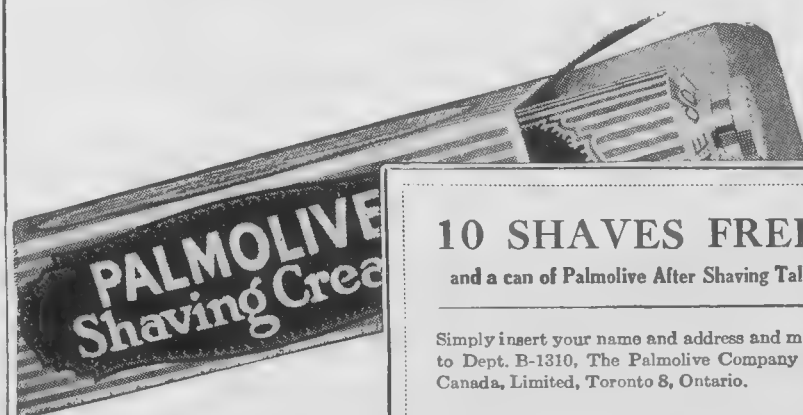
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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

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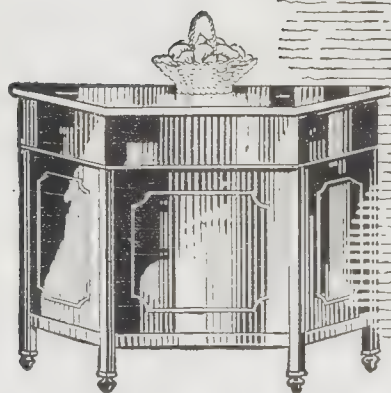
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CHANNELL LIMITED
TORONTO

The Littlest One

Continued from page 38

and over to Sunday School. Some of the dresses may have been too long or perchance a trifle short for their respective owners, but each was as clean as the washboard and soap could make it. Each little fist clasped a moist nickel for c'lection.

"How is the baby this morning," asked the Sunday School teacher of Francis.

"She's not so good, thank you; our mother says she doesn't like the way she keeps her eyes closed and rolls her little head back and forth on her pillow."

"Our mother gave her castor oil," piped up Bunchie.

When the Wigginses returned home, they found a very worried mother. "Sandy," she called, as the children approached the house, "run back and tell the doctor that I want him to come over and look at the baby. I think she is worse."

Away Sandy sped and a hush fell on the little group as they tip-toed into the house to change their clothes. Sickness—that was a rare thing in their house. Of course there was the occasional cold with a "runny" nose, but the idea of one of them being sick enough to require a doctor—that was a terrible thing.

The Littlest one lay in her basket, wee face flushed, eyes closed, the little, fair curls on her forehead damp, and the rosy lips that could smile so sweetly were parched and dry. Each little Wiggins as they passed her basket, stopped for a loving look and whispered to each other.

The doctor came and went again. After he had passed through the gate (or where the gate should have been) the Wigginses with one accord jumped to their feet and ran to the house.

"Bess met them at the door. 'He says he is afraid she has pneumonia,' she said, struggling to keep back the tears.

"Pneumonia!" cried Jimmie.

"Monia!" echoed Bunchie.

"Yes," replied Bess. "You children will have to be as good as you can be and help mother all you can, because she is awfully worried. I am going to help her nurse the Littlest One and Caddie is going to look after you children."

IT IS strange how things can change so quickly in this old world—it seemed years since the day that they had played circus and yet it had been Saturday, and this was only Tuesday.

Thursday morning it seemed wisest for Sandy to stay home from school, in case he should be needed to run errands. The doctor made his morning visit and took Sandy back with him to get some absorbent cotton at the store.

There were four or five prospective customers, draped about the various counters, boxes and barrels, so Sandy stood unobtrusively by the post-card rack awaiting his turn.

"How is the baby this morning?" asked Mrs. Stevens, who was standing near, discussing the weighty problem of buying either silk or mercerized stockings for Mary to wear at the church social.

"Just the same," replied Sandy in a mournful, little voice.

"I heard, Mrs. Stevens, that there is no hope of the baby getting better," said the Store Lady, in an undertone, but not too low for Sandy's ears to catch.

"Oh, well," was the unfeeling reply, "it's too bad, but one will never be missed, there is such a bunch of them—it would be easier for her if a few were taken. I don't see how she manages at all; I have more than I want to do looking after my two."

"Yes, you're right," spoke up Mrs. Fraser; "I think it's just terrible having children as fast as that—look at my Willie and my Bobbie, there are four years between them."

Poor Sandy—each word cut into his little heart like a knife—"One will never be missed"—how he hated that Mrs. Stevens with all his heart. What right had she to talk like that—she with just two children and never getting up till dinner time every day and she didn't even sew for those two children and his mother sewed for fifteen. The Store Lady said that the Littlest One was going to die—that was a lie. His mother and Bess wouldn't let it die—suppose, though something happened that his mother couldn't make it get better, what a terrible thing that would be. The Littlest One was the cutest baby that they had ever had in their house—she was just like a kewpie doll and wouldn't they all do just anything to get her to smile at them and show the big dimple in her cheek—and when a fellow held out his finger, she was so strong the way she clung to it with her fat, little fist—no, no! they couldn't spare her—

"Sandy, did you want something?"

Sandy was feeling so badly at this stage of his soliloquy that he could hardly regain his speech. "Y-y-yes," he stammered, "a roll of 'sorbent cotton and a can of thermofuge."

"Here it is now, Sandy, hurry home with it, for your mother likely needs it," urged the Store Lady.

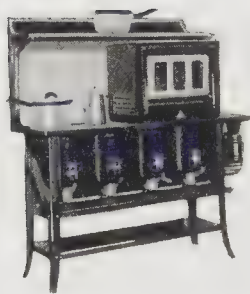
Through the field Sandy hurried, his little heart thumping against his faded blue blouse, as he argued with himself, half-aloud in a sobbing voice: "It wouldn't be easier if a few were taken—yes it would be easier for our mother, but please God don't take the Littlest One, she is so cute—no, it wouldn't be easier, 'cause our mother would feel so badly." On and on he argued until he found himself at the kitchen door.

He thrust the package into Bess' hands without speaking and turning, ran to the shed. There he threw himself down on the soft soil, his mind still in a turmoil.

If any of them had to be taken so that it would be easier for his mother, who would it be? It couldn't be Bubs, he was so cute now, the way he waddled when he walked and he was learning to say the funniest things—no, he was sure his mother wouldn't spare Bubs. Mickey was the only one who had red hair, so they would have to keep him—there was Bunchie, but she was the one that kept them laughing so much, she could mimic nearly everyone in town and they could never get along without Francis—she was such a help to look for things; whatever went astray about the house, Francis found it. Jimmie—how about Jimmie? No, of course it couldn't be Jimmie, he was so smart at school that they were all proud of him—Curly—no; she it was who always thought up all the games—Tootsie was the dish-washer (and that was no mean job)—as to Larry and himself, he knew that they could not be dispensed with, for who would look after the chickens, milk the cow and make on the fires—then there was Mary and Helen, that folks always thought were twins—they dressed, undressed and looked after the next to the littlest ones. It went without saying that their mother could never get along without Bess or Caddie; they could help her so much now, as they were sixteen and seventeen. The last one was Tom, Dad's right-hand man on the ranch. No, as far as Sandy could reason it out, there was not a single one of the fifteen that his mother could get along without. *Cont'd on page 74*



Enameled Ware—the CLEAN Ware



PERFECTION *Oil Cook Stoves*

It's easy to cook delicious meals with a Perfection Stove. Cooking starts at the touch of a match to the wick. Clean, intense heat pours up the long chimneys direct to the cooking. No sooty kettle bottoms to scour. No smoke, no odor. See the new 1927 models in latest colors—strikingly handsome. Prices from \$15 to \$150.

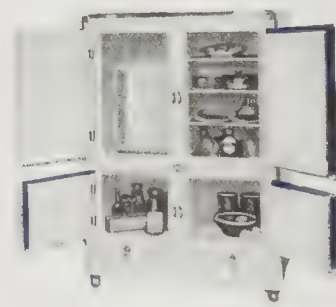
See them today

YOU buy clean, pure food and serve it on your table on clean, pure china. *But do you cook your food in clean pots and pans?*

SMP Enameled Ware utensils are clean and spotless. They bring a flash of sunny brightness to a kitchen. The surface is just like that of finest china. There is nothing to absorb moisture, taints, flavors or stains. It doesn't take metal polish, steel wool or a lot of work to keep SMP Ware bright and smiling. Soap and hot water is all you need.

SMP Enameled Ware is made in new and handy shapes and sizes. The qualities are SMP Crystal Ware, as illustrated, snow white with rich blue handles and trimming; SMP Diamond Ware, sky blue and white with a snow white lining; and SMP Pearl Ware, durable pearl gray inside and out. Sold by every leading store; designed and made by:

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY



SMP GUARANTEED *Refrigerators*

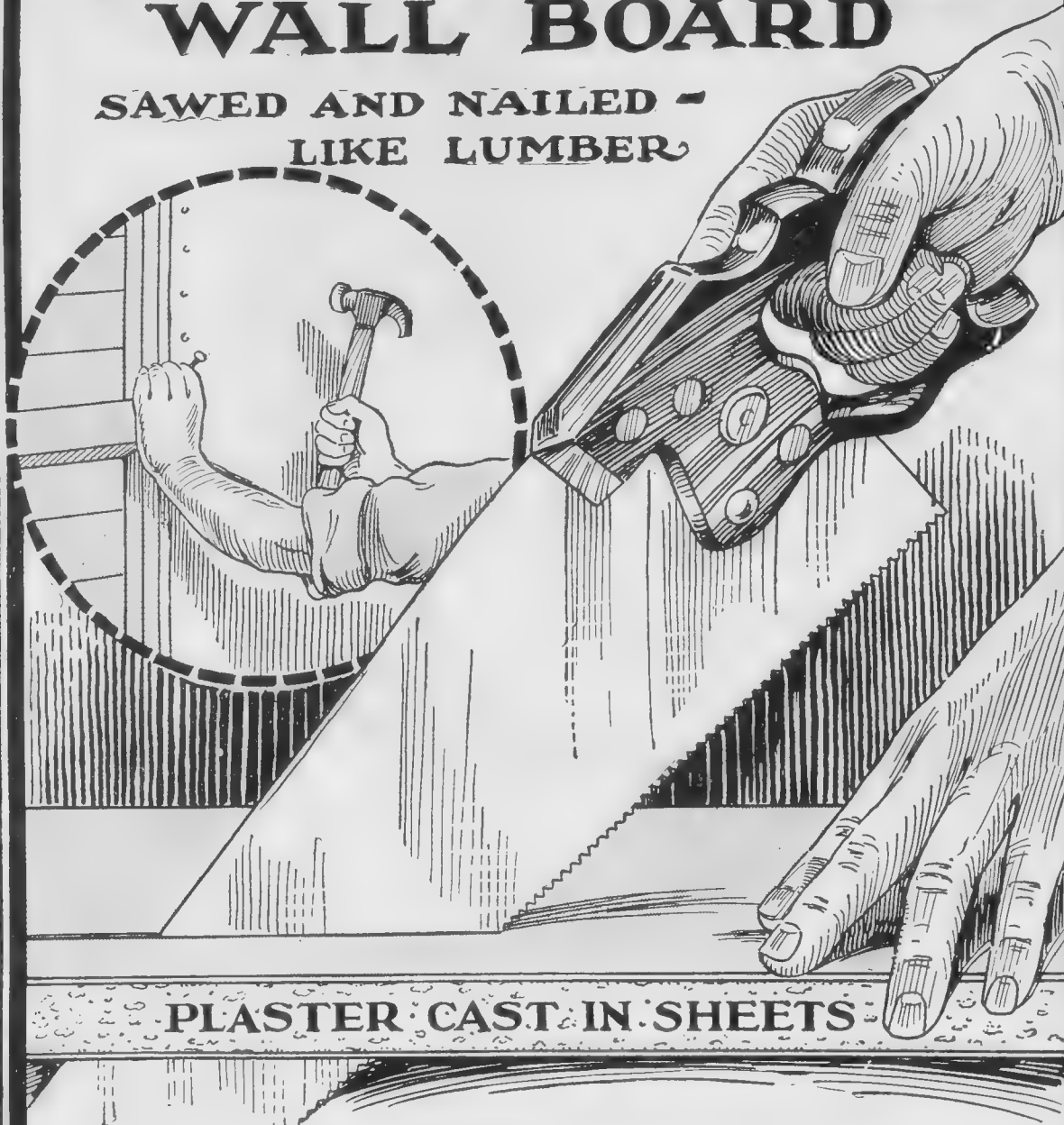
A beautiful product of the Metal Age. Like SMP Enameled Ware, the SMP Guaranteed Refrigerator is as clean as china, and just as easy to keep clean. Eighteen models: ten for ice and eight equipped for electric installations. Two beautiful finishes; Battleship Gray and Snow White; Prices from \$35 to \$175.

The Refrigerator Sensation of 1927

SMP ENAMELED WARE
A Face of Porcelain and a Heart of Steel

"EMPIRE" PLASTER WALL BOARD

SAWED AND NAILED -
LIKE LUMBER



A perfect surface for any scheme
in Wallpaper, Paint or Kalsomine.

The large, smooth rigid sheets are easily handled and erected.

As permanent as the building itself,

"Empire" Plaster Wall-Board

has the same insulating value as lath and plaster.

Any novice who can handle a saw and hammer can do it, and
the saving in time and money is remarkable.

If you can't obtain service from dealer, write us direct for
sample.

42

MANITOBA GYPSUM COMPANY, LTD. - Winnipeg

The Gables

Continued from page 40

be got, it is possible to keep the food at a temperature constantly below 50 degrees, and that word constantly, is an important one, for the frost coil maintains the constant even dry temperature at all times with very little attention. It will freeze the ice for drinking purposes so that on the hottest summer day a refreshing drink can be obtained with the tinkle of pure ice in the glass simply by going to the refrigerator.

A WASH room is planned from the hall. Now while on the subject of wash rooms it might be well to consider the requirements of the bath room and water systems. The architect and builder may have done their best. The house is correct and in good taste, but these virtues are not enough to have an atmosphere of welcome, a subtle something else is necessary, and that subtle something is in the proper installations of the heating and plumbing. There is one room in every house which is the key to the real standard of living of that household, and that is the bathroom. It is not such a far cry back to the time when bath tubs were a curiosity and toilet fixtures were only possessed by the well to do. But times do change, and now it is rare to find a house which is not equipped with all the facilities which running water can give.

The present day builder or home buyer has come to regard plumbing fixtures as enrolled among the absolutely necessary items of life, and accordingly sees to it that they are included, even proudly picking out some fixtures which have proven pleasing to the eye. But this is about as far as the average builder goes. How the fixtures are to be installed, the kind and size of pipe and fittings to be used, the manner in which connections should be made, the safeguard to be taken in the interests of sanitation. These and many others are left to the plumbing contractor to decide. It is true that regulations covering plumbing installation are now pretty general throughout the country, but the lines taken by them are broad, and take little heed beyond the safeguarding of the health, without considering the comfort.

Safe plumbing means first, the best material not only of the fixtures but really first and foremost of the pipes. A fixture can be easily removed, but the inferior pipes more or less concealed in the walls, are an expensive economy. It is a common occurrence to turn on the faucet and the result is only thin stream of red-dish water. This is due to the rusting of the pipes, and as unfortunately iron pipes do rust we must turn to some other material. Brass seems the best, and considering the little extra cost over the iron, should always be used for water pipes, especially in the hidden ones. What a joy it is to turn on the tap and listen to the splash of the water into the basin, to see the nebulae on the glass, as gurgling and bubbling it mounts the rim and washes over, carrying with it the exquisite thoughts of the clear mountain springs.

WHO has not gone trout fishing? If not go, for there is in that sport all that man needs for his mental and physical relaxation, cautiously wading up the limpid running water or gently pushing aside the green bushes beside some deep dark pool, where in the cool curving depths lurks the speckled fish. All your faculties are needed to lure him, and then the sound of the splashing little water fall hidden in the thicket, and the blue top of the mountains above you. This is to live! And from the tap clear running water will bring all this back, but oh! the disgust as the red stained drip enters the glass. Your plumbing system is no stronger than its weakest joint, and in its installation make absolutely sure that no frost can get at it. In the fixtures the built in bath tub represents the highest sanitary efficiency. A few years ago when the enamel tub came first into use it was considered a luxury, but now we not only demand enamel but the bath is so fitted that it is impossible for even dust to collect under and about it. A shower bath can be installed either as an adjunct to the bath, with rubber curtains, or as a separate fixture with tile floors and walls. The solution of fixtures is a matter of choice, always bearing in mind that

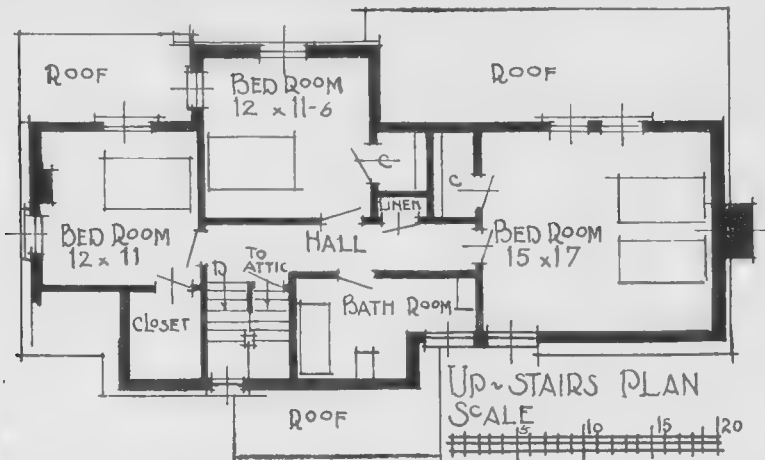
HOUSEWIFE PHILOSOPHY

- ¶ Every housewife has some experience with advertised goods. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
- ¶ I know when I phone my grocer for a certain product, what grade I am getting, for I have used it before. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
- ¶ If I were doubtful as to what article would be best for a certain task I would look through my magazines until I found the one I needed. I have found this a great aid in house furnishings. ♦ ♦
- ¶ I have learned that a certain brand of rug wears much longer than another; a particular type of dress I buy outwears all others and is more suitable to my type. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
- ¶ I know that advertised goods are all that the leading magazines guarantee them to be or they would not be sponsored by them. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

the best up to a certain point is always the cheapest. When speaking of piping it might be well to refer to the gutter and down pipes with their decorative hoppers shown. These should emphatically be of copper as there is no elaboration or expense on the cornice. A metal gutter should not be painted as by reason of its being metal it will not unite with paint, so that in a house such as this where simplicity is the factor of the design the copper which grows more beautiful with exposure and does not grow old should be used in its gutters and down pipes. In fact to carry out the whole design, what a beautiful roof could be made of copper. Think of it. Copper with its drowned depths of translucent unnameable colors, changing

building a larger chimney, and make sure that it has walls two bricks thick.

OPERATING. This is where the man of the house comes in, and there is no doubt that it is a disagreeable job, throwing coal. It seems some how that it is burning up good money. Heat must be had, so fuel must be used. The burning of fuel oil seems to be the solution of miners strikes, high priced coal, and a long farewell to dust, ashes and stoking. It certainly is an ideal way of heating, and the furnace room is as clean as any other room in the house. Oil it seems is the fuel of the future. Great ships are now using it and it has become the odorless, clean fuel of to-day.



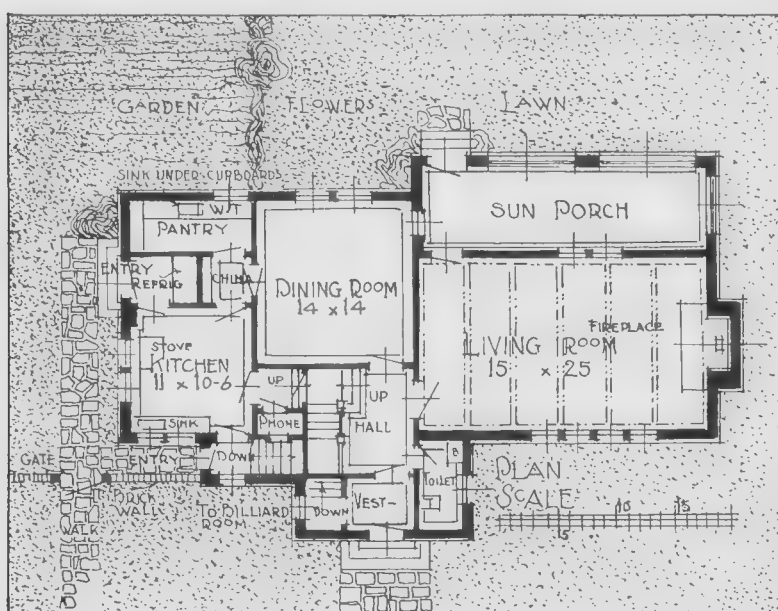
to every glint of the sun. The sparkle of the stucco contrasting with the dull gleam of the copper roof. What dreams can be conjured up by every home maker.

DON'T decide to install some system of heating because it has worked well in a friend's home. Houses differ in their heat requirements according to the size, shape, location, number of rooms, building material and the amount of money you wish to spend in construction. If this house is to be located where there are rapid changes of temperature within a few hours you must install a heating plant which will respond to this condition. If on the other hand the house is to be located where there is a broad sweep of wind, exposure on all sides, you must plan a heating system that will meet this difficulty. The different heating systems used in the house of to-day might be classified as—the fire place, stoves, hot air, steam, hot water. Of course nothing is so delightful as an open fire, and the billiard room in the basement, and living room both have large fireplaces planned.

There are certain fundamental facts

October comes, and with it zero weather. The Sun is low on the Southern horizon, and you light your oil burners, set the thermostat (the regulator of the amount of heat you wish) to the temperature you wish to keep the house. This thermostat automatically controls the flow of oil into the oil burner, and thus the temperature never varies day or night. No midnight cellar pilgrimage in your dressing gown, stoking up and waiting until the gasses of the coal have ignited so that you can safely leave the furnace for bed. If the weather turns cold or warm, the oil burner automatically adjusts itself to maintain the constant temperature throughout the house. In fact after it is lighted it does your thinking.

The human body loses heat in three ways, by conduction, by radiation and by evaporation, and it is by the combination of these three continually working together that strives to bring comfort to the body. The rate of heat loss by evaporation is the most important of the three and the furnace or heating apparatus should always have a container of water



which are common to all heating systems. First, the heat losses. Second, the heater. Third, the chimney. Fourth, the operating. Fifth, humidity.

The heat losses are to a certain extent a technical problem and are generally looked after by the installing engineers. The heater should be of adequate size, remembering that the firing periods in a house are five or six hours apart, so that ample grate area should be allowed for the total heat losses. Without a proper chimney flue the best systems in the world are useless. See that it is of ample size, as reduction is much easier than

which will give off the proper percentage of humidity.

This is surely the age of specialization and in the homes every advantage is taken of the inventions which lighten the labor of the householder, and we with the Poet could say,—

"Our kin
"Have built them temples, and therein
"Pray to the Gods we know; and dwell
"In little houses lovable,
"Being happy (we remember how!)
"And peaceful even to death....."



Only a window sill— but what a story it tells

AN OLD-FASHIONED window sill at which two generations of children have played, inspired the painting reproduced above.

It is an upstairs window in a fine old house built in 1892 and finished throughout with Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite Floor Varnish.

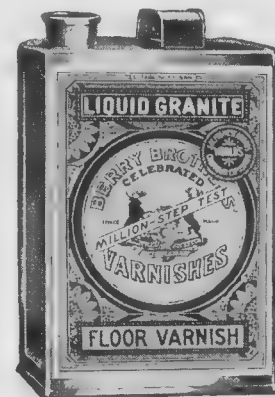
In summer the blistering rays of the hot afternoon sun beat upon the sill. In winter, when the window is open at night, sleet and snow often encrust it.

After all these years of use its varnished surface has not been refinished—and the protective film of Liquid Granite still retains its original lustre, unmarred by even a hair-line crack. Only once in 35 years have the beautiful parquet floors in this house received the attention of a painter.

Here is varnish that *wears*. On woodwork it lasts a lifetime. On floors it withstands millions of steps and years of abuse. It is the kind of varnish you should use.

Get acquainted with the paint or hardware dealer near you who sells Liquid Granite and other of Berry Brothers' wear-resisting finishes. Let him solve your finishing problems and help you eliminate the needless expense of frequent refinishing.

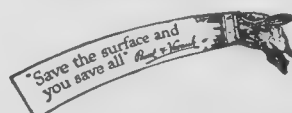
Liquid Granite costs no more than less durable varnish. Demand it. Results will amaze you.



BERRY BROTHERS

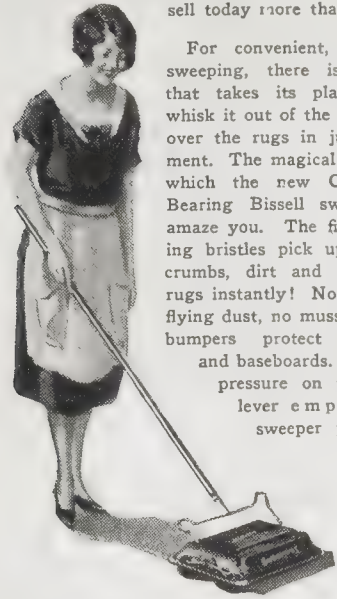
Liquid Granite

Walkerville, Ont.



It Saves Precious Minutes

HOUSEKEEPERS who are "good managers"...those who have plenty of leisure for things outside the home...rely on the Bissell today more than ever.



For convenient, everyday sweeping, there is nothing that takes its place. You whisk it out of the closet and over the rugs in just a moment. The magical ease with which the new Cyco Ball Bearing Bissell sweeps will amaze you. The fine revolving bristles pick up all lint, crumbs, dirt and grit from rugs instantly! No noise, no flying dust, no muss. Rubber bumpers protect furniture and baseboards. A thumb-pressure on the dump lever empties the sweeper pans.

Many women keep a Bissell on each floor. It means a sweeper always at hand, without carrying.

The cost of the first half-dozen brooms it saves pays for a Bissell A Thumb Pressure Empties it. Play-size Bissells for a few dimes. At department, housefurnishing, furniture and hardware stores. Booklet of Bissell Models, or suggestions for proper care and use of your present sweeper—on request.



BISSELL Carpet Sweeper

CO. of CANADA, Limited
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VENUS PENCILS

The largest selling Quality pencil in the world

17 black degrees—3 copying
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Plain ends,
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At all
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Unequalled
for writing
or drawing.

American Pencil Co.
215 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Makers of UNIQUE Thin
Lead Colored Pencils
12 colors—\$1.25 per doz.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Six Months

Continued from page 19

"March!" he repeated sternly. "And remember, there's a gun in your back."

Three hundred yards from the siding Moriarity halted.

"Sit down, now—or kneel. Ye'll need all the time ye've got for the job ahead av ye."

The Italian flung himself on the ground, grabbing at Moriarity's legs with his manacled hands.

"You will not-a do dat? You will not keel-a me, Mister Moriarity?" he blubbered.

Moriarity pulled out his watch. "Ye're wastin' precious time," he said in a cold, matter-of-fact voice. "Get on with your prayers now. Hurry!"

The man grovelled, and his voice rose in his native tongue in low, moaning notes of supplication. He fell into a paroxysm of weeping, rocking back and forth, then raised his wildly staring eyes to Moriarity's again and, his body quivering, poured out a frenzied torrent of words, begging in the anguish of his soul for his life.

"Oh, Mister Moriarity! For why you want to keel-a me? Don't, don't—pleez-a, Mister Moriarity. I do noting. Da court she's say, I have to tell-a—"

"I know what ye told, ye lyin' polecat!" Moriarity cut in. "And I know what ye did—got me drunk and asleep, thin wint and robbed the ould man. Ye come back, put a bit av his money in me pocket, took me out and left me near the bar so's I'd be seen spindin' it, and thin wint and informed the police I'd done the job. Oh, I know what ye done, all right. And now ye're goin' to pay, ye black-hearted crook! Are ye through with your prayers?"

He waited a moment, then raised his arm until the gun bore directly on the Italian's head. The man threw himself flat, writhing in an ecstasy of dread, sinking his face in his arms. He heard the click of the lock as Moriarity pressed the trigger and the hammer came slowly up, and a smothered shriek echoed out into the night. There followed a moment of deathly silence.

The Italian fearfully lifted his head.

"Get up!" ordered Moriarity, and he jabbed the man once in the ribs with his foot. I've changed me mind. I'm goin' to give ye a chance. Listen: I've a friend has a shack a mile back from here, an' we're goin' there. We thrapped together years ago. Thin ye're goin' to turn the ould man's money over to me, ye're goin' to confess ye did this job ye laid on Moriarity, I'm goin' to write it down and Callaghan's goin' to witness it. And now, let me warn ye: Tell the truth, all av it, or God help ye, for nobody else will. I'll shoot ye like the skunk ye are, av I hang for it. But I won't. Nobody but me and another knows where ye wint from Revelstoke and nobody cares. And all Hell wouldn't make Callaghan give away his ould partner. Your bones'll rest in these woods, and av they're iver found they'll be that moldy ye'll be taken for wan av th' original Mormons, or ye'll go on exhibition in the Museum of Natural History as a bad specimen av the extinct cave man. I'll let no dirty thug rob me of me reputation and get away with it. Mind, though, ye'll live av ye tell the truth. Thin ye'll go on the nixt thrain with me to Revelstoke, under arrest, and ye'll make another appearance in the court there and ye'll plead guilty and take what the judge hands ye. Well, ye've heard me. What have you to say to it?"

The Italian's gratitude was in exact

and reverse ratio to the measure of his recent panic. It overwhelmed him. He could only sob and mumble fawningly:

"Yes, yes, yes-a, Mister Moriarity!"

At three o'clock next afternoon Moriarity, herding his charge and with the document he desired, duly signed and witnessed, stowed safely in his breast pocket, boarded the train at the first station south of Nelson, for the north.

"MORIARITY," said the judge sternly, "if I held strictly to the law, you still have the six months coming to you."

Moriarity and his prisoner had arrived in Revelstoke the night before. Though they had passed through Nelson and would have been the occasion of much bustling activity in certain circles there had the fact been known, nobody was the wiser. The Italian had just been sentenced to a ten-year term at Westminster.

"What do you mean by taking the badge and official documents off an authorized officer of this court?" the judge thundered on, though a twinkle that Moriarity thought he detected in his eye somewhat blunted the effect of his speech and manner. "The—having the effrontery to palm yourself off as this official, hoodwink the jailer into putting him in your stead, then masquerading as a law officer yourself and taking a man against whom not even a charge had been laid by force out of a foreign country, in disregard of all law and precedents? Why, wars have been fought over matters much less serious—you might have been the cause of grave misunderstanding between two contiguous and friendly countries. I never heard of such a pyramid of outrages. What have you to say for yourself?"

The culprit looked serious—that is, if such a term could at any time be applied to Moriarity. "Your honor," he began.

"But in view of the fact that you weren't guilty in the first place and were convicted on false evidence," the judge proceeded, as if unaware Moriarity had spoken, "and of the further fact that you recovered the old man's money for him—and I may add in common justice that I doubted all along we had the right man—I say, in view of all this, I'm going to forget about your amazing round of—er—irregularities. You may go."

Moriarity grinned sheepishly. "Thank you, your honor. I was only goin' to say for meself," he persisted, "that desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

He moved toward the door, but the judge halted him.

"Moriarity," he said, "I'd be delighted to confirm the appointment you made of yourself as an officer of this court and let you keep the badge, if you'd only let whisky alone. I require a man of your brains and character to instil a much-needed respect for law and order among the unruly element of this—ah—wild and woolly country."

Moriarity bowed. "Thank you again, your honor, for the compliment," he returned, "but—spakin' of whisky—I'm afraid ye're askin' too much av me. I've a feelin' I've a barrel or so yet to get away with before I'm done with it. Whin that's dishposed of I may make so free as to remind ye of your offer, your honor."

"Do," replied the judge. "I'll probably have repented of it by then and give you six months."

Handiest thing in the house

Keep cuts clean

Trifling wounds heal quickly when they are properly protected. Dress cuts, scratches, bumps, bruises and abrasions at once with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It takes away the pain and allows nature to do its healing.

"Vaseline" Jelly has been famous for fifty years as a remedy for every sort of hurt to the skin. Get it from your druggist today.

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Vaseline

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—Say The Movie Stars

So say all whose work is hard after they try the delicious, invigorating refreshment of Wrigley's Double Mint.



After Every Meal
—and After Smoking
CH18

CLOTH REMNANTS

We are offering a wonderful trial assortment, arranged in remnant lengths, suitable for useful and necessary purposes such as Ladies' and Misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt, and dress lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Latest styles, colorings and materials. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Big value bundles at \$1, \$2, \$3, and \$5 postpaid.

THE REMNANT STORE
New Glasgow — — Quebec

Details That Are Different Distinguish the Spring Mode

Many of the new styles show drapery in some form or other, sometimes it is in skirt fulness caught in at the sides or centre front, or extending below the hem, or, it may be tie or sash effects that simulate drapery—or, cascades or jabots that lend graceful irregularity to straight effects.

Hips are slender in the new fashions; shoulders appear broader.

Blouse fulness is noticeable above close fitting hips.

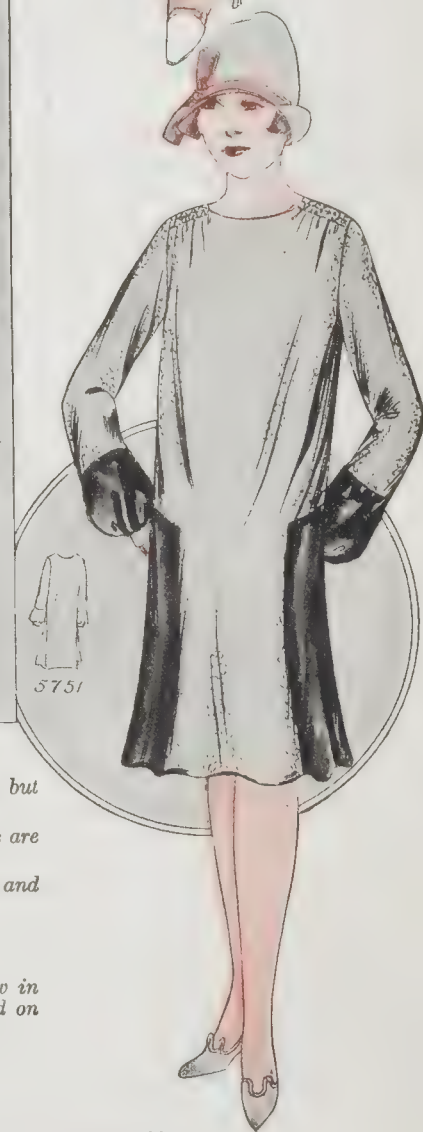
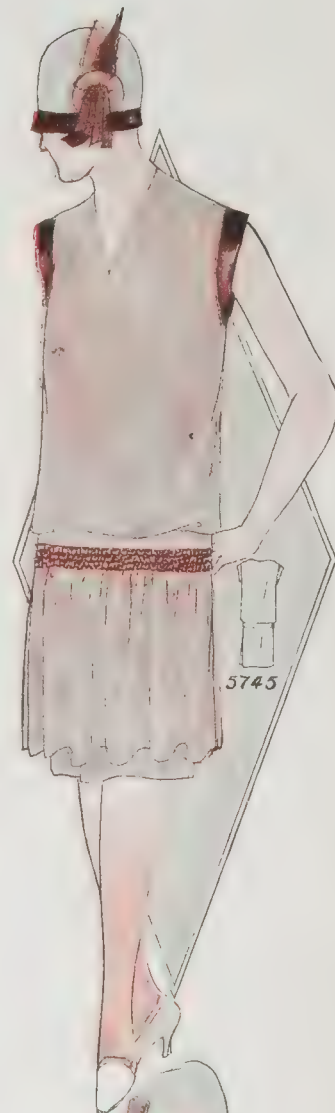
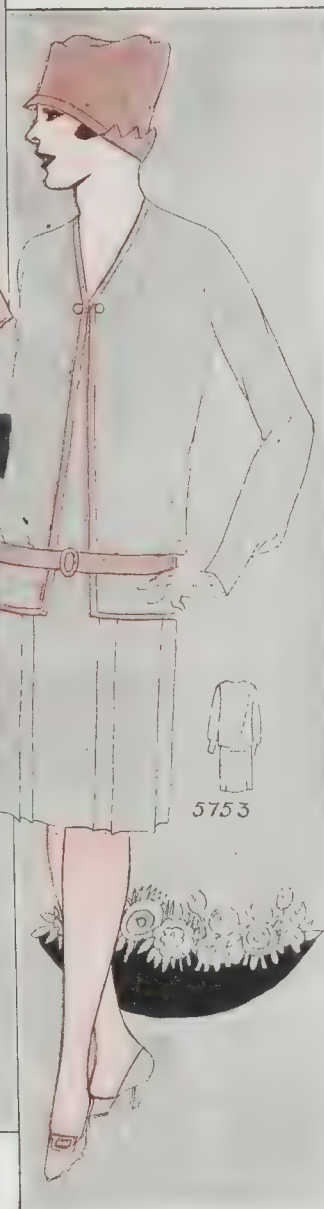
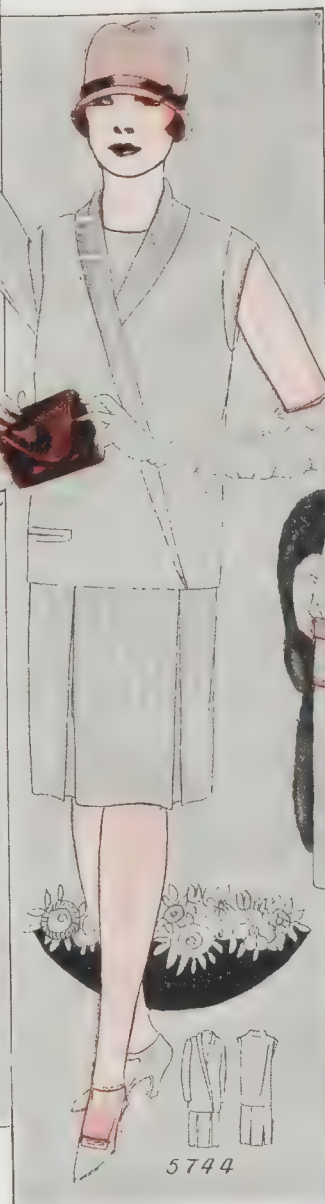
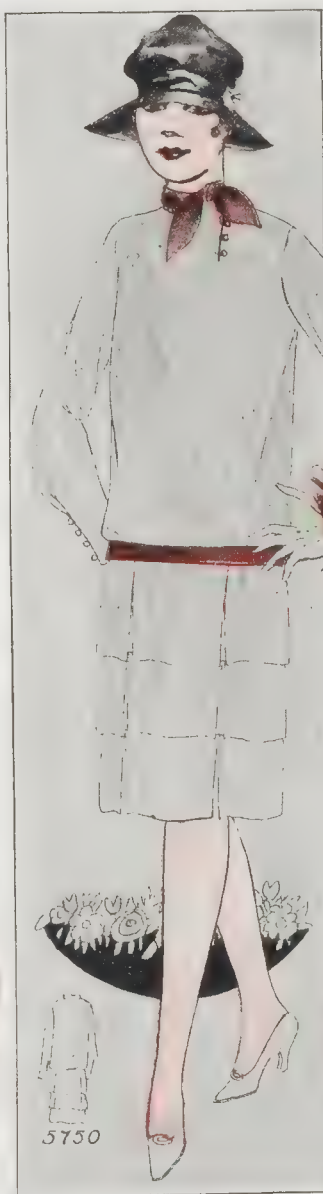
Short jacket suits are much in evidence.

The jacket blouse is very popular, sometimes buttoning in cardigan jacket style and again displayed in surplice and double-breasted effect.

Sleeveless boleros and sleeveless coats also have a place in this season's styles.

The mannish two-piece tailored suit is also in fashion. It is made up in homespun twill and other woolen materials, and in soft tailored effect in flat crepe, canton, wool crepe and crepella. Usually in the soft finish the jacket is belted and the skirt is joined to a blouse or bodice top.

Sport suits in basket weaves, tweeds, cashmere and jersey have separate blouses of a fabric contrasting in tone and material.



One piece dresses are also seen with jacket accompaniment.

The tunic blouse is returning, and tunic effects are seen in some new dresses.

Skirts have not added to their length, many models show the front plaited and the back plain, but one also sees skirts in side or box plaiting all round.

In sheer crepes and in chiffons, also in taffeta full gathered skirts are seen. Inverted plaits are effected in the centre front and at the sides of skirts.

Compose effects are new and very attractive in some contrasts such as mauve and violet, pink and red, black and white.

In bolero designs, vestees and yokes the compose is shown in lovely contrasts

All sorts of tier effects are shown and all are universally pleasing.

The waistline tends to go up although one sees the waistline at normal in one model, and low in another. Belts, ornamental or useful, often determine the position of the waistline on coats and on dresses. Belts may be of leather. An alligator belt with gold trimming is very smart.

Black coats have linings of colored printed silk or crepe.

Coat dresses are shown in tailored as well as afternoon styles.

Jabots and ties of lace are seen. A double revers jabot is a smart finish for a blouse.

The all lace dinner dress is shown mounted on a slip of flesh or nude color.

Continued on page 93

Won't you follow the doctor's advice?



8 out of 10
advised
Nujol type
of treatment

If you suffer from constipation—even if it's only occasionally—you will find that Nujol is the safe corrective. That is why such a large proportion of physicians advise its use. Among several thousand doctors recently interviewed on this important question, seven out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural function.

But Nujol may be taken at any time by any person. "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the bowels," said one doctor. "In chronic constipation Nujol type of treatment is especially successful," said another.

Because

- 1 A lubricant is better than a laxative
- 2 Nujol is not habit-forming
- 3 It's a more natural method
- 4 Does not cause distress
- 5 It is non-irritating
- 6 Nujol gives lasting relief

Nujol acts entirely differently from cathartics. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the intestines can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it.

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

FOR CONSTIPATION

Accept This TRIAL Offer

Address: Nujol, Room F, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name.....

Address.....



"Regular as Clockwork"

An Unconventional Study of Democratic Dunning

Continued from page 46

I slipped away over here for the very purpose of avoiding the crowd, and I was quite enjoying the solitude until you came". This was said with his usual pleasant smile, and I could see that he was only poking a little fun at me. He was just the same old sociable Dunning.

I asked him where he was going, and he told me that he was bound for a certain town in the western part of the Province, for the purpose of laying a foundation stone. I asked him if he liked such jobs, because if I was any judge of him, and I thought I was, I was inclined to think that he did not take altogether kindly to ceremonials of any sort. A real democrat very rarely does, however exalted a position he may occupy.

And sure enough this was the reply I got: "Well, you know these things have to be done, and I get considerable pleasure at seeing the pleasure others take in the celebration. That's all right, but really I have not quite learned to like the flummery". That word "Flummery" was the one that hit me. It is a word that is very little used, but as per usual he had hit the very word to exactly express his meaning. The dictionary defines the word "flummery" thus: "Anything insipid; empty compliment; unsubstantial show".

There you are, that is what Mr Dunning didn't like. When the flowery compliments were laid on too thick he didn't like them. Little remarks like that indicate the nature of the man. They show his disposition better and clearer than a speech an hour long ever could.

Another little personal incident will again show the very human nature of the man and his refined consideration for another's feelings. The consideration, which perceives the little things that may hurt, and therefore avoids them. It came about in this way: Passing through Regina one day, and having a few hours to spare, I thought I would make a friendly call upon Mr Dunning, and on going to his office in the Parliament Buildings, I was informed by his secretary that he was engaged with some deputation but she did not think he would be long if I cared to wait, and she asked for my card which she took in to him. She came back with a message that if I would wait

Mr Dunning would see me in a few minutes.

Presently the deputation took its departure and I was shown in. As I entered the door I saw Mr Dunning seated in a large sort of chair of state which was larger than any of the other chairs in the room. That was of course the proper place for him to sit upon a state occasion such as receiving a deputation. It befitted the dignity of his office.

Of course he could have continued to sit up in that high chair, displaying dignity. But did he? Not on your life. He came down out of it, and after shaking hands seated himself in an ordinary chair the same as I, placing himself on my level and thereby making me feel comfortable and at ease. He then produced his tobacco pipe and asked me for some tobacco, which he put into his pipe and began to smoke. That was only a little thing, but I don't know anything that could have made me feel more at home. When a man begs some tobacco from you he is treating you like a friend. I felt it that way and appreciated it. Then he said: "Now let's talk. How's the world been using you, and where have you been of late?"

We talked of ordinary things like ordinary men. It was a simple friendly visit. There was not a trace of the high-and-mightiness that is unfortunately sometime affected by men who have tasted public laudation. That is Charles A. Dunning, still the same thoughtful, considerate, simple man. Success has not tainted him in the slightest degree. He comes nearer than any man I ever knew to attaining the tremendous standard of character set up by Kipling:

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!"

The Play of Life

By Albert Wilton

'Neath the great arc of this starry dome, Then this play of Life will lose much strife
The stage of the world is set
For the actors of life to laugh or groan And hope will be with us still.
In moods of the play and bet;
For life is a gamble, the stakes are high,
And he who can gain the peak
Is the man who can laugh away a sigh
Just to hear the Author speak.

If we count the rocks as stepping-stones
By which we can climb the hill,
'Tis a play with both drama and farce,
With tears and joy in the plot,
Gold that we find the coarsest of brass,
Brass we discover is not;
The curtain falls on the play of Life,
The virtues of truth remain,
That all the joy, the tears and the strife
Exist in the Soul and Brain.

A Unique Mode of Transportation



Dr. C. H. Weagant of Winnipeg taking a spin on his favorite bicycle. Health and weather permitting, he may be seen practically any Sunday morning in the summer taking a constitutional as above.

Herman Trelle—Wheat King

Continued from page 24

of oats this year that I ever saw. The sample I brought down here weighed 49 pounds to the American bushel, or 54 pounds according to the Canadian standard. They told me it was the heaviest oats ever shown here. The field from which it was taken was a three-acre plot which threshed approximately 160 bushels to the acre. In the standing field crops competition, held in his district this year, Trelle won out in the class for over 10 acres of oats. That field averaged 130 bushels to the acre. Both wheat and oat fields scored perfect for purity in the standing grain contest.

His wheat sample weighed 65.5 pounds to the American bushel, or 71 pounds according to the Canadian standard bushel. It was from a field which averaged 63 bushels to the acre.

He had seventy-seven acres of this fourth generation wheat, which through constant selection, he has reduced to a type of his own.

"How much land are you cropping?" we asked him.

"Oh, I have five quarter sections now, but I am going to cut that down considerably before another year. One cannot put in so much crop and give the personal supervision that I want to give to grow the best seed.

"And I want to build a home as soon as possible."

"Are you going in for something fancy?" we asked curiously.

"Well, I want to build a comfortable place while I am at it," he replied firmly. "We were burned out the first year after we were married and since then we have been living in a shack. It is really just a lean-to built onto the woodshed."

"When will you get started at the house?" we asked, since we saw he was so interested.

"Well, you know, I am not rich, but I want to start just as soon as I can manage it. Neither my wife nor I will object to a few luxuries after our term as homesteaders. And I have a shelter belt of trees all ready now on the site where the house is to be.

"Oh, yes, my wife likes farming," he replied to a further question. "I'll tell you she is more responsible for this prize than I am. She did most of the work of getting it ready, and you know what that means."

Yes, we knew that that means taking one or two or maybe three bushels of seed; putting it through the cleaning machines several times until all the light and undersized seeds are separated; then, emptying it a handful of seeds at a time on a white paper and removing by hand all the off-color or irregular kernels. This is repeated until there is a peck of seed, every berry of which is uniform with the next. It takes determination as well as patience

and an eye for what the seed should be at its very best.

Did he have a photograph, we asked. "No, I am sorry, but I have not a photograph with me. The one I have would not be much good for it does not look much like me now, but I'll get one taken when I get home if you want it," he added obligingly.

We tried to explain that we wanted one instantly, but to a man who has just won a grand championship in wheat, it is a little difficult to impress on him the feeling of newspaper editors toward a photograph that comes along a couple of weeks after the event.

"That one I have at home would be no good, anyway," he put in, his mind still on the last suggestion; "as a matter of fact it was taken when I was seventeen years old and I had just won an oratorical contest in Edmonton."

We also found out that he had been interested in club work and when a boy at school in Edmonton, was the first president of the boys' club that later evolved into the Boys' Parliament.

His living may come from his wheat and oats, but his hobby lies in his young fruit trees of which he has over a hundred on his own homestead where the new house is to be built. This year he had plums and cherries and the apples are coming on in a most promising manner.

"I'll keep at them till I have at least one good variety that will ripen in the Peace River country," he said. "It is a great place, you know; I grow all my own garden seeds. They do better than any imported seed I can buy. I grow my own seed in carrots, tomatoes, lettuce, everything except cauliflower. I think I'll have to start the cauliflower under glass, to get the seed.

"And you should see our garden," he added with satisfaction.

Realizing that sooner or later he would need legume crops, we asked him if he had tried out any sweet clover.

"I threshed the first sweet clover seed that was ever threshed in that district, this fall," came his reply. "And alfalfa does well too. I have a little on my place and I am going to develop it."

This young man, who was thrown into fame so suddenly this fall, is tall, square-shouldered and well built. If he combines his ability and energy with his native good sense he will be a great asset to Canadian agriculture.

"I am not going to 'blow up' just because I won this championship" said Mr. Trelle, more to himself than us; "I have a lot of things I want to do and I am just determined enough that I am going to do them. My father has been after me for years to give up farming and come down to Los Angeles where he is, but—I am not going."

The Lamb

By Ian M. Stewart

I min' ae nicht I took a daunder oot
Through the auld yett, an' doon the
daurkenin' lane.
An', jist as I had thoct tae turn aboot,
I heard a body trippin' ower a stane.

I waited for a meenit, an' there cam'
A bonny lass, a sonsy, trig wee quean,
Quo' I, "Ye're late." "Aye sir," quo' she,
"I am;
I'm lookin' for a lamb I lost yestre'en."

"A lamb," quo' I, "Weel, jist you bide a
wee,

I'll ca' the doug an' gang an' get a
licht,
We're shair tae get ye'r lammie, an' I'll
see
That baith o' ye get safely hame this
nicht."

That was the first o' mony a heartsome
ploy,
We're marrit fower year noo (or is it
three?)
But whiles a thoct comes stealin'
through ma joy;
The only lamb she got that nicht was
me.



4 out of 5 start too late

Among the people you see today, four out of five past forty (and many younger) are victims of Pyorrhea—simply because they started too late to protect teeth and gums.

Pyorrhea starts with tender, bleeding gums. Unchecked, it undermines youth, health and beauty. Too often it results in loss of teeth, neuritis, ulcers, rheumatism or other serious diseases.

But have no fear. If you start in time, you can prevent or check the vicious inroads of Pyorrhea. If your gums are spongy or bleeding, see your dentist at once for examination. And start now using Forhan's for the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's thwarts Pyorrhea or checks it. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., a recognized specialist for years in Pyorrhea.

Forhan's firms the gums, keeps them healthy. It protects teeth from acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white. It guards your youth and health.

Don't gamble with your health. See your dentist twice a year. And start the Forhan morning-and-night habit, now. Teach your children to use it, too, as health-insurance. Play safe. Get a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Ltd., Montreal

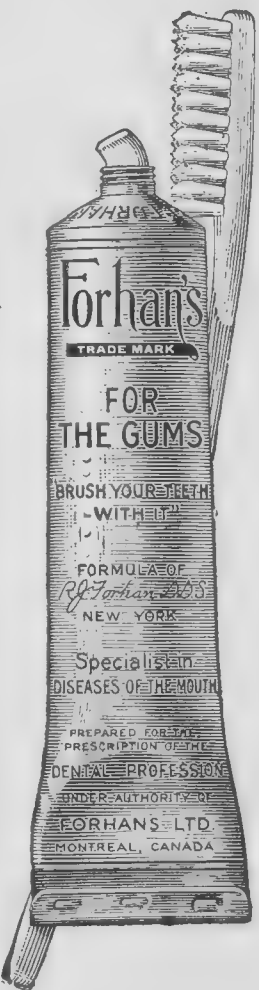
Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

You can be
sure of this



Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it.





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In every well-planned room, beauty of effect is achieved by observing perfect harmony.

And interior decorators agree, that no factor is more important in achieving this "one harmonious whole" than Seaman-Kent Hardwood Flooring.

This flooring is the best that's made in every grade.
Easy to obtain by mentioning the name.
And it costs no more than ordinary kinds.

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A most satisfactory roll for the bathroom. A soft, absorbent tissue made, like all Eddy Toilet Rolls, under the most exacting sanitary conditions.

Big value for the housewife seeking a good tissue at a moderate price



THE E.B.
EDDY
CO. LIMITED
HULL, CANADA

The July Issue of The Western Home Monthly will be a Diamond Jubilee Number. The most outstanding magazine on the news-stand.

But, he wondered, did his mother feel as if she really needed or wanted them all to look after—did she ever think she could get along with a few less. She always had the same loving smile for all of them. He finally decided that Mrs. Stevens didn't know what she was talking about.

"Sandy! Sandy!" It was Bess calling from the house. Slowly Sandy rose, brushed the sleeve of his blouse hastily, across his eyes, and pursed his lips into a tremulous whistle.

"Sandy, run over to the telephone office and get them to give you Aunt Nell on the phone; tell her to come quickly; our mother wants her in the worst way and tell her to get word to Dad if she possibly can."

"She's not—the Littlest One's not—is she worser?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Bess, "she's just alive and that's all—get Aunt Nell as quick as you can."

Sandy's little heart gave some very queer jumps and seemed to lodge right in his throat. Swallow as he might, he could not get rid of it.

He never ran faster than he did that time. "I won't cry, I won't cry," he kept saying to himself. "I'm not crying, 'cause people'll see me and think I'm a girl."

The telephone operator, with some difficulty, understood that he wanted Mrs. Kirk on the phone.

"Please, Aunt Nell, come as quick as you can, the Littlest One's awful sick, but we're not going to let her die and tell Daddy to come as quick as he can from the ranch 'cause we need a man awful bad."

As he hung the receiver on the hook, the room seemed to go round and round and it hurt his chest so to breathe. He decided, however, that he must hurry right back home.

Outside the door he met Mr. Wilson, who greeted him in a hearty voice, "Hello, Sandy, hop in the back of the grain tank and I'll give you a ride home." Gratefully the offer was accepted.

When Sandy stepped down at his own gate, tired as he was, he realized that he must keep as busy as possible, so that he would have no time for serious thought. He took the axe, gathered up every stray stick and box about the place and chopped enough kindling to last for a week.

By this time he was glad to see a car stop in front of the house and Aunt Nell's capable figure hurry up the path to the house.

When the children came home from school Sandy took them all into the shed. "Now you kids can play here and don't you dare to go into that house till you go to bed, 'cause Aunt Nell says our mother has got to lay down for a little while and try to sleep or she will be all broken up."

The older ones who went to school, busied themselves trying to amuse the little ones, Bubs, Mickey and Bunchie, who could not understand this sudden change in their happy rollicking family. At supper time, Caddie brought out a basket, filled with bread, butter, jam and a jug of milk. After this had been consumed they all slipped away to bed.

"Say, you kids," Sandy called, "when you say your prayers tonight, don't bother prayin' for the rest of the family; you say your whole prayer for the Littlest One and say it good and hard."

Sandy loitered behind, helped Helen and Mary wash up the cups, then went out to sit down on the back step. Everything was so still in the dusk—he could hear the tiny creak of the crickets, the soft whirr-r of a bird's wing, as it flew by, and other soft sounds that one only hears in the still of the twilight.

The moon slowly rose up over the butte behind the house and shed a soft glow over everything. How beautiful

things became in the moonlight—the straw-stack across in the field resembled a beautiful, golden temple, the shed, with its dilapidated appearance, became a pretty little cottage in the subdued light; even their own house looked as if it really had a coat of paint on it.

Indoors, Sandy could hear his aunt gently walking to and fro and occasionally his ear would catch a tiny moan that he knew was from the clothes basket. He saw a dark form come toward the house and by the bag in his hand he knew it to be the doctor. He heard the whispered consultations between him and his Aunt Nell. A sudden thought struck, he located an empty oil tin, carried it round to the side of the house and placing it a few yards from the window, seated himself upon it. From here he could command an unobstructed view of the sick-room.

There lay the little patient, but what a changed baby she was, her plump, rosy little cheeks were like wax. There were dark circles beneath the closed eyes and he knew when he saw the tiny hand that there was not much strength in it. The doctor had taken off his coat, seated himself beside the basket and seemed to be watching every breath of the tiny body.

"Sandy, where are you?" Caddie gently called from the back door. "You must come to bed now, it is getting late."

Reluctantly, Sandy moved himself from his point of observation and mounted the stairs. For a long time he lay quiet on his bed, wide awake; but Nature soon asserted her rights and the troubled little boy fell into a heavy sleep.

THE next thing he knew he was being shaken by the shoulder and Larry was saying: "Wake up, you old sleepy-head—don't you care if it is after nine o'clock and the Littlest One is getting better; our mother says she has passed the trisis, or something like that, last night, and she's a lot better."

"What!" cried Sandy, leaping from the bed and grasping Larry by the arm, "honest, honest, true?"

"Yes, of course, honest true, you just come down stairs and see."

Sandy's dressing consisted merely of sliding a blouse over his head and wriggling into a pair of trousers. Down the dark, narrow steps he went with a bound and into the sick-room. The odor gave one a ghastly feeling, especially before breakfast, thermofuge disinfectant, warm milk, camphorated oil all blended into a rather confusing aroma. But Sandy little heeded that, his eyes were fastened on the basket. There was the Littlest One, pale and wan it is true, but quite contentedly sucking a wee thumb. As Sandy bent over her with such a look of devotion, he held out a forefinger. Instantly her blue eyes lighted up as with some almost forgotten thought and she reached up a tiny hand and weakly grasped the proffered finger.

"Oh, look quick!" Sandy cried, enraptured, "she hasn't forgotten—she can't hold on very hard, but I'll bet she can in a day or two—aren't you glad she's better," he said, turning to his mother.

"You don't need to ask that," replied the mother, putting an arm about him, "we could never get along without her, could we—indeed, there isn't one of the fifteen that mother could ever get along without."

It was a very happy little boy who strode through the short-cut to school that morning.

No Questions Asked

LOST—On Tuesday night, a chicken dinner somewhere between Christenson Street and the Rubber City Bowling Alleys. Please return to Henry Lerch—Connecticut paper.

For \$4.75 you can WAX-POLISH the Floors of Six Average Rooms



Easily-Quickly-Electrically ~without Stooping, Kneeling or Soiling Your Hands

TELEPHONE your dealer that you want to RENT a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for one day. There will be a \$2.00 rental charge. And tell him to send a half-gallon (\$2.75) of Johnson's Liquid Wax with it.

That's ALL you need to bring 1500 sq. ft. of flooring to bright gleaming beauty. It makes no difference whether the floors are old or new—of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. Nor how they are finished—with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. All floors respond wonderfully to this rejuvenating Johnson's Wax Electric treatment.

It's so simple anyone can do it. Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floors—you will be amazed at the beauty of the lustrous, deep-toned polish so easily and quickly produced. The speed of the brush is responsible for the beautiful burnished accomplishment.

And after you have once gone over your floors with Johnson's Liquid Wax and Electric Floor Polisher you will find it easy to keep them in this same sparkling, wear-resistant condition.



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For \$2.00 a day your neighborhood store or your painter will RENT you a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. This wonderful machine practically runs itself—you simply walk along and guide it with your finger tips—you don't have to push it or bear down on it. With it you can wax-polish all your floors in the same time it takes to do a single room by old-fashioned hand methods.

Or, you can buy a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience. Ask your dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or write us.

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ILLUSTRATED above is a choice example of Knechtel Fine Furniture, embodying most pleasing artistic design with refinement and good taste. The Renaissance is one of our most successful Suites. It is a handsome high quality Suite, worthy to grace any home—yet because of Knechtel facilities and leadership, you will find it most moderately priced.

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Fronts and Doors handsomely decorated with exquisitely figured Butt Walnut Veneer. The Chairs are of graceful design, richly upholstered in Spanish Leather. China Cabinet is of particularly pleasing design and proportions. The complete Suite is finished in Armor Plate Duco. If you are attracted by this Suite and will write us, we shall be pleased to give you the name of the nearest Knechtel Dealer.

For over 60 years the House of Knechtel has been building fine furniture, and to-day this firm stands as the largest manufacturer of furniture in Canada.

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Ask your furniture dealer to show you Knechtel suites and individual pieces. Look for the "Knechtel Quality" Trade Mark

THE KNECHTEL FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED, HANOVER, ONTARIO

"Makers of Quality Furniture Since 1864."

Federated Women's Institutes

A Message to the Women's Institutes From the Honorary President, Mrs. David Watt

TO WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEMBERS

Ours is the unique opportunity to render the greatest service to our country by recognizing that Home, Community and National Interests are interdependent, and by consolidating our efforts toward improving these interests such as the subjects studied from F.W.I.C. Standing Committees, Agricultural Home Economics, Education, Child Welfare, the Study of our Provincial and Federal Legislation, the Immigration Question, Our Industries and Community Life, and by generally stimulating latent talents and initiative, that ours may be a true democracy and we a strong home loving people.

Federation is the linking up of all organizations throughout Canada who are working and thinking along similar lines. In unity there is strength and in strength there is power, to accomplish anything for the good of humanity, if we so wish—Jennie M. Watt.

Manitoba News

The Women's Institutes Help to Furnish the New Wing in Grace Hospital The Sick Are Remembered by the Institutes

THE Women's Institute delegates attending the Annual Convention last summer, visited Grace Hospital, and were much impressed by the work the Salvation Army is doing in this institution. The delegates went home and told their Institutes about their visit to Grace Hospital, and what they had seen and heard, and several letters came asking: "What can we do for the Salvation Army?" The opportunity came recently to the Institutes to show their interest in the work of the Salvation Army, and to support the good work done in Grace Hospital. As the present building is not large enough to accommodate all those who come to the Hospital, a new wing has been built this winter, and this has to be furnished. The Institutes were acquainted with this circumstance and invited to help. The response has been most gratifying!

The amounts subscribed by the Institutes will be announced at a later date, perhaps at the Annual Convention in May. In the meantime, it will be interesting to hear what some of the Institutes have done.

Great Falls Women's Institute is furnishing a one-bed ward. This undertaking reflects generosity and pluck, as this Institute has only been organized a little over a year, and has a small membership. Five Institutes in the interlake district are working together in the hope of furnishing a ward. The news has come that the Institutes of the Swan River Valley are planning to unite to raise money for a ward. Some of the district organizations are also active and developing plans in the interest of Grace Hospital. The Winnipeg Institute has promised to furnish one of the \$300 wards, and is busy raising this sum. The Institutes which are not already working with a group, or through their district organization are sending cheques to Dr. Whitaker, with their good wishes, and a frequent regret that they cannot send more.

MOST Institutes have a sick committee, and as there has been much sickness these past weeks, this committee has been exceedingly busy. The members of the sick committee visit the sick and send them flowers, fruit, magazines and books, and do many acts of kindness which are not generally known. All will be glad when the spring comes, allowing people to go out in the warm air and bright sunshine, where strength comes again to those who have been ill.

THE monthly reports mention the many social functions held these past weeks, and intimate that these have given much pleasure to many. Cards have been enjoyed by the older people; the younger ones have their dances and parties, and both old and young have enjoyed concerts, plays, debates, and the "special days" which come in the winter season, such as Burns' Night, St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's Day. The husbands and friends of Institute members have not been overlooked; several Institutes have had a banquet for their husbands. The secretary of the Langruth Institute writes: "We entertained our husbands and friends." Mayfield had a fowl supper for the husbands and friends; Minnedosa had a social evening for the husbands, while Cartwright gave a banquet for the husbands."

Arnaud: Each member is making a garment; these will be sent to the Children's Aid Society.

Ashern writes: "We have almost finished paying for the hall." The members of this Institute have worked very hard, and all who know them will rejoice to hear that the hall is almost paid for.

Balmoral presented a three-act comedy; the proceeds will be used to pay for the piano the Women's Institute is buying for the new community hall.

Carman sent \$50. to the Salvation Army to help furnish the new wing in Grace Hospital.

Cartwright: To make money to pay for the piano, the members have been divided into five groups; each group is expected to make \$10.

Cullross: The members are planning an elocution contest. Fifteen dollars has been voted for prizes.

Decker: A member, who is an ex-nurse, gave an address on: "Articles Needed for The Home Medicine Cabinet." Decker has sent \$25 to Grace Hospital.

Deloraine is holding a concert to raise money for the cemetery fund.

Dugald has sent \$100. to Grace Hospital and \$20 to the Children's Aid Society.

Ellenville held a darning contest; some very good work was shown; judges from outside the Institute were secured, and prizes were awarded. Ellenville is holding a social evening in aid of Grace Hospital.

Elva is planning to build a community hall.

Ewart made over \$30 serving lunches to the curlers during the local Bonspiel.

Foxwarren: Eighteen new books have been bought for the Women's Institute library.

Hamiota: The members are busy making quilts for the relief committee. The Atoimah Girls Club in the Hamiota W.I. sent \$10. to Grace Hospital.

Hartney is planning to put on a play to raise money for a bed in Grace Hospital.

Kenton has sent \$95 to the Children's Aid Society.

La Riviere hopes to build a rink next winter. The members are now busy raising money for this.

Livingstone: "How to Lay the Table for Dinner" was demonstrated at the last meeting.

Minnedosa: The last meeting was a social to which everyone came for just a good time.

Minota: "Most of the members brought an article which had been remade, and told what the original garment had been. In this way one helps the other with ideas which may not have been generally known."

Moore Park: As an objective for 1927, the members have decided to interest themselves in the cemetery, and to beautify this as much as possible.

Oak River has sent \$50 to Grace Hospital. The members have decided to study chinaware, and a library of books for this study has been ordered from McGill University.

Pipestone: An interesting paper was given on "Co-operative Shipping of Poultry and Cream."

Plum Coulee: An old fashioned pie social brought this Institute the handsome sum of \$50. It pays to have due respect for old customs!

Rochdale: A girls sewing club is being formed in this Institute.

Reston "Resolved, that the girl of today is better than the girl of yesterday" was the subject of a debate enjoyed by the members and their friends.

Roland: This Institute is taking up the study of foods; the first paper was on "Soup."

Solsgirth is buying new books for the W.I. Library.

Which furniture polish requires LEAST rubbing?

The white kid glove test shows whether a furniture polish is GREASY or GREASELESS. Rubbed lightly over a surface (B) finished with ordinary polish, the finger tips are discolored by the greasy film; but over a surface (A) finished with the new Liquid Veneer, there is no discoloration whatever because there is NO GREASE.

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L. V. Corp.

IMPORTANT!

The new greaseless Liquid Veneer is on sale everywhere. There is no change in the design of the container but the contents of the packages now in the stores were manufactured according to the new formula.

Send coupon. Check offer desired



Special Offer No. 1

	Regular Price
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit.....	\$.50
(Includes all the materials and tools needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc., on all kinds of furniture)	
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25
Triall bottle Liquid Veneer.....	.10
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes".....	.25
Total value.....	\$1.10
Special price.....	\$.50

Special Offer No. 2

	Regular Price
Triall bottle Liquid Veneer.....	\$.10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes".....	.25
Total value.....	\$.60
Special price.....	\$.25

Special Offer No. 3

	Regular Price
Triall bottle Liquid Veneer.....	\$.10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25
Total value.....	\$.35
Special price.....	\$.10

THE photograph shows distinctly the kind of polish that is easiest to apply. The same amount of each of two polishes was applied to the table top—one to the left side (A), the other to the right (B). Then each side was rubbed with the same number of strokes.

The left side is finished; the surface is clean, clear, brilliant — nothing more to be done to it. But the right side is still so smeared with grease that much more rubbing is needed to produce the semblance of a good appearance.

Surely, you want to avoid polishes calling for such tedious effort, and yet you may be fretting with this very kind, for the polish used was typical of hundreds, including many having no national reputation and sold only in the cities where they are manufactured.

Just as surely, you should know the name of the labor saving polish, for it is the new greaseless kind the intelligent housekeeper has been wanting for years. It is an old friend in an improved form — Liquid Veneer.

After you have tried the new Liquid Veneer for furniture, other uses will suggest themselves to you — floors, pianos, woodwork, automobiles, and all other fine finishes. Its freedom from grease will save you time and effort in the care of all of these.

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION

1914 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

The superiority of the new Liquid Veneer has been proven scientifically by the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York. Their report is in our files. But, you can make a similar test in your own home by comparing the new Liquid Veneer with any other furniture polish you may be using. So it will be easy for you to do this we make the special offers to the left.

The New LIQUID VENEER

Dusts - Cleans - Polishes - LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

Liquid Veneer Corporation
1914 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

I wish to take advantage of the offer checked;

—No. 1, 50c postpaid—No. 2, 25c postpaid—No. 3, 10c postpaid

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Province.....

Dainty lingerie in lovely new shades



Inexpensive too!

NOVASILK is made in a fascinating array of charming new colors that offers wide range of choice to the discriminating woman and miss.

Beautifully tailored and finished by a firm that has been making fine underwear for nearly fifty years.

NOVASILK is surprisingly low in price.

Vests are priced from \$1.50 up; bloomers from \$2.50; step-ins and chemises from \$2.00; costume slips from \$3.50; nightgowns and and pyjamas from \$4.00; kimonas from \$4.50. See NOVASILK now!

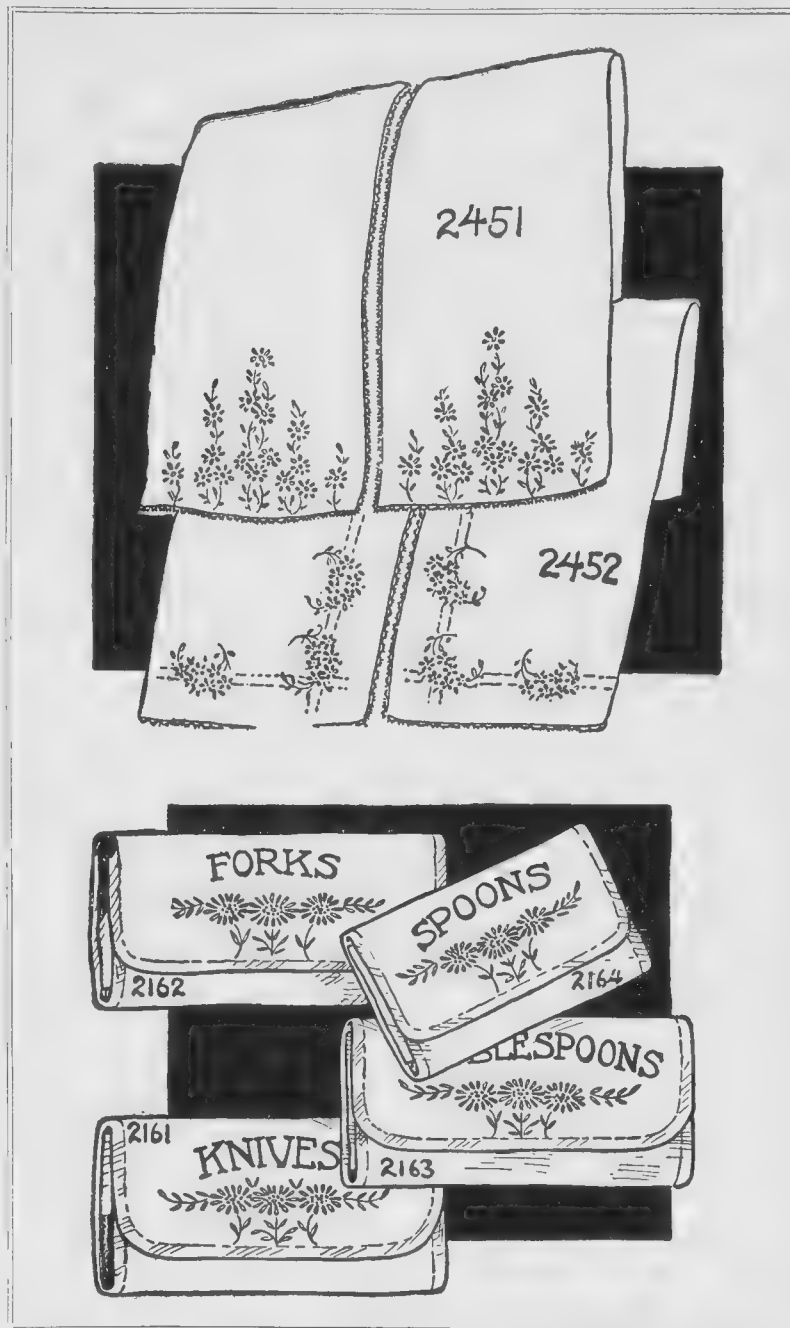


STANFIELD'S LIMITED
TRURO, N.S.

Makers of Stanfield's Unshrinkable
Underwear for all the family.

STANFIELD'S
Novasilk
REGD
LINGERIE

Some Very Attractive Novelties in Needlework



SILVERWARE CASES
Nos. 2161-62-63-64.

Every housewife takes great pride in the care of her silver for the table, and we can now offer you holders for all of this silver that cannot be excelled. These are bound complete with patented flap of flannel to protect the silver from scratches or blemish. These new cases are a great improvement over the old style, and all made up ready for the finishing touches in the embroidery designs. They come in two qualities on White Gramont; anyone of them at 82c, and on Tan Bon-Ton at 60c. Be sure and state number of case desired when ordering.

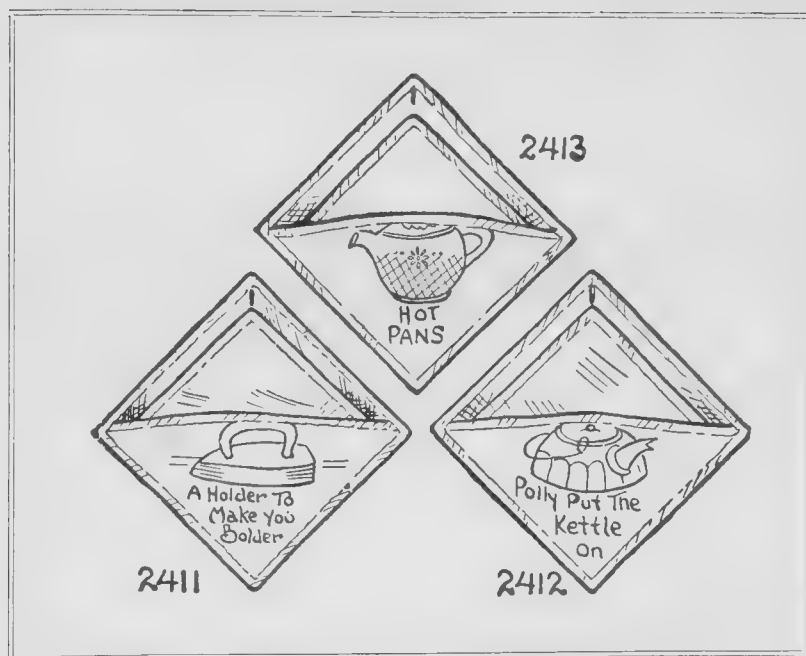
FANCY DIMITY CURTAINS
Nos. 2451-52.

We show herewith curtains for the kitchen in both full length and sash curtains. These numbers are stamped on exceptionally high-grade quality checked Dimity that is ideal for the purpose. They are of a very heavy quality, and will launder beautifully. These curtains Nos. 2451 and 2452 can be obtained in size 25x80 at \$1.75 per pair. The sash curtains 25x40, 75c per pair.



CHILDREN'S NOVELTY HANDKERCHIEFS AND HOLDERS.
Nos. 2241 to 2243

We present here a very attractive novelty for the children, and one that will be most fully appreciated. Each handkerchief holder comes packed in an individual box, and has three dainty colored handkerchiefs, with picot edge. The designs shown thereon are most attractive, and will appeal both to the mothers and little ones. Full instructions as to embroidering are supplied with each package. Price of these sets is fifty-five cents each post-paid. In ordering be sure and specify number of handkerchief and holder desired.



HOT PANS AND HOLDERS
Nos. 2411 to 2413.

These are very useful combinations which will appeal to the housewife from every standpoint. A holder and pad is furnished, packed one set to a box, and these numbers will make a very fine and useful present. The pad is completely

made and bound, and the holder ready for the simple embroidery as shown.

You can obtain anyone of these sets for only forty-eight cents postpaid. In ordering from the Western Home Monthly be sure to state number of set desired.

Wearing an Evening Dress Eight Years

By Janet Munro

The stately lady in black sequin curtsied low to the visiting queen of a foreign country.

All woman, the queen cast a comprehensive and rather appreciative glance over the sequin.

"Thank goodness," said the tall lady as she finally emerged from the crush, "thank goodness it didn't tear when I curtsied. I have worn it eight years and it tears if you look hard at it."

"Tell me how you do it, Elizabeth," laughed the vivacious, little wife of the member from the Yukon. "It looks like the latest Paris creation and I know you have that bunch of roses covering a mend."

"It is nothing to what Eve did with fig-leaves," murmured Elizabeth, edging away from the gold embroidery on a stout Privy Councillor's uniform. "I have been poor so long that I'd be lonesome if I weren't."

"When the war was on I dropped in to a little store on Bank Street and asked for allover sequin. The girl showed me a remnant of three yards, 27 inches wide, for five dollars. I hardly waited to have it wrapped, so afraid was I that she would change her mind."

"No more punch, thank you," to the lordly butler who looked like the Emperor of Andalusia, but wasn't.

"Well, I had just two hours to make that dress before appearing at a dinner at Rideau Hall. I cut a hole for my head to go through, sewed the sides up, and lo! a one-piece tunic above my knees. Then with gold thread and stitches half an inch long I sewed on a flounce of coarse, black silk Fishnet, hemmed with the gold thread in stitches still longer.

I whipped gold thread over the edges of the neck and armholes, wore two long-stemmed crimson roses, and flew for Government House."

The golden-haired lady laughed. "And Lord Leverhulme took you in to dinner. I heard all about it, and fat Mrs. Snider-Reid asked you how you could afford French dresses in war time."

"But," swallowing a chocolate in one gulp in time to bow to the acting premier, "What did you do next, Elizabeth? That dress looks different every year."

"The next year I made it over yellow and wore tearoses."

"And the next year and the next, Bet," handing her glass to the emperor.

"Yes. I bought a bronze bead, cable girdle with heavy, bead tassels at a bargain sale for \$2.50, hemmed the net flounce with a bronze bead at intervals of two inches, the neck and armholes the same, and wore it over black satin. The next year I merely wore it over rose crepe. After that I rang the changes on all black with chenille hemmings, black over white satin with a string of long, white pearls to my knees, adding angel sleeves one year for variety. This year you see it as it was the first year, Mary."

"And with it have walked right into the heart of the most eligible bachelor in the official set," teased the member's wife, stepping back as a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman with a lined face and strangely young eyes, bowed over Elizabeth's hand.

The color ran for a moment in the cheek of the sequin-clad lady.

Then she moved away on the arm of the tall official gentleman whose half-whimsical but all-possessing glance was on her bent, shining bronze head.

The Little Things

By V. Grace Wheeler

*It's the little things in life that count;
Just the tiny little things;
The laughter sweet of children,
The song a wild bird sings.*

*It's the perfume of bright flowers,
Wafted from some shady lane—
It's the bright and generous sunshine—
It's the rainbow after rain*

*It's the countless thousand blessings
Flowing daily from life's fount,
To make life sweeter, brighter—better—
It's the little things that count.*

*It's the little smiles of friendship,
To those, sad and alone;
It's making someone's life seem sweeter
By a little kindness shown.*

*It's the helping hand to someone
Struggling 'neath a load of pain;
It's the cheery words of courage
Helps him reach the heights again.*

What this mark means to you



Long wear—and

full satisfaction are certain if you buy Fox Fabric clothes. Fox's test the yarn before it is woven, stressing it far beyond any stress that you can give your clothes.

Fox's trade mark, every 84 ins. on reverse of cloth, or on a label in clothes, guarantees pure woollen fabric that will give sound service—should it shrink or fade, on land or sea, a length of similar grade cloth will be given as free replacement.

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WOOLLEN FABRICS

Made in the West of England since 1680

Serges, Botanies, Tweeds (also Fox-Bliss Tweeds) and Cheviots, Saxonomies and Fine Worsteds, in "Superfine," "Fine" and "Standard" grades. And Fox's Improved Puttees.

Manufactured by
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Why not Irish Linen?

Nothing gives such lasting wear as Real Irish Linen, and you are assured of satisfaction if you buy direct from Ireland.

Parcel of White Linen Remnants, \$5 the parcel.

2 Linen Damask Table Cloths, 2x2 yds, 2 for \$5.

1 doz. Linen Double Damask Napkins, \$5 the doz.

Embroidered Linen Tea Set, 1 Tea Cloth and 6 Tea Napkins, or, 1 Tea Cloth, 1 Tray Cloth and 1 Cosy Cover. These lots in great demand. Either lot, \$5.

4 boxes Ladies' Embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs, \$5 the 4 boxes.

Hemstitched coloured Linen Tea Cloths, with Silk checks, 36x36 ins. \$1 each.

White Linen Luncheon Cloth, 54x54 ins., \$1.25 each.

Brown Linen Bungalow Cloth, 54x54 ins., \$1 each.

3 Hemstitched coloured Linen Tray Cloths, 14x20 ins., 3 for \$1.

Postage extra. Write for Catalogue

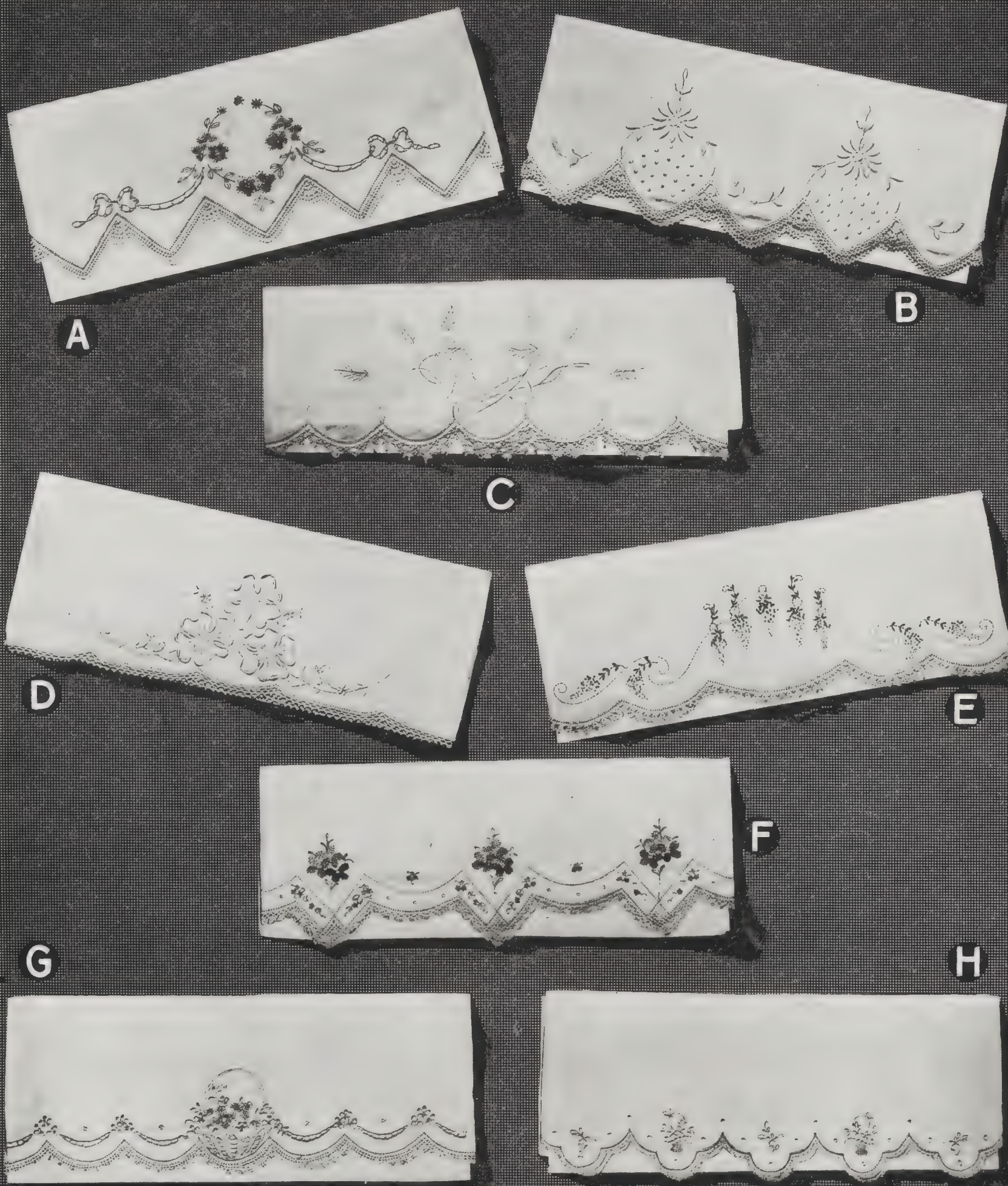
MURPHY & ORR LIMITED

By Appointment to H.M. the King

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Embroidered Pillowcases Are in Keeping With the Vogue



Pillowcases shown above offer a wide range of neat and attractive designs for embroidery. Stamped ready for hemstitching on a fine quality circular pillow cotton 42 inches wide. Pillowcases stamped as illustrated are priced at \$1.25 per pair. Edging and embroidery thread are not included. When ordering from the Western Home Monthly be sure to state letter required.

Cleanse TEETH of Dingy Film

Smiles Brighten Quickly

*The new way to combat the film on teeth—
the source of many tooth and gum disorders
—which numbers of leading authorities suggest*

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free



As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.



A method dentists now
are widely urging

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are film coated.

By running the tongue across the teeth, this film can be felt. Modern dental science charges it with many tooth and gum disturbances; with most of the clouded teeth one sees, with much of the prevalence of pyorrhea.

Ordinary brushing often failed to combat

film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

CURDLES AND REMOVES FILM
FIRMS THE GUMS

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the

saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those now found in Pepsodent.

PLEASE ACCEPT PEPSODENT TEST

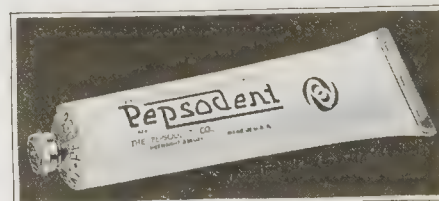
Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.



Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



MADE IN CANADA

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1395, 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

General Office and Laboratories: 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2391-Can.

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



*“My mother makes the
swellest doughnuts-
**MAGIC
BAKING POWDER**
is what she always uses”*

MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO-CANADA



At Easter Time

THOSE who rest from social activities during the Lenten season, welcome their return with the Easter season. The Easter vacation gives occasion for the entertaining of teachers and students who are home for the holiday, or in honor of those who are visiting in our homes.

An Easter Breakfast is always delightful. The dark winter mornings are over, and the joy of spring time has returned. Breakfast being a simple meal, there is less labor in preparing and serving it than a luncheon or dinner.

The decorations may be spring flowers. Dainty colored glass, which is at present so popular, looks well on the table. A pretty colored cloth and napkins may be used.

The menu would have fruit, followed by a cereal if one wishes, then a hot dish with some kind of hot bread, a sweet to accompany the bread, and coffee.

The fruit may be fresh, such as grape-fruit or oranges, or a combination with canned fruits.

The hot dish may be eggs in some form, meat such as bacon, sausages, fish, or creamed chicken.

For the hot bread we may serve buttered toast, hot or toasted rolls, muffins, hot biscuits or waffles, or pop-overs. Unless toast or waffles may be made at the table with an electric appliance, or there is enough help in the kitchen to attend to everything, some bread which may be left in the oven till ready to put on the table, such as the biscuits, muffins, or pop-overs, is the wisest choice. With it we may serve syrup, honey, marmalade, or any delicious jam or jelly or conserve.

Fruit Cup

Cut sections of grape fruit in pieces, mix with canned cubes of pineapple, or pears, or white cherries pitted and cut in halves, serve in cocktail glasses, with or without a red cherry on top. Add a little powdered sugar if necessary. This may be prepared some time before using, and chilled till serving time.

Oranges

May be peeled, taking care to remove all the white skin, then sliced and arranged in overlapping slices, in a circle on pretty glass plates. Or the juice may be squeezed out, chilled, sweetened if necessary, and served in sherbet cups or any pretty small drinking glasses.

Apple Compote

Select cooking apples which will not mash up when cooked. Pare and cut in sixths or eighths, put carefully in a boiling syrup made of $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar to 1 c. water, boiled for about five minutes. If wished, it may be colored pink. Cook the apples till clear, skim carefully from the syrup, which is then strained over them to remove any scum there may be on it. Arrange the chilled apple sections and juice in individual glass dishes.

Berry Muffins

Butter, 4 tb. Baking powder, 4 tb.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Egg, 1. Milk, 1 c.
Flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Berries, 1 c.

Blueberries make especially good muffins. When fresh ones are not to be had, the canned berries should be thoroughly drained. In this case a little more flour may be needed. Reserve about four tb. of it to mix with the berries to prevent them sinking to the bottom of the muffins.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten egg, then the well-sifted dry ingredients with the milk, alternately, and last of all the floured berries. Bake in buttered tin muffins pan.

Plain Muffins

Butter, 4 tb. Egg, 1.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Milk, 1 c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Flour, 2 c.
Baking powder, 4 t.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten egg, then the milk alternately with the dry ingredients sifted together. Bake in buttered muffin pans.

Graham Muffins

Use the recipe for PLAIN MUFFINS, substituting $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Graham or whole-wheat flour for $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. of the white flour, sifting the salt and baking powder with $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of white flour, then mixing it with the dark flour.

Corn Muffins

Corn meal, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Flour, 1 c. Milk, 1 c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Egg, 1.



An Easter Breakfast Table

Baking powder, 4 t. Melted butter, 4 tb.

Scald the milk, and stir it carefully into the corn meal to prevent lumping; add the sugar, then the flour, salt, and baking powder sifted together, the well-beaten egg and melted butter. Bake in buttered muffin tins or in a shallow cake pan and cut in squares or oblongs to serve.

Bran Muffins

Butter, 2 tb. Soda, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Bran, 2 c.
Salt, 2 t. Flour, 2 c.
Egg, 1. Sour milk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, then the sour milk alternately with the bran which has been mixed with the flour, soda, and salt, sifted together two or three times.

Date Muffins

Use either the BERRY MUFFIN or the PLAIN MUFFIN recipe, adding to the latter and substituting for the berries in the former, 1 cup of dates, pitted and cut in quarters.

Pop-Overs

Flour, 1 c. Milk, $\frac{7}{8}$ c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Eggs, 2.
Sugar, 1 t. Melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Mix the salt, sugar, and flour, and sift, gradually add the milk to prevent lumping, then the well-beaten eggs, and melted butter, and beat with the egg-beater for two minutes. Pour into hissing hot iron muffin pans or custard cups, well-buttered, filling them not

more than two-thirds full. Bake in a hot oven for 30 or 35 minutes. They will "pop" away up above the edges of the pans, with a firm crust all over, and will be hollow inside. If custard cups are used, the bottoms will be glazed. Only the iron pans or the custard cups will give a satisfactory result. Tin will not.

Waffles

Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. Milk, 1 c.
Baking powder, 3 t. Eggs, 2.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Melted butter, 1 tb.

Mix and sift the flour, salt and baking powder, add gradually the milk, beaten egg yolks, and butter, fold in the beaten egg whites, and cook on a hot greased waffle iron. It should be well-heated on both sides, a table-spoon of the batter put in each compartment, near the centre, will spread to fill the iron when closed. It should be ready to turn almost at once, then browned on the other side. Once turning is enough.

Dressing Up the Desserts

In the spring time, when appetites are rather fickle, more attention must be given to the appearance of our meals. Familiar old friends must be served in a new guise. Perhaps it is possible to buy a few inexpensive dishes which will give a very considerable change. A pudding may be served from a large dish on the table instead of being put on the individual plates in the kitchen or pantry. It may be of such a nature that sherbet glasses may be used in place of sauce or cereal dishes or plates. A different garnish may be added. A little judicious use of dainty vegetable colors will help. The day is long past when we considered dessert as an "extra," added to an already adequate meal. We now plan it as an important part of the meal, to provide a definite part of the body requirements, whether it be sugar, starch, mineral matter, or some other essential. Every one must have some milk each day. If he cannot take it in the natural form, he might have it in a rice pudding, a custard, or in ice cream.

Fruit Surprise

In a pretty serving bowl or in individual dishes, put canned apricots. Sprinkle with cocoanut. Over the top, spread whipped cream, sweetened, with more cocoanut folded in it. Sprinkle again with cocoanut. This may be varied by using peanut brittle pounded quite fine instead of the cocoanut.

Blanc-Mange with Figs

Milk, 1 pint. Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Corn starch, 4 tb. Vanilla, 1 t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Cook in a double boiler half an hour, add the vanilla, and pour into individual molds. Unmold on plates and surround with stewed dried figs or canned preserved figs. (The latter are rather expensive.)

Banana Cream Pie

Bake a pie shell or small, individual shells. Fill with a cream filling, then cover with overlapping slices of banana which have been sprinkled with a lemon juice to prevent discoloration, if they must stand more than a few minutes. If available, a spoonful of whipped cream may be put on top of each.

Whipped Cream Cake

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Baking powder, 2 t. Sugar, $\frac{7}{8}$ c.
Milk, 1 c. Flour, (pastry), 2 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Vanilla, 1 t. Egg whites, 2. Whipped cream

Continued on page 84

THE WHITEHOUSE STEAM PRESSURE COOKER

Saves Time and Labor for WOMEN

A large part of a woman's time is spent in the kitchen preparing meals for the family. And for generations there has been very little reduction in the time a woman must thus spend—year in and year out, Summer and Winter, three meals a day—hours spent bending over hot kitchen stoves. Why should not a wife apply efficient and labor-reducing devices to her work as her husband does to his business?

THE WHITEHOUSE COOKER GIVES HER JUST SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY

The Whitehouse Steam Pressure Cooker cooks by steam under a pressure of up to 15 pounds. This live steam penetrates the food and makes it tender and delicious. The complete meal may be cooked at one time—and the different flavors will not blend. Cooking odors are confined and do not escape through the house. The Whitehouse Cooker is beautifully, substantially and carefully constructed of high-grade aluminum, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. It is easily taken apart and re-assembled. The bottom can be used as a food chamber.

AN ECONOMY

It will save you money in more ways than one. Lower-priced meats and inexpensive food can be made just as appetizing as the higher priced kinds. Foods are cooked in a quarter to a third of the time ordinarily required. This will make a big reduction in your fuel bill.

A CONVENIENCE

It requires no watching. The whole meal may be prepared at one time, without burning, wasting or spoiling of food, unpleasant odors or heat. This is a convenience you will appreciate every day. And bear in mind that steam-pressure cooked foods are more palatable and digestible.

IT IS SOLD IN THREE SIZES: 10, 14 AND 20-QUART

Write for our illustrated leaflet describing in detail the Whitehouse Cooker. When in Winnipeg visit the demonstration in our Hardware Department.

ON DISPLAY AT WINNIPEG, REGINA AND SASKATOON

THE **T. EATON** CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

BETTER COOKING

Continued from page 83

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER SUGGESTIONS

Welsh Rarebit Crackers
Bread and Butter
Baked Apples Tea

Cream of Tomato Soup
Apple and Banana Salad
Bread and Butter Tea
Jello

Fish Cakes Creamed Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Canned Sliced Peaches
Plain Muffins Tea

Sliced Cold Meat
Scalloped Potatoes
Brown Bread and Butter
Ginger Bread with Whipped Cream

Creamed Fish on Toast
Toast and Butter
Jellied Tomato Salad
Chocolate Cake Tea

Japanese Eggs, on Toast
Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce Spice Cake
Tea Milk

Macedoine of Vegetables
Bread and Butter
Waffles Maple Syrup
Tea Milk

Scalloped Fish
Bread and Butter
Apple Pie Tea

Steamed Eggs Mashed Potatoes
Rolls Butter Jam

Minced Chicken on Biscuits
Cranberry Sauce
Cake Canned Fruit
Tea Milk

Pineapple and Cheese Salad
Graham Bread Butter
Baked Custard Tea

Eggs in Potato Nests
Bread and Butter
Cake Apple Sauce

Spanish Rice
Graham Muffins
Apple Tapioca Tea

Casserole of Fish
Bread and Butter
Canned Pears Cookies
Tea Milk

Fried Cheese Sandwiches
Cabbage Salad
Graham Bread Butter
Washington Pie Tea

Baked Potatoes Creamed Eggs
Bran Muffins Butter
Caramel Tapioca Tea

Vegetable Soup Croutons
Bread, Butter, Cheese
Jellied Pears
Graham Crackers Tea

Cream of Pea, Soup Crackers
Celery
Cinnamon Toast Tea

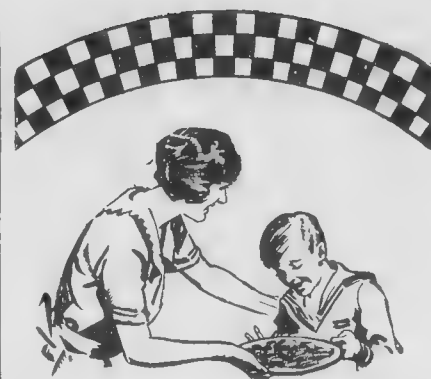
Macaroni and Cheese
Brown Bread Butter
Baked Apple Crisp Cookies
Tea Milk

Tomato Omelette Boiled Rice
Bran Muffins
Banana Salad Crackers
Tea Milk

Minced Beef on Toast
Chili Sauce
Cabbage and Apple Salad
Date Muffins Jam Tea

Tomato Stock Soup Crackers
Bread and Butter
Raisin Rice Pudding Tea

Toasted Minced Ham Sandwiches
Pickles Tea
Vanilla Sauce Dutch Apple Cake
Continued on page 85



Takes the guess- work out of candy-making

Use a little Cox's Gelatine in candy-making, and your fudges, bonbons, caramels and other candies will always be deliciously smooth, delightful and healthful. Some sweets simply must have gelatine in them, as gelatine prevents crystallization or graining.

Cox's Gelatine is the most useful culinary help that you can use. It makes soups savory and appetizing; it transforms a few left-overs into tasty dishes; it adds to the appearance and zest of salads and improves all desserts. As it is unflavored, unsweetened and dissolves quickly, Cox's Gelatine can be used in almost every kind of food to make it better.

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four Servings

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Continued from page 84

Eggs in Variety

We often wonder why some people never vary their methods of cooking eggs, when they could so easily do it. Fried or boiled or scrambled, occasionally poached.

Eggs Au Gratin

Line a buttered bake dish with soft bread crumbs. Lay on it a layer of hard-cooked eggs, sliced. Cover with a layer of rich cheese sauce, well seasoned. Repeat till the dish is full. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and brown in the oven. If the bread is hard it should be softened in milk.

Eggs a la Goldenrod

Make a white sauce of 1 c. milk, 2 tb. flour, 3 tb. butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Heat in it the chopped whites of four or five hard-cooked eggs. Pour on toast, and over the top sprinkle the yolks of the eggs, rubbed through a coarse strainer, or a potato ricer.

To Poach Eggs

Muffin rings, or deep biscuit cutters without handles, are an aid in keeping the eggs in good shape. Butter each one inside, place in a deep pan of boiling salted water. Slip each broken egg carefully into a ring, put where the water will remain just below the boiling point, and cook till the eggs are as firm as liked. Slip a pan-cake turner under an egg and its ring, remove to a platter or a slice of toast, and remove the ring. A perforated turner is preferable to a solid one. The water in the pan should be deep enough to entirely cover the eggs.



Baked Eggs

Coddled Eggs

Put the eggs, in their shells, in a sauce pan of boiling water, cover, and set at the back of the stove for just twice as long a time as you like for boiled eggs. Three-minute eggs would take six minutes to coddle. Use a pint of boiling water for one egg, a cup extra for each additional egg. They should be well-covered with water.

Fried Eggs

What we usually call fried eggs are really sautéed. Have only enough grease in the frying pan to keep the eggs from sticking. Slip the eggs, remove from their shells, carefully into the pan, cover, and cook over a rather slow fire till firm enough. The steam kept in by the cover of the pan, cooks the tops of the eggs. Those cooked in a large amount of grease, spooned over the top to cook it, are usually tough and leathery and very greasy.

Stuffed Egg Salad

Cook the desired number of eggs hard, cut in halves, remove the yolks, mash them with a fork, add two or three mashed sardines, season with salt, pepper, mustard and a little salad dressing or mild vinegar to moisten. Refill the halves of whites with the mixture, arrange on lettuce leaves, and serve with additional boiled dressing.

Japanese Eggs

Slice hard-cooked eggs, reheat in a rich white sauce, pour over slices of

toast. Garnish with canned peas, heated drained and seasoned.

Eggs Scrambled with Corn

Six eggs, 1 cup of milk, salt and pepper, a cup of canned corn, and fat to prevent sticking to the pan. Beat the eggs slightly, add the milk corn, and seasonings. Put in the pan, with enough fat, and cook slowly, stirring continually to prevent scorching, or some of it to become too hard. Serve on toast.

Baked Eggs 1

Make a white sauce, using 2 c. milk, 4 tb. flour, 4 tb. butter, salt and pepper. Put a layer of the sauce in a buttered bake dish. Carefully break the required number of eggs into the sauce, pour the remaining sauce over them, and bake in a moderate oven till the eggs are set. (About fifteen minutes.)

Baked Eggs 2

Follow the above recipe, using tomato instead of white sauce. Individual dishes may be used instead of one large one.

Shirred Eggs

Butter individual bake dishes or custard cups. Break an egg into each, sprinkle with salt and pepper, put a little piece of butter on top of each, and bake till the white is set.

Steamed Eggs

Steamed eggs are prepared in the same way as shirred eggs, but are cooked in the steamer instead of in the oven.

Savory Cheese Soufflé

Eggs 6 Chopped onion 3 t.
Grated cheese 2-3 tb. Chopped parsley 2t.
Salt and pepper

Separate the eggs, beat the yolks, stir in the seasonings, fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pour into a buttered bake dish, sprinkle with another tb. of grated cheese, and bake till firm—about 15 minutes and serve at once.

Curried Eggs

Hard cooked eggs White sauce 1 c.
Curry powder ½ t. or a little more
Heat the eggs, sliced or cut in sections lengthwise, in the sauce which has been seasoned with the curry powder.

Easter Eggs For The Children

When breaking eggs for cooking, break the shell on the small end, removing only a little shell, let the egg run out, rinse the shell and put aside to dry, till ready to use. Fill with small candies. Draw a line around the middle of the shell, paint the large half. Fold pieces of tissue paper of any desired color, and glue the folded edge to the shell below the line. Fringe the other end, which extends beyond the egg, and twist it up so as to keep the candies in the shell. Tie if necessary. The result is candy-filled eggs, with one-half painted, the other covered with paper, fringed. Each piece of paper needs to be about six inches by five.

Continued on page 86

What HARRIET MOODY



had to learn before she became FAMOUS

LE PETIT GOURMET! In Chicago, on Michigan Boulevard. Retreat of the eating-wise. With its quaint Italian Court! Its Old World attention to detailed perfection.

Golden muffins, meltingly tender . . . Puff-ball biscuit . . . Cakes light as thistledown!

HARRIET MOODY's ceaseless supervision keeps *Le Petit Gourmet* a jewel of perfection. But the story of how she became head of a famous catering business, the Home Delicacies Association, with a branch in London, England, goes back to an experience of her youth.

As a young girl Mrs. Moody was suddenly confronted with the problem of making a living and yet carrying on with home cares.

Someone suggested that Marshall Field wanted home-baked products—particularly gingerbread.

A dozen different gingerbread recipes failed. Then she found one which, in addition to molasses and soda, called for Royal Baking Powder. She and her gingerbread became famous. "Royal insures perfect success," says Mrs. Moody.

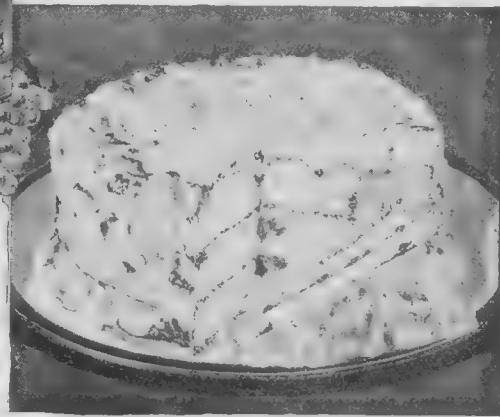
Royal is a pure, wholesome blend of soda and Cream of Tartar derived from the choicest grapes. It keeps its marvelous leavening strength down to the last spoonful. Made with Royal, your cakes and biscuits will be deliciously light and tender with no trace of bitterness to mar their delicate flavor.

For more than three generations, good cooks everywhere have relied on Royal. Experience has taught them that it is wasteful to risk failure with something less than the best when 2c worth of Royal insures the success of a large, luscious cake.

Contains no alum.
Leaves no bitter taste.

MADE IN CANADA

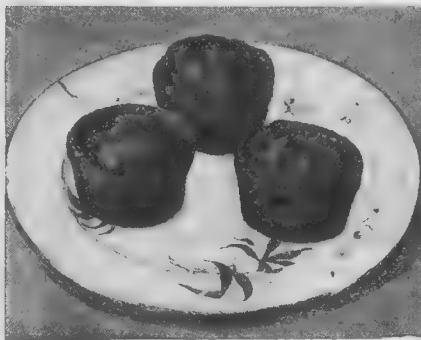
MRS. MOODY'S GINGERBREAD. Bring 2 cups molasses and ¾ cup butter to boiling point. Stir in 2 teaspoons baking soda, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and half of a grated nutmeg. Remove from fire and add sifted bread flour and buttermilk (or sour milk) alternately until 3 cups flour and 1 cup buttermilk have been used. Add 1 egg beaten until very light and 4 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Put in buttered and warmed small tins or on baking sheet. Bake in quick oven (350°) 15 minutes.



This cake upholds Mrs. Moody's reputation

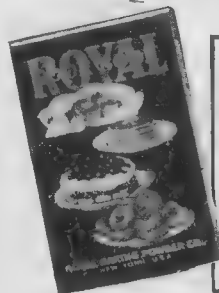
MRS. MOODY'S WONDER CAKE. Cream ½ cup butter with 1½ cups powdered sugar; add alternately, a little at a time, ½ cup milk and 2 cups pastry flour with which 2 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder have been sifted. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Lastly fold in 6 beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 buttered layer tins in moderate oven (325° increasing to 350°) 20 minutes.

FILLING AND ICING: Boil 1½ cups granulated sugar with ½ cup water until syrup spins a thread (238°). Add slowly to 3 beaten egg whites, beating continually until cool. Add ½ cup muscatel raisins cut in pieces, ½ cup shaved pecans, ½ cup chopped figs and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake.



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CANADA

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— energy and
vitality*

by drinking

BOVRIL

"The goodness of prime beef"



Continued from page 85

Whipped Cream Cake

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Baking powder, 2 t.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ c. Flour, (pastry), 2 c.
Milk, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Vanilla, 1 t. Egg whites, 2.

Whipped Cream.

Marshmallows

Cream the butter add the sugar and continue to cream till very well blended. Add the milk alternately with flour, salt, and baking powder sifted together. Add the vanilla and the stiffly-beaten egg whites, and bake in an angel cake pan. Turn on a large plate, fill the center with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, mixed with marshmallows cut in small pieces. Spread the whipped cream mixture on the top and sides.

Fruit Cup
Rolls
Coffee

Cream of Wheat
Coddled Eggs
Milk

Apple Sauce
Brown Bread and Butter
Plain Omelette
Coffee

Grapenuts
Milk

Cream of Wheat with Dates
Bacon
Jam

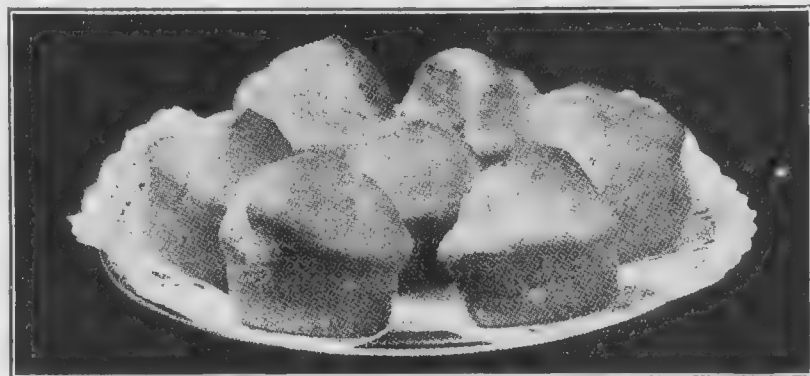
Bread and Butter
Coffee
Milk

Milk Toast
Omelette with Dried Beef
Jelly

Buttered Toast
Coffee
Milk

Apple Sauce
Sausage

Grits



Bran Muffins with Raisins

Date Custard

Milk, 1 qt. Sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ c.
Eggs, 4 to 6. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Nutmeg or Vanilla.

Scald the milk, add the sugar and salt, and pour over the eggs, slightly beaten, stirring while pouring. Put in buttered custard cups or a large mold, sprinkle with grated nutmeg, or flavor with vanilla. Set in a pan of hot water in the oven, being careful that the water does not boil. When a silver knife inserted in them comes out clean, the custards are done. The larger number of eggs are desirable when the custard is to be unmolded to serve. Turn on plates and surround with dates, wiped and pitted.

Apricot Roll

Use either stewed dried apricots or canned apricots. Make a rich biscuit dough, roll out on the board, and spread with a layer of the apricots, from which the juice has been drained. Sprinkle with sugar unless they are very sweet, roll up like a jelly-roll, and bake in a hot oven, about 25 minutes. Slice and serve with an apricot hard sauce, made by adding strained apricots to hard sauce—the same amount of apricot as of powdered sugar.

PLANNING SPRING-TIME MEALS

Meals must now be so planned as to counteract the "Spring fever" of by-gone days, by providing the spring tonic in the shape of food rather than in such old-fashioned things as sulphur and molasses. They must tempt fickle appetites, and avoid clogging the system with the heat-producing foods so essential in winter.

Breakfast

Sliced Oranges Shredded Wheat
Tomato Omelette
Coffee Cake Coffee
Milk for Children
Stewed Prunes Oatmeal
Coddled Eggs
Toasted Rolls Coffee
Milk for Children
Baked Apple
Milk Toast Buttered Toast
Creamed Salmon
Coffee Milk
Oatmeal Rolls
Jelly Sauted Liver Coffee
Milk

Buttered Toast Coffee
Milk for Children
Cream of Wheat with Raisins
Creamed Dried Beef on Toast

Toast Marmalade Coffee
Milk for Children
Stewed Apricots Bran
Poached Eggs on Toast

Buttered Toast Coffee
Milk or Cocoa
Stewed Prunes Corn Flakes
Pancakes Syrup
Coffee Milk

Toast for Those Who Wish It
Pettijohn's Toast
Scrambled Eggs

Jam Coffee Milk

Orange Juice Grits
Hot Biscuits Coddled Eggs
Coffee Milk

Stewed Apricots Puffed Wheat
Rice Pancakes Bread
Syrup Coffee Milk

Corn Meal Mush Apples
Poached Milk
Graham Toast Jam Coffee

Combinations For Dinners

Braised Liver with Vegetables
Mashed potato
Peach custard Cookies
Salmon loaf Scalloped tomato
Potatoes mashed
Apricot batter Pudding
Meat pie Boiled potatoes
Buttered beets
Peach Pudding (Stale cake and
Canned peaches and whipped
cream.)
Roast beef Brown gravy
Franconia Potatoes
Cabbage salad Bread
Strawberry Tarts
Chicken a la King
Peas Mashed potato
Whipped cream cake
Pork chops Baked potato
Mashed turnips
Fruit Jello
Broiled steak Mashed potato
Creamed onions
Raspberry cobbler
Continued on page 87

Any Time it's
Delicious as a
Spread on Bread

EDWARDSBURG

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED— MONTREAL

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Nerves

Nervous depression and irritability are very often the result of under-nourishment. The nerve tissues are not being built up as fast as the strain of your daily duties wears them away.

Let delicious "Ovaltine" supply the concentrated nourishment that you require. It contains an abundance of natural phosphorous nutrients for building up a healthy nervous system. "Ovaltine" contains no drugs. It is prepared solely from ripe barley malt, rich milk and fresh eggs, flavoured with cocoa. It makes no undue tax on the digestion. It has a delicious flavour, and is quickly and easily prepared. Make it your daily beverage from now on.

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whooping cough and
spasmodic croup.



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Sold by Druggists
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The VAPO-CRESOLENE Company
Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

BETTER COOKER

Continued from page 86

Broiled steak
Mashed turnips Potatoes
Bread Butter
Prune whip
Beef loaf
Potato croquettes
Lady cabbage Bread
Fruit jello

Danish beef-steak
Carrots Potatoes
Maple custard

Beef Tongue Beet pickle
Creamed potatoes
Mashed parsnips
Raisin pie

Cold Roast beef Mustard pickle
Creamed Potatoes
Canned string beans
Fig pudding

Finnan Haddie
Spanish Rice Peas
Sponge cake Soft custard

Boiled beef Beet Relish
Potato puffs Spinach
Cocoanut custard pie

Pot Roast Carrots and Onions
Boiled potatoes
Cornstarch pudding with
jam and cream

Beefsteak pie Mashed potatoes
Turnips New York style
Snow Pudding Custard

Meat Balls Rice
String Beans (Canned.)
Spanish Cream

Poached eggs on Minced meat
Scalloped potatoes
Spinach

Raisin bread Canned fruit

Hindoo Steak Potatoes
Celery
Casserole of steak and Vegetables
Potatoes
Pineapple Tapioca

French Ham Sandwiches
Corn Potato cakes
Caramel pudding

Meat loaf Tomato sauce
Cold slaw Potatoes
Cabinet pudding

Beef stew with Dumplings
Boiled potatoes Carrots
Steamed Gingerbread Pudding
Hard Sauce

Roast Lamb Peas
Franconia Potatoes
Grape Tapioca Cream

Fish Cakes Tomato Sauce
Potatoes Cabbage
Ambrosia Cookies

Spanish Omelette Potato Cakes
Macedoine of Vegetables
Fruit salad Crackers

Little Pig Sausages Macaroni
Cabbage and Banana Salad
Custard pie

Scalloped potatoes with eggs
Buttered canned peas
Floating Island

Broiled slices of ham
Creamed potatoes
Apple and celery salad
Raspberry shortcake

ELECTRICAL COOKERY REFRIGERATOR NOVELTIES By Stella Elizabeth Deland

Refrigerator novelties are most interest-
ing for suppers, teas, and guest luncheons
on warm days. I always keep a choice
number of recipes for this type of food
in the kitchen. I am giving several of my
pet recipes which serve this purpose admir-
ably. They are simple and inexpensive to
prepare.

Continued on page 88

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TEA

Fragrance

From every steaming cup of Salada comes the fragrance and bouquet that can only be drawn from fine tea. You have not enjoyed the best if you have not tried the genuine Salada. Sold everywhere. Buy a package.

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and that is easy to take.

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that makes it enjoyable. Make
it a regular breakfast dish, and
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you can make a Maple Sponge, a Blanc Mange, a Ham Mousse, and a Prune Oriental Cream!

THESE four delicious dishes can be made from one single package of Knox Gelatine. That, certainly, is *economy*! And it is the kind of economy that is easy to practice—because Knox Gelatine is an exquisite food. It is the purest of gelatine, without flavoring, coloring or sweetening—"the highest quality for health!" Write for Mrs. Knox's Books. They contain original recipes that will help you entertain—and suggestions that will help you economize. Please mention your grocer's name and enclose 4c for postage. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. K. 180 St. Paul Street W. Montreal.

MAPLE SPONGE OR CARAMEL WHIP (6 Servings)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown or maple sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
- 2 egg whites. Few grains salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts, chopped

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put sugar and hot water in saucepan, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Pour syrup gradually on soaked gelatine. Cool, and when nearly set, add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with custard made of yolks of eggs, sugar, a few grains of salt, milk and flavoring.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM (6 Servings)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. $\frac{1}{4}$ cups scalded milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint heavy cream. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked prunes, cut in pieces
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Whites of two eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped figs. Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan containing ice water, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add heavy cream, diluted with milk and beaten until stiff, prunes and figs, salt, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten very stiff. Turn into a wet mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla), forced through a pastry bag and tube, and chopped pistachio nuts.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

BLANC MANGE (6 Servings)

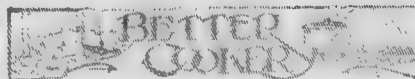
- $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 2 cups milk. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Few grains salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in one-half cup of the milk ten minutes. Scald remaining milk with sugar and add soaked gelatine and salt. Strain, cool slightly, add flavoring and turn into wet mold. Chill. Serve with currant or strawberry jelly, or with custard, cream or chocolate sauce. Condensed or evaporated milk may be used, allowing one cup milk and one cup water—with the condensed milk, less sugar will be required. COCOANUT BLANC MANGE: When blanc mange begins to stiffen, add one cup cocoanut. Or, stir in any of the following fruits: sliced oranges, peaches, dates or figs. CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE: Add two squares melted chocolate or six tablespoonfuls cocoa to the hot milk and two tablespoonfuls more sugar.

HAM MOUSSE (6 Servings)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
- 2 cups chopped cold boiled ham
- 1 teaspoonful mixed mustard
- Few grains cayenne
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, or evaporated milk

Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water, and add to chopped or ground ham; when cold add mustard, cayenne, and cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold; first dipped in cold water. Chill, remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with parsley.



Continued from page 87

Salmon a la Chaud-froid

Take two cups of flaked fresh-cooked or canned salmon and put in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of anchovy paste, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a few drops of onion juice, salt, pepper, and paprika to taste. Heat slowly and stir over "low" heat on the heating top of your electric range, or in the deep pan of your electric grill. When everything is melted and warm, remove from heat and add six tablespoonfuls of dissolved gelatine. Let cool, shape the mixture in half-eggs with a large tablespoon and place in the electric refrigerator to chill. When cold chaud-froid them and glaze with white aspic. Serve on a lettuce leaf or a bed of green vegetables and garnish with "roses" cut from radishes and some finely chopped parsley.

Sauce Chaud-froid

Over "low" heat place one-half cupful of milk and to this add, stirring the while, one tablespoonful of flour that has been dissolved in one-half cupful of milk, and let boil slowly until it thickens. Then strain, stir on ice and add four tablespoonfuls of dissolved gelatine, then a little cooking sherry if you have it, and last fold in one cup of cream. This sauce is used for coating various cold dishes, and gives them a most impressive appearance.

Tuna fish, lobster, crabmeat, or shrimp may be used the same way.

HOW TO AVOID DIGESTIVE TROUBLES

MOST of the present day sicknesses, are caused in one way or another, through the food we eat.

Not that the food is at fault in itself, but that it is sometimes spoiled in the cooking; eaten at a wrong time, or taken by people whom it does not suit; or maybe consumed hurriedly, or made harmful through a liquid being taken with it, which does not agree with the food.

Eatables spoiled in the cooking are usually those that are made hard through being in the frying pan too long, or allowed to absorb too much fat while frying.

Frying, although a method used so frequently, is really the most difficult way of cooking; that is, to get a satisfactory result, for by this process, food is easily rendered not only worthless as nourishment, but often very injurious to health.

Fried food is the chief cause of appendicitis, gall stones, liver and stomach troubles, and that uncomfortable hot sensation in the throat called "heartburn." Also, taking hot liquids with fat or sweet food will cause this trouble.

Then, material for bodily nourishment may be good in itself, and properly cooked, but eaten hurriedly, or immediately following exertion, or through exertion being taken soon after eating, it will cause trouble in the digestive system—that is discomfort, pain, sick feeling, or a queer emptiness soon after a meal, any of which symptoms, may in time lead to the need of costly operations, or long periods of medical attention, which likely, with care, might have been avoided.

It is necessary for every person to avoid what through experience he or she has found disagrees with the digestion.

Some people try again and again to eat certain things, and each time the same trouble follows. They need to recognize the fact that what suits one person, to another may be almost poisonous.

Very many people need to realize that tea taken with meat renders the meat hard, and difficult for the digestive juices of the stomach to act upon; while two other prevalent causes of internal troubles, are new bread—other than the crisp crust,—and too much food.—Nurse "B".

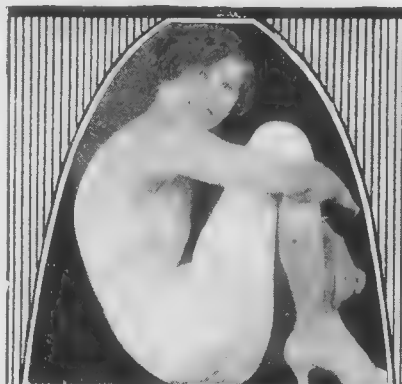
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The mission of H.P. Sauce is to make your meals enjoyable, ensuring a good digestion and the utmost nourishment from your food.

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Use H.P. with bacon, cold meat, cheese, tomatoes, fish, soups, stews, and even those "left-overs."



IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

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Interesting and Helpful Rug Lore

Continued from page 27

When we judge the quality of a rug, there are certain essentials to consider. What grade of wool is used in it—and is it *all* wool except the strong threads used for the warp and weft? How close is the weave? We can judge this in a Wilton by turning the rug over and looking at the rows of weaving that show clearly on the back; the more rows there are to the inch, the finer and more closely woven is the rug. How deep is the pile, for the particular kind of rug that is under consideration? It comes as rather a natural result that the rug which measures up well in these matters, will show a high standard of color and design, and the sheen and depth and softness that we summarize as *beauty*.

In the Wilton rug, the longest-fibred yarns are used, which gives it its first claim to durability. The manner of its weaving ensures a rug that we might describe as being built up of layers of wool, for those threads which are not playing a part at the moment in working out the design on the top of the rug, are being carried along *under* it.

Close behind the Wilton rug, comes the Axminster—its finest grades overlapping the lesser grades of Wilton. It, too, is a very beautiful rug, closely resembling the hand-woven carpet in character—a result achieved by a loom that acts exactly like human fingers. The Axminster, however, has all its wool on the face of the rug and the knotted tufts of yarn can be easily reckoned from the top; in the best quality Axminster there will be from sixty-three to seventy-seven of these little tufts of yarn to the square inch.

THE Brussels rug is another old familiar; it is really a member of the Wilton family but whereas each

little loop that is woven to make the pile on the Wilton, is *cut*, these loops are left *uncut* in the Brussels rug. In the Brussels, as in the Wilton, the yarn is dyed by a careful process, and every color that is required for the rug is built right into it in the way I just mentioned.

In a Tapestry rug, a very different plan is followed; the design is either printed on the complete rug after it has been woven, or the yarn is dyed in such a way that the right color will come up as the pattern requires it. The tapestry rug is one of the cheapest on the market, and, as always, there is a definite reason for this. There is a small amount of material used in it, compared to the other kinds of rug we have been discussing, and every bit of the wool used is in the pile—not a bit in the body of the rug; the pile has long, uncut loops and should be of good quality wool, but because there is not much of it, we cannot look to this type of rug to give us the wear of the heavier weaves.

The so-called Velvet rug is a little more expensive than the Tapestry because it takes a little longer to make, but it cannot be said to be more durable. Its pile is cut.

The life of any rug, whether it is of high or low degree, will be increased if a carpet-pad is used underneath it. Besides increasing the rug's length of life, because it will absorb the pressure of our steps and our furniture, it will make the carpet seem deeper and more luxurious, because of the added springiness. These pads are not practicable for use under small rugs, which cannot always be counted upon to "stay put," but they are exceedingly worth while for the rug of large dimensions.

Arctic Clocks and Calendars Set

By Radio Broadcasts

IT is impossible to attempt to describe the importance of radio broadcasts to the little handful of human beings grouped around the Arctic Circle. The famous Westinghouse Stations, led by the pioneering KDKA have been particularly solicitous about these far-away listeners in and on many occasions during the past winter special broadcasts for their sole benefit have been arranged.

Throughout the lonely spell of darkness, the inhabitants of remote posts and settlements frequently lose all track of time. Days blend one into the other in the unabating darkness, and, except for radio the sole means of correcting clocks and calendars is by word of mouth from the occasional traveler. Travelers are few and far between in the Arctic; none but the hardest and most adventurous fares forth along the blind trails of snow and ice, save in the direst of emergencies.

So it is that these special broadcasts carry more than cheering messages to lonely outposts of humanity deep within the fringe of the Arctic; they bear the humanizing contact of time and the sound of the human voice—veritable evidences of the civilization of milder climates.

These Arctic broadcasts commenced three years ago. At first they were extemporaneous; given on short notice in an effort to dispatch important messages and information to some lonely worker in the land of the Eskimo. Radio experimenters in the outpost of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, flung as they were throughout the Northwest territories, from Baffin Island, Ellesmere Island, to the Yukon, picked up the powerful waves from KDKA, and indicated their pleasure in the reflection through letters brought down by supply steamers each summer. From that time, other stations joined with KDKA to make life more bearable for the isolated northerners, by broadcasting messages from friends, relatives and government agencies by extending on radio carrier waves a warm handclasp that defied the rigors of the Arctic in its swift unerring flight.

Copies of the schedules were mailed to every post of the Mounted Police; to every trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Freres, Canada's great commercial agencies in the commerce of the Arctic—furs, walrus tusk, fish, gold; to every member of the little band of itinerant missionaries, the Oblate Fathers; to the Grenfell Missions in Labrador; to the Island of Disko, just off Greenland; to the score or more settlements which follow the outlines of Hudson Bay; to the sparse habitations of the barren northwest.

Announcers have had need for all their linguistic attainments, all their knowledge of history and geography, in handling the far North programmes. Already five languages have contributed to these messages—Danish, for the Greenlanders; Icelandic, in special messages to Iceland; Eskimo; French and English.

At Godhaven, on Disko Island, is situated a radio receiving and broadcasting station which has worked hand in hand with the Canadian and American ones.

Among the scattered listeners in the Arctic are Sergeant Arthur Joy, stationed on Ellesmere Island, the farthest north inhabited post in the Western Hemisphere; the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, Bay Maude, frozen in the ice of Bernard's Harbour, in Coronation Gulf, within 15 degrees of the North Pole; Mounted Police posts at Pond's Inlet, on the northern, and Pangtirtung, on the southern end of Baffinland; members of the Jan Mayen Institute, on Jan Mayen Island, between Iceland and Spitzbergen; Aklavik, in the delta of the Mackenzie river, toward which two sturdy young Danes are striding overland from Alaska.

The Danish young men are Guten and Engi Forsilt; they are botanists, headed for the Delta country to explore the possibilities of stocking reindeer in that region for the Dominion Government.

Radio numbers its admirers by the millions but surely none are more enthusiastic than these distant listeners living on the fringe of the Arctic Circle.

Starts you right
for the day ~

CHASE & SANBORN'S
SEAL BRAND COFFEE

for
Breakfast

"The King
of Coffees"

"Pearl Finish"
is the vogue in
MIRRORS

THE woman who keeps
up with the styles will
glory in the loveliness of
the new "Keystone" Mir-
rors and Brushes in Pearl
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See them at your nearest
toilet goods counter,
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Note particularly the flaw-
less plate-glass in the
mirror and the stiff, snow-
white bristles in the
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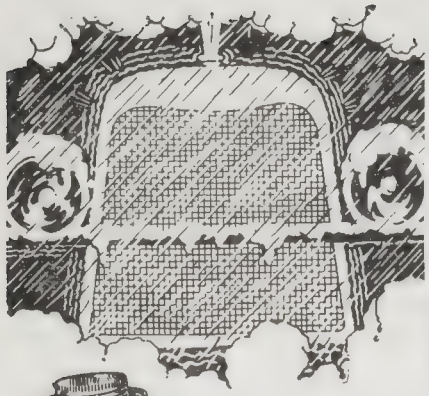
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wash the dishes
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Snowflake
Softens Water - Removes Grease

3 places for Snowflake
Kitchen, Bathroom, Laundry



**Cold
Heat
Vibration
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RADIATOR NEVERLEAK repairs radiators permanently. Does not freeze out, melt out, shake out—a driving rain can't pound it out. Works in water, alcohol or glycerine. Does not attack rubber or metal. Sold on money-back guarantee. Ford size 50c. Larger cars 75c. Trucks \$1.00. At dealers or postpaid.

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION

1914 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

(Permanent as the Pyramids!)

**RADIATOR
NEVERLEAK**

**HURT STEPPING
FROM AUTOMOBILE**

Able to go to work next day
after simple home treatment

As William H. Avey of Rutland, Vermont, stepped from his car about three o'clock in the afternoon, his left foot felt sore, and by five o'clock he could not step on it.

"I sent for a bottle of Sloan's Liniment," he writes, "and bathed it once every half hour. At ten-thirty, I could step on it and walk, and the next morning I went back to work."

Active people everywhere tell of numerous instances of the amazingly quick and complete relief that Sloan's has given to sprains, wrenches, bruises—in fact every kind of muscular pain.

It doesn't just deaden the nerves. By speeding up the circulation it helps the body to throw off the cause of the pain.

Get a bottle today and have it on hand. All druggists—35 cents.

**Sloan's
Liniment**
KILLS PAIN

**Beauty
Of Hair and Skin
Preserved By
Cuticura**
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal

Two Views of the Same Game

Continued from page 22

strict orders of course, not to show the "log," but Henry was uneasy, nevertheless.

So after all it happened he was dead to the world one morning when the slant rays of the rising sun broke into a million rainbows on the surface of a slush-pool overflowing oil!

The tool-dresser rushed over with the news. Henry and the men leaped up. They shouted; they sang; Henry tossed the boy who "toted" drinking-water over his shoulder; so they tumbled out of the house and rushed madly across the stony slope.

Suddenly a low boom shook the air and over the rim of the bluff which hid the well from view, a black cloud literally boiled up into the sky.

"She's cleaned herself out!"

"It's a gusher, boys, it's a gusher!"

"Lord, she's good for two thousand barrels, easy!"

The day—that day on which Henry Morse found it hard to come down to earth—was not over till the Texas Company and likewise the Gypsie, had offered to buy him out at so dazzling a figure, he might have paid off every mortgage in Maine—if not in New England.

Many times in the midst of it all, Henry's thoughts flew with intense pleasure to that long list of anxious stockholders who had adventured with him.

Gracious! He ought to wire Cousin Ben—and he did.

ALONG late in the same afternoon, Herbert Isham came by the Gowan place on horse-back. "Hey, Ben," he called. Ben was chopping wood out back. He moved stiffly over to the rail fence.

"They's a telegram for you into town Ben. They phoned out to my place—but I couldn't make head nor tail to it. Most likely there's some mistake, but anyhow I thought I better come by."

Ben could not make a sound. Unobserving, his neighbor went on casually: "I told 'em you didn't know anybody in Arkansas, I was sure of that. But they insisted on you calling 'em up just the same."

Clearing his throat with a desperate effort, Ben managed to find his voice. "I'll saddle Dick; meet you down to the gate"—and he'd never told Delilah.

He drew up at the kitchen door and shouted in to her. "I'm going down to Isham's, Delilah, for some onion seed." "Why, Ben Gowan, are you crazy? I saved enough onion seed for three gardens, as you very well know."

"Yes, I remember—but Herb says his'n's extra fine and he's got some other stuff. I'll just ride down there I guess. He's waiting for me at the gate."

Ben's stupid old brain like never to have got the message straight, although he had so much more data to go by than his stupider old neighbor:

Ben Gowan, Esq., Penasquot, Maine.

Hurrah! Got a gusher! Forwarding your dividends by Express. Pay off mortgage and come down to Arkansas.

HENRY MORSE.

DENEEN was beaten, but even so Henry gritted his teeth whenever the name was mentioned.

"Come over to the Bank," said the Standard representative who negotiated the purchase of Henry's interests by his firm—quite casually and naturally.

"Not on your life!" growled Morse. "You get your cash and deliver it here at the hotel."

"Gosh, Morse! What are you thinking of? You don't mean \$250,000 in cash."

A New Englander is stubborn when he's mad—they have for generations wrestled with a stubborn soil. "I sure do!" Henry snapped. "The Texas people can produce it, if you can't. Call it off quick, if you're going to."

The man debated, pacing slowly over to the window. He had his orders from headquarters to get that acreage. In fact, had the price been the matter of disagreement, he was prepared to have gone a cool hundred thousand higher. Morse did not know that, of course. Now, should he lose the deal for a mere crazy quibble?

Hé temporized: "It might take several days to get that much together, Morse. I'd likely have to haul it over from Shreveport, you know, by ox-team." But Henry did not join him in his smile.

"This isn't any laughing matter to me. Haul it over from Shreveport, or haul it over from Timbuctoo! Haul it from anywhere but over Deneen's counter. That's all I got to say."

The agent restrained his smile. This was expensive comedy, but who should say the Standard Oil couldn't afford it! "We'll take it," he said, "on your terms."

Morse, nevertheless, was a bit nonplussed when a colored boy called him from his dinner a couple of days later. There, drawn up before the well-worn plank walk, he found three ancient wagons, each pulled by two yoke of meek-eyed oxen with immense branching horns, each piled with bulging army sacks, each protected by two heavily armed guards in khaki.

For a moment his ugly temper persisted, then, catching sight of the Standard's man, a picture of mock meekness leaning against a neighboring barber-pole, he clapped his fist into his open palm and joined the general laugh. "Say, wait a minute," and without explanation Morse wheeled and went inside. He was back shortly with his kodak. "I want a picture of that for Deneen—and one for Cousin Ben, too. Oh Lord, what a lark!"

And again: "Oh Lord, what a lark!" The expression appeared to be as pertinent in Maine as it was in Arkansas; for here was Cousin Ben making use of it only a day or so later. He was slushing along in the bob-sled—and he had not told Delilah yet!

"Lucky we've got a heavy load, or we might skid into the ravine," he chuckled to Dick and Molly. "—and I hain't told Delilah yet!" It was easier for some curious reason to talk to Dick and Molly about it.

"Of course I might have dropped in to Dickson & Squier's and paid off the whole darn mortgage this morning," still speaking aloud. "It would-a saved us an extra trip to town; but I ain't so much as hinted nothing to Delilah yet, you see." Dick and Molly laid back their ears in astonishment at this revelation. "And I calculate to set back and leave her count every blamed cent of this here dividends for herself. I bet it peels ten years off'n the looks of her!"

Then he straightened up and clucked to his horses. They broke into a swift little trot, as though in a hurry to see Delilah thus transfigured.

Ben grinned broadly. "What possessed Allie's boy to send me all this silver! Smarty Alec! Delilah'll fix him all right for such foolish extravagance!" Then pulling Dick and Molly in as they swerved up the lane: "Got on her nerves, did I? Huh!"

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Mother Do This For Thin, Weak, Sickly Kiddies

**Safe and Pleasant Home Treatment
Quickly Builds New Strength,
Weight and Vitality**

TWO WEEKS' USE PROVES VALUE

Any doctor will tell you that the swift and certain power of Cod Liver Extract to build up weight, strength, bone, muscle—and to fortify against disease—has been generally conceded for years.

The difficulty has always been that "the treatment was worse than the trouble." The very thought of the smell and taste of Cod Liver medication will make most people sick. Now, however, the amazing genius of Paul McCoy has given the world the well known strength and body building value of Cod Liver Extract—in tiny, tasteless, tablet form that cannot upset the stomach.

Used and recommended by doctors and joyfully praised by thousands of fathers and mothers, McCoy's Tablets of Cod Liver Extract—as easy to give as Candy—are just the thing for children who lack vitality and need to gain in strength and weight.

One father writes, "Starting with a very much rundown condition, my little girl has gained six pounds after 30 days' use of McCoy's Tablets." A grateful mother says, "My little girl has been an invalid for nine years, before I started giving her McCoy's Tablets. She gained slowly at first, but now has gained seven pounds, is feeling very much better and going to school every day."—This is remarkable evidence!

How about your boy or girl, and how about yourself? Do they or do you lack the few pounds of firm, healthy flesh needed for perfect health, strength and vitality? If they or you are under par—why not try McCoy's Tablets today? Any good druggist will supply you—60 tablets 60c—and is authorized to refund even this small cost if you are not fully pleased.

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The Western Home Monthly.

Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicaps

One Can Now Have Peace-of-Mind, Poise, Immaculacy



Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors



① Disposed of as easily as tissue
No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

The filmy frocks that women used to fear are now worn in security. This new way brings positive protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exacting the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, *free*. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for *your* sample today.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular:
75c per dozen

Kotex-Super:
\$1.20 per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Mail Coupon for Free Sample

FREE Sample of **KOTEX**

Made in Canada
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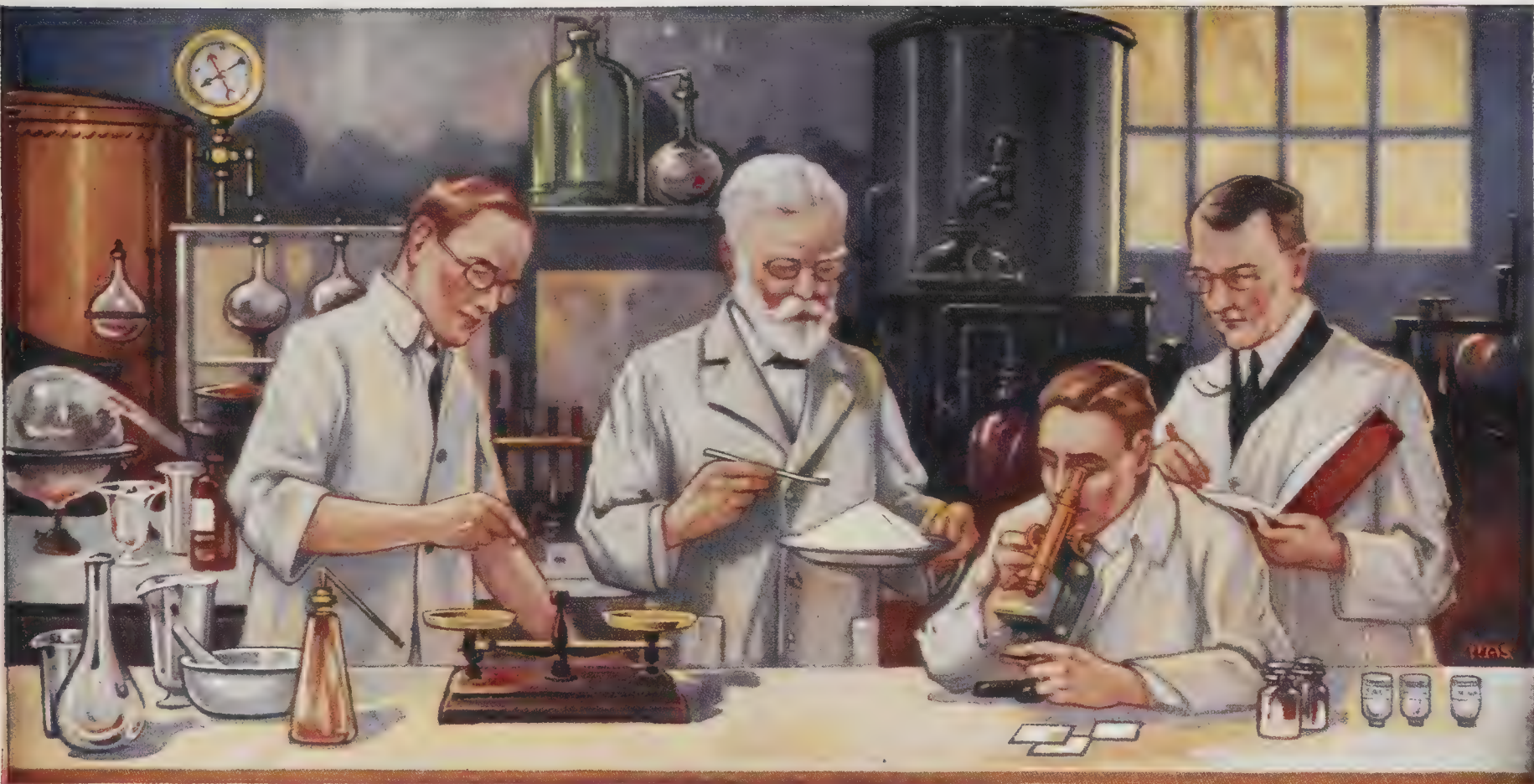
You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

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WHM-4



Why all this bother about Salt?

MOTHER NATURE holds many salt secrets which she reveals only to those who coax her hard enough.

To our staff of busy chemists she has revealed a secret of remarkable *purity*. That is surely worth the "trouble" of being the only salt manufacturer in Canada maintaining a chemical laboratory.

What wonderful things does this extreme purity bring to your cooking? It means salt free from those bitter impurities that make many a cake go wrong by obscuring the natural flavors. It means pure salt that awakens lazy flavors,

tones them up, puts life into the taste of your foods, making them so very much more appetizing. That surely is well worth while!

Our chemists guard your salt every day against impurities and keep this wonderful Windsor Salt purity always uniform.

Your better tasting foods will tell you it's worth *your* while to be particular too.



Always insist upon WINDSOR SALT

Four favorite brands--

WINDSOR
Iodized Salt
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WINDSOR
Specially Purified Salt
99.9 per cent. pure

WINDSOR
Table Salt
Sold in bags

114CM

Regal Table Salt (Free Running)

WINDSOR SALT

THE CANADIAN SALT COMPANY, LIMITED
WINDSOR, CANADA



Suggestions for Assembling the Spring Wardrobe

5753. Moire and satin are here combined. This model is good for flannel, tub silk, sports silk and linen. The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size, made as illustrated in the large view will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch plain material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of figured material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5746. Velvet and crepe are here combined. One could use satin and crepe, or taffeta with georgette. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 3 yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for sleeve inserts, collar and waist portions. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5750. Crepella, crepe, satin, or taffeta could be used for this design. It is especially suited to slender figures. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 1 yard of 36 inch lining for the skirt portions, 4 yards of 32 inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and hip bands. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5744. This model may be finished with small cap sleeve portions or with long sleeves. The surplice closing and shawl collar are youthful and attractive features. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. If made as illustrated in the large view for an 18 year size, it will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of lining, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of plaid material, for the skirt, and for facing on the collar, pocket and cap extensions and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material 40 inches wide. If made with long sleeves $\frac{5}{8}$ yard more of the plain material is required. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5751. This will be attractive in velvet and satin, moire and georgette, or metal cloth and satin combined. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40 inch material together with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for puffs and panels. The width of the dress at the foot is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5747. Taffeta or crepe may be used for this design, with contrasting material for collar and cuffs if desired. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for the collar. The width of the dress at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, with plaits extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5754. Madras, cotton or silk broad cloth, chambray and linen are excellent material for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



A New Dress for the WINDOWS, too!

"YES, lots of new clothes for you and me, mother, and now a new dress for the windows, too! And they cost so little when we make them all ourselves. No wonder father says our new Singer was the best investment we ever made."

Mothers and daughters everywhere are making the happy discovery that with a modern Singer to help them, money goes farther than ever before. For this perfect new machine is such a delight to use and so versatile in its accomplishments that lovely frocks, children's clothes, draperies, curtains, pillows, linens for the home, can now be made in less time than one would spend in shopping for them.

There is an easy way to prove to yourself what a modern Singer will do. The nearest Singer Shop will gladly send a machine to your home that you can use for a few days in doing your own sewing. You may have your choice of the widest variety of models—electric, treadle and hand machines. Any one of them may be yours on a convenient plan by which you will receive a generous allowance for your present machine and your new Singer will pay for itself as you save.

"Short Cuts to Home Sewing"—Free!

This interesting practical book shows you how to save time in a hundred ways on your sewing machine—how to do all the modish new details of trimming—no matter what make of machine you may have. The book is free. Phone or call at the nearest Singer Shop (see telephone directory) or send the coupon below for a copy by mail.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

The Famous Singer "S"

You will find it on the windows of 6,000 Singer Shops, in every city in the world. It is the identifying mark of sewing machines of enduring quality. It means, too, that every Singer Shop is ready always with instructions, repairs, supplies and courteous expert service. When the Singer representative comes to your home let him tell you about this service Singer maintains in your own neighborhood, wherever you live.



For "Short Cuts to Home Sewing" mail this coupon to Singer Sewing Machine Co. (nearest address above)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Prov.....
My machine is a.....years old.
about.....years old.

Singer Shops in Western Canada

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Calgary, 325 8th Ave., W.
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British Columbia

Nelson, 301 Baker St.
Vancouver, 869 Granville St.
Victoria, 726 Yates St.

Manitoba

Brandon, 137 Tenth St.
Portage La Prairie, 206 Saskatchewan Ave.
Winnipeg, 368 Portage Ave.

Saskatchewan

Moose Jaw, 353 Main St.
Prince Albert, 1013 Central Ave.
Regina, 1912 Twelfth Ave.
Saskatoon, 110 Third Ave., S.
Swift Current, 110 Central Ave.
Yorkton, 17 Third Ave.

For address of nearest shop in Eastern Canada write

Singer Sewing Machine Co.
Keefer Bldg., Montreal, Que.
or
252 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Never need your hands say "Dishpan"



"I see you know the secret, too"

"WHY try to keep your hands white and soft," women said, "and then for an hour and a half each day expose them to irritating soaps in the dishpan?"

It was in this way women began using Lux for dishes!

Wash your dishes in Lux and your hands stay smooth and white—blessedly rid of that telltale "dishpan" look.

The free alkali in so many soaps—regardless of whether flakes, chips or cakes—dries up the beautifying oils Nature placed under the outer

skin to keep your hands from getting rough and red. There is no free alkali in Lux diamonds!

One teaspoonful whips quickly into all the foamy suds you need for a whole pan of dishes. The light Lux suds rinse off so quickly, leave your dishes, glassware and silver so sparkling, that you will say Lux makes dishwashing both easier and quicker. Of course your nicest dishes are safe with Lux.

Save your hands. Always keep a package of Lux on your pantry shelf. One teaspoonful is plenty for all the dishes. Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, Ont.

135 dishwashings
in the big
package



L736

Juvenile Designs Combining Charm and Simplicity

5745. This style shows front fulness, and a tiny cap extension at the armscye. The bloused waist is also indicated. The pattern for this design is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18 year size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for cap extensions and a belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5764. Wool crepe and plaid suiting are here combined. The skirt is joined to an underbody. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the design for a 12 year size as illustrated, will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining for the underbody, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material, 36 inches wide, together with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for skirt and facings on collar, band cuffs and pocket. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5763. This is a good style for cotton or silk, or crepe satin, using the reverse side velveteen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 2 yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5756



5759. Wool crepe combined with figured silk, or crepe satin, using the reversed side for sleeves and trimming, would be attractive for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 40 inches wide together with one yard of contrasting material for sleeves, front facing and facing on belt and collar. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5755

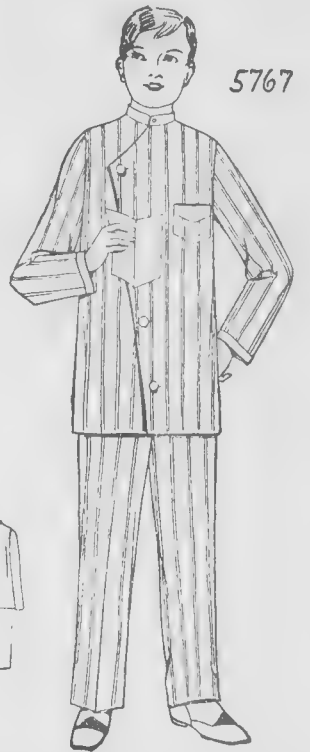


5743. Cretonne, chintz, lawn, sateen or dimity could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in one size: medium. To make as illustrated in the large view will require one yard of 36 inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for yoke, shoulder straps, godets and pocket. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5756. This is a good model for linen, kindergarten cloth, madras, rep, velveteen and jersey. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. If made with long sleeves, for a 4 year size, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 44 inch material will be required. If made with short sleeves $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

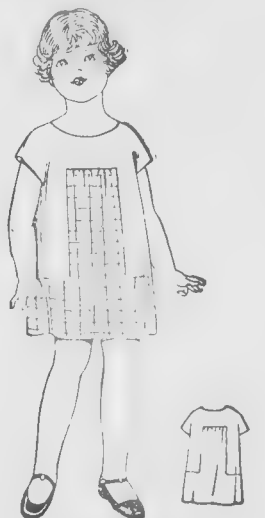
5755. China silk, crepe de chine or batiste may be used for this pleasing model. Lace, chiffon pleating or embroidery will be attractive for decoration. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4 year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5767



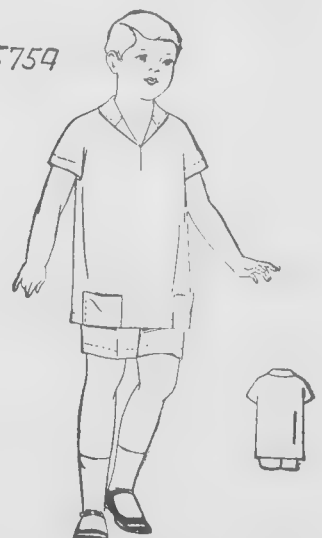
5767. Cambric, crepe, madras, silk, flannel or flannelette may be used for this model. The fronts of the jacket are double breasted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, pocket and sleeves. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5758



5758. Checked gingham and organdy are combined in this development of a very pleasing style. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2 year size will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of plain material, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of checked material 32 inches wide, if made as illustrated in the large view. If made of one material $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32 inches wide will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5754



Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 15c each from The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.

Is Your Living Room a Success?

By Marilla R. Whitmore

TIME was when the living room was a sort of museum where the shades were kept lowered, the shutters securely locked lest the sun fade the carpet, and the enlarged portraits of numerous ancestors looked down upon us in a very stern, grave, threatening manner.

The centre table was placed in the exact middle of the room and the rest of the furniture stood primly along the wall like soldiers standing at attention.

This holy of holies was only opened upon great occasions such as christenings, weddings, or funerals, except for the weekly cleaning, when everything was returned to its original place and left untouched for another week.

I can just see my grandmother's huge double parlor and remember how very small and frightened I felt on the few occasions I was allowed to enter. There was the immense family bible lying in the very exact centre of the marble topped walnut table, the tidies on the chairs which were of horsehair and so extremely slippery that I could never stick to them but kept slipping and sliding down until Grandfather would look over his specks at me and say in his sternest voice, "child, you must sit still when you are in the parlor." How uncomfortable I felt for I then wore the abbreviated French dress and socks of that period and how that rough horsehair did prick my poor little legs and how happy I would be when I was dismissed and allowed to run back to the big kitchen once more. That old fashioned parlor was about as cheerful as a waiting room in a dentist's office and affected me in much the same manner.

Fortunately the modern idea is that the living room must be used. The furniture must be grouped according to its purposes. It must be so arranged as to meet the hobbies and needs of the various members of the family.

Perhaps the commonest group is the reading group. Two pieces are absolutely essential—a comfortable chair and a lamp

that throws plenty of light over the left shoulder. The chair should be put in a sunny spot so that daytime reading may be enjoyed too. It is pleasant to have a table and a case of books near at hand.

Mother's pet chair should be comfortable placed too and if she likes to sew of an evening, what can be cosier or handier than a Martha Washington sewing cabinet? Only don't stick it ten or twelve feet away. Have it right where it is needed and leave it there. No grouping is successful if one must drag his or her chair around so as to find a spot where one may see and be comfortable at the same time.

This modern demand for light where most needed has resulted in the house of many windows and many lamps. Some very modern houses dispense with the time honored central ceiling light and depend on side-lighting arrangements. Rooms so treated always look so intimate and confidential.

Many living rooms are not large enough for anything more than a reading and sewing group. Fortunate indeed is the family which has a living room large enough to accommodate a fireside group, a desk group and a music group. In such a room a family of ten or twelve people can all be happy at the same time and not get on anybody's toes. The large, comfortable, overstuffed davenports with armchairs to match are admirable for the fireside group. The davenport may be drawn up facing the fireplace, a table at its back. The two companion pieces can be placed comfortably close.

Whatever arrangement is used, pay strict attention to the lighting, avoid putting big pieces of furniture catercorner; follow the lines of the room and leave plenty of passageway. If the living room has been successfully arranged it will stay in order no matter how much it is used, as there will be no tendency to shove things out of place, especially not, if they give the greatest measure of comfort and convenience just where they are.

Scientific Feeding Produces Better Babies

A GENERATION ago doctors the world over devoted themselves almost exclusively to tending sick people, and largely old people, those who were suffering from rheumatism and kidney trouble, weak hearts and overworked stomachs. It had not then occurred to many of them to start preventing such diseases in adults by special care and feeding of babies. If a baby was fairly fat and didn't scream with the colic, it was taken for granted that the baby was all right. Nobody dreamed that even the fattest, rosiest, most good natured baby, if improperly fed, may be laying up, even during its first two or three years, all sorts of troubles that can manifest in later life in serious weaknesses and diseases.

People used to feed babies to make them fat, not knowing that babies and growing children must be given food for growth as well as each day's nourishment. Many a very fat baby actually lacks elements vitally needed to make strong bones, sound teeth, and tough muscles. And now we know that milk alone is not enough. Possibly the milk of the primitive mother, who led a more simple, natural life, was richer in vitamins than today. But science today proves that neither the breast-fed nor the bottle-fed baby gets all it needs in milk alone. Man has learned to improve on Nature. Flowers and vegetables left to grow in Nature's way do not produce such fine specimens as those scientifically grown and cultivated. It is the same with babies; scientific care in infancy leads to longer and healthier adult life.

Modern science has proved beyond a doubt that in addition to pure rich milk babies also need orange juice, sunshine, and very often, especially in cold climates where the child cannot be out in the direct rays of the sunshine, cod liver oil during the winter months.

The orange juice should be started at about the third month, beginning with perhaps ten or twelve drops, diluted with

the same amount of cool boiled water. Increase the amount of orange juice gradually, until about a tablespoon of orange juice is given daily at the end of a month. Strain the juice, as the baby stomach cannot yet handle the pulp. Increase the amount gradually, until at the end of the first year the child is taking perhaps four tablespoons. Dr. E. V. McCollum cites the case of a ten-months old baby that developed a bad case of scurvy and rickets, to which was given, as treatment, four ounces of strained orange juice three times a day. Give the orange juice mid-way between two morning feedings and no curdling with the milk will take place in a normal baby.

Direct rays of sunshine are now known to be vitally important. Sun shining through the window has not the same effect. Take the baby out every day, unless a blizzard is raging, to get not only fresh air but actual sunshine. In warm weather let the little one have a few minutes of sun bath directly on its bare arms, legs and head.

As the child grows older, coddled egg, broth, strained vegetables, cereals, prunes and apple sauce put through a strainer, zweiback, will be added to the daily milk and orange juice ration. By the time the child is fifteen months old the juice of a whole orange may be given daily. This should be continued until after the child has cut his second teeth, because oranges not only contain valuable mineral salts that are needed to form sound teeth, but oranges cause a greater retention of mineral salts that the child eats in his other foods.

Just as scientifically cultured flowers, fruits and grains yield better results, and scientifically fed animals make more money for their owners, so the scientifically fed baby will not only be a happier, better baby, but will grow into a healthier, more efficient adult, because he has been well built. What we feed the helpless little one is his building material. We owe him the best of building materials.



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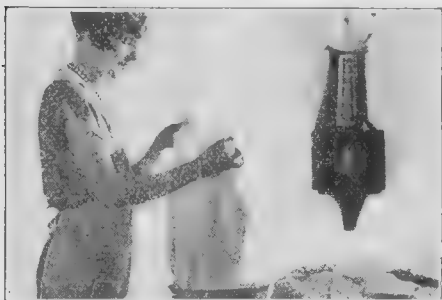
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Better than a mustard plaster

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 11

"Rum old shack!" the detective remarked. "What's it for, anyway?"

"No one ever goes there," said Gerry. "It was Marian Fubsy's room. She was Sir Harry Fubsy's only daughter, who died young. They say the room is kept just as she left it. Sir Harry and Lady Fubsy won't have it used."

"How do you get up to it?"

"There's a path off this one to the right; I'll show you."

Where the broad sweep of the path about the foot of Node Tower ended a narrow foot track, bending backward, branched away to the right. Gerry stopped.

"It's here," he said, and showed his companion the stone staircase leading up to the door of the tower. "The tower contains only one room—"

He broke off and stared down upon the path. Mr. Manderton nudged him.

"You said that the tower was never used, didn't you?" he questioned.

"Yes, but—"

"Does this track lead to anywhere except to that stairway yonder?"

"No."

"Someone's been here," Manderton announced curtly. Look at the footprints!

Gerry was gazing at them already: the spoor, clearly defined in the soft surface, of feet going to but not returning from the tower stair.

"Those marks are plumb fresh," the inspector declared. "Not later than yesterday or maybe today: that I'll swear. In any case they could not have been made earlier than the day before yesterday evening, for Saturday's rain would have sluiced them away somewhere else."

"They're not old Nolling's hoof-prints, by any chance, I suppose?"

He drew a tape measure from his pocket and dropped on one knee.

"It's a woman," he announced. He leaned forward and picked something up from the edge of the path. "And she smokes cigars," he added with a sardonic chuckle. The sodden butt of a half-smoked cigar lay in his open palm.

"Keep clear of the path," he counseled Gerry. "Walk on the grass."

They had reached the stone stairs.

"You're not going up?" said Gerry.

"I am," Manderton retorted imperiously. "I'm getting interested in this lady who smokes cigars and goes where she hadn't ought. Where do they keep the key of this place, d'you know?"

"I guess Sir Harry has it," Gerry replied. "Don't you think you'd better get his permission before you go in?"

BUT Mr. Manderton had already mounted the flight. His massive red hand gripped the latch and, as the tower door swung back, he turned and winked comically at the young man who watched him from the foot of the stairs. Then the inspector's hand went to his tweed cap.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said civilly.

Unable to restrain his curiosity, Gerry darted up the steps and peered over the detective's shoulder.

Alix Barleston was dusting the tower room.

A bright Batik scarf, bound Gypsy fashion about her head, protected her hair. A duster dangled from her girdle, and she brandished a feather broom. Various ornaments, with the brass lantern clock and two brass candlesticks from the mantelpiece, cluttered up the table.

The casement windows, overlooking the sea, were open.

She made a charming picture in that gloomy room, the piquant beauty and the bright colors of her dress contrasting with the sombre hues of the faded

green carpet, the ugly red curtains. She had been dusting the mantelshelf, and at the opening of the door had swung round to face it. If she felt any surprise at the appearance of the stranger, she managed to conceal it. She returned his greeting composedly, while her hand strayed to her scarf to tuck a wisp of hair into place.

"Why, hello," spoke Gerry's amazed voice from the threshold. "What are you doing here?"

"Hullo, Gerry!" She smiled back at him, but rather wistfully. "You were all over at the inquest, and the house was so depressing I felt I must do something. So I persuaded Aunt Ethel to let me come and give this place a good turn-out. Heaven knows it needs it!" And she cast a comical glance about the forlorn-looking chamber.

Mr. Manderton turned to Gerry Leese.

"You said the room was never opened," he remarked severely.

"I'm afraid I told Gerry that," Alix Barleston struck in apologetically. "You see my aunt, Lady Fubsy, doesn't like anybody ever to come here, and Gerry—Mr. Leese—was worrying my sister to let him have a peep in. But as a matter of fact, one of the maids is supposed to turn out the room every Monday. You wouldn't imagine it was ever touched by the look of it, would you?"

"You must be Mrs. Barleston, I think?" said the inspector.

"Oh, pardon me," exclaimed Gerry with American punctiliousness, and he introduced the inspector.

She inclined her small head graciously. Mr. Manderton's expression relaxed. He dropped his eyes and fell to studying the toes of his heavy black boots.

"I can understand this affair coming as a great shock to you, ma'am," he observed. "You knew the deceased gentleman well, didn't you?"

When his eyes left her face she had snatched the opportunity to examine the features of her visitor. Never before had she met a detective at close quarters, but she had a feeling that this rather ponderous man with the deferential air must represent a specific type. The studied air of reserve, she fancied, was characteristic.

She caught herself wondering, however, whether he turned the selfsame probing, rather troubling gaze upon everyone whom he encountered in the course of his work.

The face was reddish—one might call it coarse—heavily jowled too, and the thick toothbrush mustache did nothing to lighten the almost brutal resolution of the mouth.

Rather a common face, she would have said, but for the eyes. They were luminous and intelligent, with that steady, unyielding gaze which goes with determination out of the ordinary and courage to the pitch of utter fearlessness.

SHE flinched, if ever so slightly. The eyes were again upon her, following up the detective's question.

She nodded. "We were quite good friends. I find it impossible to realize that I shall never see him again. If he had lived, he would have gone far. Mr. Vroque says he would have been prime minister. . . ."

"How long had you known Mr. Stanismore, madam?"

The tone was noncommittal. But she knew that the interruption was intended to hold her to the subject.

"For about a year, I think."

"Where did you meet him first?"

"At Ciro's. Someone—I forget who—introduced him. I remember he told

Continued on page 97



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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 96

me he had met my husband. My husband knows so many people; he went out a great deal in the old days, before we were married. . . .

"Did you see much of Mr. Stanismore after that?"

He had warned her again; his features were inscrutable, nor was he even looking at her.

He was twisting his foot about so as to catch the light on the cap of his bright boot.

"He's been here once or twice, and I've usually seen him when I've been up in London. We've lunched together or I've been to tea with him on the terrace at the House."

"When was he here last?"

Although the searching eyes were on her face, this time she did not falter. She paused. Automatically the detective's trained mind analyzed the break. Was it to refresh her memory—or to gain time?"

Her serene expression, her calm grey eyes, however, left the query unanswered.

"About a month ago. He was going to address a meeting at Portsmouth in the afternoon, and my husband brought him to lunch."

"Was that the last time you saw him?"

"Oh, no, I have seen him twice since then. He took me for a drive one Sunday when I was up in town, and last week-end—last Monday it was—when I was in London again, I lunched with him at the Carlton before coming down here by the afternoon train."

"You didn't expect him on Friday evening?"

"Oh, no," she said.

Mr. Manderton was silent, seemingly lost in contemplation of his feet. Then he asked suddenly:

"Do you know anything of Mr. Stanismore's private life?"

At once her attitude stiffened.

"I'm afraid I don't. He was married and lived in Grosvenor Crescent. I never met his wife, though I believe my husband has. He never spoke to me about his private affairs. . . ." She broke off to add, with less hauteur:

"Mr. Stanismore and I were really scarcely more than acquaintances. I don't want you to be under any illusion as to that."

"I thought him very intelligent and very pleasant to meet, and he seemed to like me too, but I didn't actually know him very well. . . ."

The inspector offered no comment. There fell a silence. It was Alix who broke it.

"I must get this room finished before lunch," she said. "Gerry, you can make yourself useful by putting all these ornaments back if you like."

"Pray allow me!" Mr. Manderton stepped forward to the table. He picked up the candlesticks, one in each hand. "One of the candles is missing, I see," he remarked casually. In effect, only one candlestick contained a candle. Its virgin wick showed that it had never been lighted.

"Yes," said Alix. "Everything in this room has been left as it was when poor Marian Fubsy died."

"So Mr. Leese was saying," observed the inspector. "Funny idea!" He set the candlesticks down, one on either side of the clock. "How long ago would that be now?"

"Twenty years in October," Alix replied, vigorously shaking the curtains, but she was watching the detective. Now he had stepped back, surveying the mantelpiece.

"I think they're straight," said he. "Given them a bit of a rub-up, haven't you?"

He cast one of his lightning glances about him. His eye fell on an open tin

of metal polish and a cloth, lying on the table.

"They were so soiled," Alix, busy with the curtains, explained. "I felt sure Lady Fubsy wouldn't mind. . . ."

The detective was fingering the polishing cloth absently. He dropped it and glanced at his hands. He turned to the fireplace once more. Swiftly he stooped.

Alix broke off to watch him. There was a sudden silence in the room.

NOW the inspector had left the fireplace and stood, with his back to the empty hearth, gazing silently at the ceiling.

"How many rooms are there in this tower?" he asked.

"Only this one," Alix replied; "the place is a sham, really."

Waste of space, seems to me, commented Manderton, staring about him. "Isn't it?" she agreed. She was fastening back the curtains, and Gerry Leese was restoring the last of the ornaments — a red glass chandelier with tinkling prisms — to the place Alix had indicated upon a chiffonier.

"Well," she exclaimed and took up a broom which rested against the table, "I have only to sweep out the corners and I'm finished. I really must get Aunt Ethel to speak seriously to Vance. This room is in a disgraceful condition." She laughed and brandished her brush. "I shall make the dust fly, Inspector, I warn you. If you have any respect for your clothes, you'd better not stop. . . ."

Manderton stepped forward and took the broom out of her hands.

His action was so unexpected and performed with such compelling firmness that she unhesitatingly relinquished the broom.

"Can't stand by and see a lady go grubbing herself up like that, ma'am," he said pleasantly. "I've a couple of men with me; I'll get one of them to put the place straight for you. . . ."

"Oh, but it won't take me a minute," she protested. "And I'm filthy already. . . ."

But he put the broom away in a corner.

"That's all right, Mrs. Barleston; my men will finish off the job."

"I don't think Lady Fubsy will like it. . . ." she began.

"I'll make it all right with her ladyship," he promised.

On that she fell silent and set about collecting her belongings. The inspector held the door, and she and Gerry passed out.

At the door she paused and said, "About this man Newcome, Inspector. They haven't—any—any real evidence against him, have they?"

SHE spoke nervously and with haste, but Manderton was peering about the stone slab which formed the threshold of the room and paid no attention to her. She repeated her question.

"Oh, aye, Newcome!" He looked up. "Newcome?" he said absently. "At present the evidence against him is purely circumstantial. He's produced an alibi too. If it stands up it clears him. . . ."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I hope it will!"

The inspector smiled at her enthusiasm.

"I expect he does too, ma'am."

"And if he is proved to be innocent," she demanded rather breathlessly, "what will you do? Have you any other clue?"

Mr. Manderton's face hardened.

"That, madam, is a question I never answer."

She reddened and closed the door.

Continued on page 98

A timely tip on April



THE fact is, April fools some folks. Lighter, brighter mornings bring thoughts of early rising—at bedtime.

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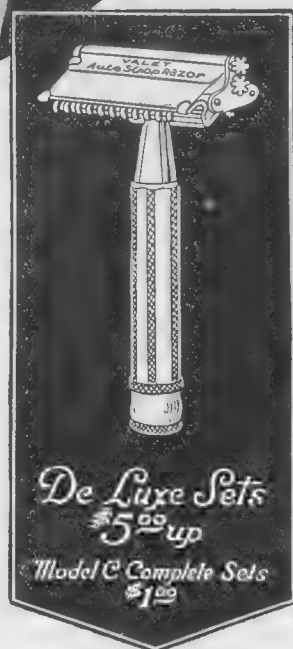
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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 97

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "I'm afraid I was indiscreet. . . ."

The inspector laughed. "It's all right, Mrs. Barleston. You'd be surprised to know how often I get asked that question in my job. I always give the same reply. I'm thinking of having it printed on a card to save trouble. Aren't you going to lock the door?"

"It's never locked," she said.

The smile faded from the inspector's face.

"Do you mean to tell me that this room is always open?"

"Yes, it's a whim of Lady Fubsy's."

Mr. Manderton said nothing, and they went down the steps together.

"Don't walk on the path, please," he enjoined when they reached the bottom. Alix Barleston glanced swiftly at the stern face.

Obediently she led off along the long grass bordering the track.

They parted on the mossy path. Alix and Gerry went off in the direction of the house, while the inspector strolled down to the sea door.

Presently he stopped. A hand dived into the side pocket of his jacket and produced something which he rolled over and over in his open hand.

It was the flattened stub of a half-smoked cigarette, the tobacco dry and flaky. The detective peered down at the partially charred lettering and made a grimace. "Gold Flake!" he murmured. "Pretty helpful, I don't think!" Then from his other side pocket he drew the sodden cigar butt he had picked up on the track leading to the tower.

He held these twin trophies one in either palm, glancing from one to the other. Then he dropped them carefully in a clean envelope which he took from his bulging letter-case and stowed the envelope away in an inside pocket.

With a perfectly inscrutable face he resumed his walk toward the sea door, where his men awaited him.

BUT for the fact that on the morrow of the World War, Miss Elsie Manderton, Inspector Manderton's niece, had bestowed her hand in matrimony on Sergeant Major Twig, newly pensioned from the Coldstream Guards, this story might never have come to be written. Dan Twig and his little wife had recently taken over the Bay Hotel, one of the less important of Chine Bay's licensed premises, though time was, when Chine Bay was yet a tiny fishing hamlet, that the Bay Tavern had been its only inn. It was a comfortable if unpretentious Georgian house, with a snug tap, half a dozen bedrooms and a shady garden in the rear where, in the season, trippers were provided with shilling teas.

Elsie and Dan had prevailed upon Mr. Manderton to take his summer holidays early in order to be their guest during the slack period. On arriving the inspector had not failed to express the doubt that he would be left to enjoy his holiday in peace.

It was his wont thus to grumble that he was always at the beck and call of the Yard. In reality, leisure sat heavily upon him. A bachelor, his whole life was wrapped up in his work and he was never really happy, the first few days of his vacation past, until he reported back for duty.

A man whose personal courage was legendary in the criminal world, the only fear that haunted him was the prospect of retirement. That day was yet far distant, he would tell himself, as he stretched his great arms before the mirror of a morning, flexing his massive biceps and expanding his mighty chest. He was forty-four—

"only forty-four," the inspector called it—and sound in wind and limb, even though his girth was a thought more ample than it was when, as a young detective, recently promoted from the uniformed ranks, he played full back for the Metropolitan Police.

WHEN Dan Twig awakened him on Sunday morning with the news of the finding of the body of Basil Stanismore, M.P.—no bush telegraph operates more rapidly than the word-of-mouth transmission among the Islanders of the Wight—Mr. Manderton affected indifference. "I don't have to worry, thank the Lord," he said, and turned over in his comfortable bed.

But ten minutes later he was observed sneaking out by the back door, fully dressed. Elsie Twig, dusting in the taproom, winked at her husband. She knew her Uncle George. It was she, indeed, who had sent Dan to his bedside with the news. He returned to breakfast, absorbed and grumpy, and for forty-eight hours was as restless as a soul in torment. He would not talk about the mystery with which the newspapers were ringing, or even express an opinion about Superintendent Nolling's conduct of the case. "I'm on holiday," he would say obstinately, "and very glad I am to let other chaps do a job o' work. . . ."

But doubt gnawed at his heart, like a drill on a safe, it seemed to pierce him through. Would the Yard be called in? And would they give the case to him? He was on the spot, but in London there were others, his seniors, men of longer service, greater experience. . . .

Steelyed by years of police discipline, he was content to wait on laggard promotion, be deferential to superiors, hold himself back. But modest in speaking of his own exploits, he knew the full measure of his own ability; just as he had always been aware of his defects and striven to efface them.

As he sat at sundown that evening on the sea wall before the Bay Hotel and smoked the pipe of dejection, he felt stirring within him, like the tree its sap, the will to conquer which already had borne him from uncouth constable, with the clay of his father's Somersetshire homestead yet red on his boots, to inspector, with careful speech, a good knowledge of French and a wide range of general information to which he was at pains constantly to add. Here was a worthy field for his dexterity, he told himself bitterly, yet he must fain stand aloof and watch the ungainly floundering of a Nolling!

He did not know that, on that very Sunday evening, the Right Hon. William Chesterham, M.P., was in conference with the Premier at Chequers; that, in deference to the very reasonable wish of a respected political opponent, the First Minister rang up the Home Secretary on the telephone; that the Home Secretary put through a special, urgent call to the commissioner of Police at his week-end bungalow; that the Commissioner telephoned to the officer in charge at Scotland Yard; that Scotland Yard got the head of the Criminal Investigation Department on the line. . . .

"I told you when I came exactly how it would be," grumbled Mr. Manderton on the arrival of the telegram at breakfast next day. "In my job one never has a moment's peace!"

"It's a shame," declared his niece. "On your holiday, too!"

But she winked at Dan Twig across the tea things.

She knew her Uncle George.

MR. MANDERTON found Sir Harry Fubsy awaiting him in the library: the ex-diplomat looked anxious and ill at ease.

"Have you found out anything to shed a light on this horrible affair?" was his greeting. "Has that scoundrel Newcome confessed?"

"He has not, sir, the inspector replied, "and between you and me, I doubt we shall be able to charge him. We're looking into his alibi, but in the meantime I want, if possible, to establish Mr. Stanismore's movements immediately before his death. As far as we know, Simpson, who put him ashore at half past ten or thereabouts, was the last man to see him alive. Superintendent Nolling's report makes it clear that nobody here saw anything of the deceased on Friday night. Nor was any cry for help, or anything of the kind, heard from the beach."

"That is so," the other agreed, "but the beach is a considerable distance from the house. . . ."

Mr. Manderton nodded assent. "It's quite a step. I just walked up from the sea door myself. That beach is a pretty lonely spot, I reckon, Sir Harry?"

"Yes. Later in the summer, when the season has started, visitors come out there from Chine Bay and after dark young couples sit on the rocks. But at this time of year it's rare to see anybody, unless it's one of us, on the shore in the daytime, and at night it's absolutely unfrequented. You see, there's no road leading anywhere. . . ."

"I follow. Another question, Sir Harry. The sea door—is it ever left open at night?"

"Certainly not. If anyone wants to use it to come in by, he has to borrow the key that hangs in the hall."

"Are there any other keys?"

"Two. I have one"—he fumbled in his pocket and displayed a key hanging in a bunch — "and my nephew the other. Major Barleston sometimes comes down late from town. He can take the motor bus, which meets the Portsmouth steamer, to Chine Bay, and walk from there along the sands and enter Node by the sea door. It's shorter than by the road and, as Major Barleston keeps clothes down here and, therefore, need not bring any luggage, it saves him a taxi."

"He came in that way on Friday night, I remember he told Mr. Nolling. Another question, Sir Harry: it's not the custom to drop the catch of the sea door at night, is it?"

"You're alluding to Mr. Leese's experience, I presume. No. What would be the use? Nobody can get in without the key. Unless Mr. Leese was mistaken, the lock must have gone wrong. Anyhow, this happened on Saturday, almost twenty-four hours after Mr. Stanismore's disappearance. I cannot see that it has any bearing on the case."

"It might have if the sea door were not used on the Saturday."

Sir Harry looked up with interest.

"I didn't think of that. As a matter of fact, I don't believe that door was opened at all on Saturday until Leese and Miss Dalglish returned from Southampton. Do you infer from this that the door was bolted on Friday night and remained bolted all through Saturday?"

"It's not an unnatural inference, Sir Harry. You see you have, handy to the sea-door, a convenient hiding-place for anyone waiting to perpetrate a crime. I mean Node Tower."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "You're not suggesting, I hope—"

"I'm suggesting nothing, sir; I'm glean information, and I want to know about the tower. It's not locked, I understand, but it's never used. Is that correct?"

"Certainly. The place has been shut since my daughter died. . . ."

"Pardon me, Sir Harry; I believe that one of the maids has access to the tower?"

"That is so. Vance, the upper housemaid, is supposed to dust the room, and so forth, once a week."

"I found Mrs. Barleston cleaning the place out this morning—"

THE old gentleman cleared his throat irritably.

"I should have told you that, from time to time Mrs. Barleston, who makes her home with us, visits the tower to see that all is in order. Lady Fubsy used to do this herself, but I found that it depressed her, and I discouraged the practice."

"Then there are two persons who have regular access to this room?"

Sir Harry clicked impatiently. "Nothing of the kind, sir. My niece doesn't go there once in a blue moon. Why, before today I don't suppose she's crossed the threshold this year. . . ."

"She might go without telling you," the detective suggested.

"No, Inspector, she would never visit the tower without our permission. Our wishes on the subject are well known. I don't know what you're driving at, but you can take it from me that, with the exception of Vance and, at rare intervals, Mrs. Barleston, nobody ever goes near Node Tower. . . ."

"I can understand that your guests would respect your feelings, Sir Harry," Manderton put in suavely; "but what about the servants?"

The old gentleman repudiated the suggestion with a brusque movement of the hand.

"You can leave the servants out of it, Inspector. All of them—we have six—have been with us for years. None would dream of disobeying me in this matter."

Mr. Manderton was silent. Sir Harry looked at him inquiringly, as though to indicate that the interview was ended. But the detective was still wrestling with his line of thought, like a dog gnawing a bone.

"This maid—Vance, I think you said her name was—does she smoke?"

"Smoke?" repeated Sir Harry. "Good heavens, no. Vance is an elderly woman who has been with us for upward of twelve years."

The inspector was quite unabashed. "You never can tell nowadays," he remarked with a cheerful grin. He stood up briskly. "You have the key of that room, Sir Harry?" he said.

"It's in the desk there," was the rather reluctant answer.

"I must ask you to let me have it, sir, if you please!"

Sir Harry hesitated. "You mean to lock the door, I suppose?" he queried.

"I do, sir!"

"May I ask why?"

"I am not giving any reasons just yet!"

Sir Harry made a helpless gesture.

"I fear my wife will take this greatly to heart. She sets such a store on that room being always open. Women who have had a grievous loss get strange fancies, Inspector. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders: "I will get you the key."

He brought it from the desk—a big, rusty key. "This is the only one," he said as he handed it over.

There was a tap at the library door. Ronald Dene put his head in.

"Come in, my boy," cried Sir Harry. "We're finished here eh, Inspector?"

"I only wanted to say, sir, that there's a man outside asking for Inspector Manderton," said Dene.

"One of my men," the detective explained. "I'd like to see him for a minute, Sir Harry, if you don't mind." He stepped to the door and came face to face with Frankie Barleston. He

Continued on page 100



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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 99

was wearing his hat. Behind him was his wife, with Vogue.

"Hullo, hullo!" was Frankie's rather noisy greeting. "Funny our meeting again like this."

"You never told us that you knew Inspector Manderton, Frankie," his uncle put in.

"I didn't know it myself until this instant," retorted his nephew gaily. "I heard when we came in just now that the inspector was here, so I thought I'd look in and introduce myself—"

"I remember now," remarked Mr. Manderton, who was staring at Barleston; "you were in the tap at the Bay Hotel the other night, sir. You were good enough to offer me a drink. . . ."

"Which you refused," retorted Barleston. He chuckled. "Anyway," he added playfully, "you know where I was on Friday evening. . . ."

A slow smile spread over Mr. Manderton's face.

"To be sure," he observed, "it was Friday evening, wasn't it? You'd just come down from London, I take it, sir?"

"That's right," Frankie agreed. "I caught the 4.50 in the afternoon from Waterloo, crossed from Portsmouth by the 8.20 boat, and came on the bus to Chine Bay. I popped in at the Bay Hotel, as I often do, to have a nightcap on my way to Node."

"The sea door wasn't open by any chance when you came in, was it?" asked the detective casually.

"No."

"And you closed it behind you?"

"Certainly."

"And that was at ten o'clock, I think you informed Mr. Nolling?"

Frankie turned round to his wife.

"That's right, ain't it? I was with you in the bar, Inspector, at what—a quarter past nine; I left at, say, half past. Twenty minutes to walk along the beach. I didn't take particular note of the time, for I was dead tired and thinking only of my bed. I didn't even stop to say how-do to Sir Harry here or any of 'em, but nipped in by the garden stairs and was between the sheets before you could say 'knife.' What time would you say it was when I got to bed, Alix?"

He fixed his eyes on her face and waited.

"Oh, somewhere about ten o'clock," she answered after an almost imperceptible pause.

"Well," said Mr. Manderton, with a grin, "I suppose you will come to me if you want an alibi, Major?"

Frankie roared with laughter, Vogue's dry chuckle resounded from the threshold and even Sir Harry smiled. The inspector looked around cheerfully. His eyes rested for an instant on the dark young man who had broken in upon his interview with Sir Harry. Mr. Manderton's mind ran swiftly over the list of the Node party. Yes, he recognized the army type. This must be Captain Dene.

But why did he not enjoy the little joke like the rest?

Why did he look so sullen?

And what, in particular, made him stare like that at Mrs. Barleston?

(To be continued next month)

If you would rather read this serial all at once, hold the issues until the story is complete.

Camp-Fire Musings of An Old Rancher

By Alexander Bourne

As day by day the years unfold,
I feel that I am growing old—
I'd give the world and all its gold
To be a boy again.

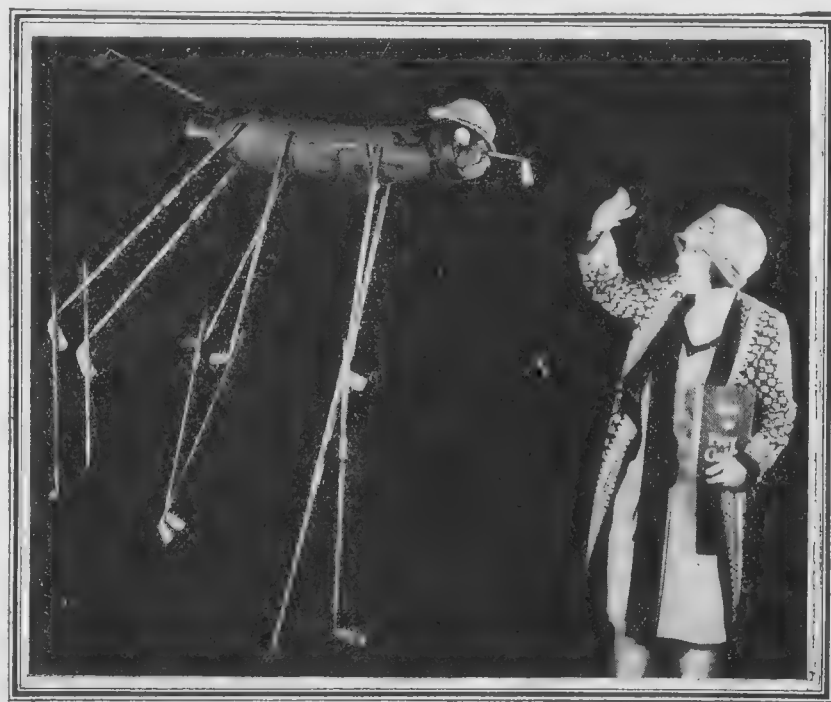
To feel again the eerie thrill,
As sitting on the old door sill,
I listened to the whip-poor-will,
In the dusky summer night.

To be as carefree as when oft
We tumbled on the hay-mow soft,
Or lay up in the stable loft,
Listening to the rain.

Or wandered by the flowing brook
With an old bent pin for a fishing hook;
Or loitered in some shady nook
On a perfect summer day.

And Oh! to feel my pulses stirred
As in early spring when first I heard
The mimic song of the mocking-bird,
In the sunny morning bright.

While beneath my feet the flowers sprang
And in ecstasy the robins sang—
Their music through the forest rang,
And all the world was gay.



Scientists of Universal City have at last succeeded in isolating and photographing the bogus golfus—known for a generation for its almost fatal bite

The Yellow-Back

Continued from page 7

"Twelve mink and a Number One," shouted another.

"A little better—a little better!" wailed Paquette. "You are waking up, but slowly—*mon Dieu*, so slowly. Twelve mink and—"

A voice rose in Cree:
"*Nesi-tu-now-unisk!*"

Paquette gave a triumphant yell.

"The Indian beats you! The Indian from Little Neck Lake—an Indian beats the white man! He offers twenty beaver—prime skins! And beaver are wanted in Paris now. They're wanted in London. Beaver and gold—they are the same! But they are the price of one dog alone. Shall they both go at that? Shall the Indian have them for twenty beaver—twenty beaver that may be taken from a single house in a day—while it has taken these male-mutes two and a half years to grow? I say, you cheap *kimootisks*—"

And then an amazing thing happened. It was like a bomb falling in that crowded throng of wondering and amazed forest people.

It was the closely hooded stranger who spoke:

"I will give a hundred dollars cash," he said.

A look of annoyance crossed Reese Beaudin's face. He was close to the bronze-faced stranger, and edged nearer.

"Let the Indian have them," he said in a low voice. "It is Meewee. I knew him years ago. He has carried me on his back. He taught me first to draw pictures.

"But they are powerful dogs," objected the stranger. "My team needs them."

The Cree had risen high out of the crowd. One arm rose above his head. He was an Indian who had seen fifty years of the forests, and his face was the face of an Egyptian.

"*Nesi-tu-now Nesoo-sap umisk!*" he proclaimed.

Henri Paquette hopped excitedly, and faced the stranger.

"Twenty-two beaver," he challenged. "Twenty-two—"

"Let Meewee have them," replied the hooded stranger.

Three minutes later a single dog was pulled up on the log platform. He was a magnificent beast, and a rustle of approval ran through the crowd.

THE face of Joe Delesse was grey. He wet his lips. Reese Beaudin, watching him, knew that the time had come. And Joe Delesse, seeing no way of escape, whispered:

"It is her dog, M'sieu. It is Parka—and Dupont sells him today to show her that he is master."

Already Paquette was advertising the virtues of Parka when Reese Beaudin, in a single leap, mounted the log platform, and stood beside him.

"Wait!" he cried.

There fell a silence, and Reese said, loud enough for all to hear:

"M'sieu Paquette, I ask the privilege of examining this dog that I want to buy."

At last he straightened, and all who faced him saw the smiling sneer on his lips.

"Who is it that offers this worthless cur for sale?" Lac Bain heard him say. "P-s-s-st—it is a woman's dog! It is not worth bidding for!"

"You lie!" Dupont's voice rose in a savage roar. His huge shoulders bulked over those about him. He crowded to the edge of the platform. "You lie!"

"He is a woman's dog," repeated Reese Beaudin without excitement, yet so clearly that every ear heard. "He is a woman's pet, and M'sieu Dupont

most surely does lie if he denies it!"

So far as memory went back no man at Lac Bain that day had ever heard another man give Jacques Dupont the lie. A thrill swept those who heard and understood. There was a great silence, in that silence men near him heard the choking rage in Dupont's great chest. He was staring up—straight up into the smiling face of Reese Beaudin; and in that moment he saw beyond the glossy black beard, and amazement and unbelief held him still. In the next, Reese Beaudin had the violin in his hands. He flung off the buckskin, and in a flash the instrument was at his shoulder.

"See, I shall play, and the woman's pet shall sing!"

And once more, after five years, Lac Bain listened to the magic of Reese Beaudin's violin. And it was Elise's old love song that he played. He played it, smiling down into the eyes of a monster whose face was turning from red to black; yet he did not play it to the end, nor a quarter of it, for suddenly a voice shouted:

"It is Reese Beaudin—come back!"

Joe Delesse, paralyzed, speechless, could have sworn it was the hooded stranger who shouted; and then he remembered, and flung up his great arms, and bellowed:

"*Oui*—by the Saints, it is Reese Beaudin—Reese Beaudin come back!"

Suddenly as it had begun the playing ceased, and Henri Paquette found himself with the violin in his hands. Reese Beaudin turned, facing them all, the wintry sun glowing in his beard, his eyes smiling, his head high—unafraid now, more fearless than any other man that had ever set foot in Lac Bain. And McDougall, with his arm touching Elise's hair, felt the wild and throbbing pulse of her body. This day—this hour—this minute in which she stood still, unbreathing—had confirmed her belief in Reese Beaudin. As she had dreamed, so had he risen. First of all the men in the world he stood there now, just as he had been first in the day when she had loved his dreams, his music, and his pictures. To her he was the old god, more splendid—for he had risen above fear, and he was facing Dupont now with that strange quiet smile on his lips. And then, all at once, her soul broke its fetters, and over the women's heads she reached out her arms, and all there heard her voice in its triumph, its joy, its fear.

"Reese! Reese!—my sakeakun!"

Over the heads of all the forest people she called him beloved! Like the fang of an adder the word stung Dupont's brain. And like fire touched to powder, swiftly as lightning illumines the sky, the glory of it blazed in Reese Beaudin's face.

And all that were there heard him clearly:

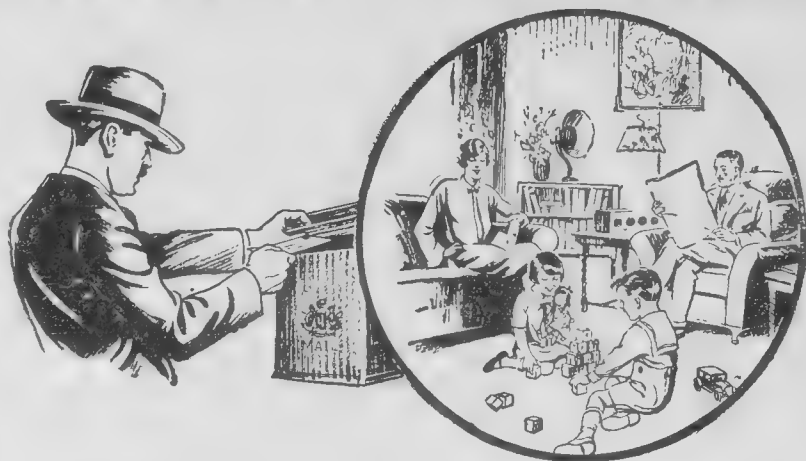
"I am Reese Beaudin. I am the Yellow-back. I have returned to meet a man you all know—Jacques Dupont. He is a monkey-can, a whipper of boys, a stealer of women, a cheat, a coward, a thing so foul the crows will not touch him when he dies—"

There was a roar. It was not the roar of a man, but of a beast—and Jacques Dupont was on the platform!

Quick as Dupont's movement had been it was no swifter than that of the closely-hooded stranger. He was as tall as Dupont, and about him there was an air of authority and command.

"Wait," he said, and placed a hand on Dupont's heaving chest. His smile was cold as ice. Never had Dupont seen eyes so like the pale blue of steel. "M'sieu Dupont, you are about to

Continued on page 102



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D.D.D.

The Yellow-Back

Continued from page 101

avenge a great insult. It must be done fairly. If you have weapons, throw them away. I will search this—this Reese Beaudin, as he calls himself! And if there is to be a fight, let it be a good one. Strip yourself of that great garment you have on, friend Dupont. See, our friend—this Reese Beaudin—is already stripping!"

He was unbuttoning the giant's heavy Hudson Bay coat. He pulled it off, and drew Dupont's knife from its sheath. Paquette, like a stunned cat that had recovered its ninth life, was scrambling from the platform. The Indian was already gone. And Reese Beaudin had tossed his coat to Joe Delesse, and with it his cap. His heavy shirt was closely buttoned; and not only was it buttoned, Delesse observed, but also was it carefully pinned. And even now, facing that monster who would soon be at him, Reese Beaudin was smiling.

FOR a moment the closely-hooded stranger stood between them, and Jacques Dupont crouched himself for his vengeance. Never to the people of Lac Bain had he looked more terrible. He was the gorilla-fighter, the beast fighter, the fighter who fights as the wolf, the bear and the cat—crushing out life, breaking bones, twisting, snapping, inundating and destroying with his great weight and his monstrous strength. He was a hundred pounds heavier than Reese Beaudin. On his stooping shoulders he could carry a tree. With his giant hands he could snap a two-inch sapling. With one hand alone he set a bear-trap. And with that mighty strength he fought as the cave-man fought. It was his boast that there was no trick of the Chippewan, the Cree, the Eskimo or the forest man that he did not know. And yet Reese Beaudin stood calmly, waiting for him, and smiling!

In another moment the hooded stranger was gone, and there was none between them.

"A long time have I waited for this, M'sieu," said Reese, for Dupont's ears alone. "Five years is a long time. And my Elise still loves me."

Still more like a gorilla Jacques Dupont crept upon him. His face was twisted by a rage to which he could no longer give voice. Hatred and jealousy robbed his eyes of the last spark of the thing that was human. His great hands were hooked, like a beast's. Through his red beard yellow fangs were bared.

And Reese Beaudin no longer smiled. He laughed!

"Until I went away and met real men, I never knew what a pig of a man you were, M'sieu Dupont," he taunted amiably, as though speaking in jest to a friend. "You remind me of an aged and over-fat porcupine with his big paunch and crooked arms. What horror it must have been for my Elise to have lived in sight of such a beast as you!"

With a bellow Dupont was at him. And swifter than eyes have ever seen man move at Lac Bain before, Reese Beaudin was out of his way, and behind him; and then, as the giant caught himself at the edge of the platform, and turned, he received a blow that sounded like the broadside of a paddle striking water. Reese Beaudin had struck him with the flat of his unclenched hand!

A murmur of incredulity rose out of the crowd. To the forest man such a blow was the deadliest of insults. It was calling him an *Iskwayo*—a woman—a weakling—a thing too contemptible to harden one's fight against. But the murmur died in an instant. For Reese

Beaudin, making as if to step back, shot suddenly forward—straight through the giant's crooked arms—and it was his fist this time that landed squarely between the eyes of Dupont. The monster's head went back, his great body wavered, and then suddenly he plunged backward off the platform and fell with a crash to the ground.

A yell went up from the hooded stranger. Joe Delesse split his throat. The crowd drowned Reese Beaudin's voice. But above it all rose a woman's voice shrieking forth a name.

And then Jacques Dupont was on the platform again. In the moments that followed one could almost hear his neighbor's heart beat. Nearer and still nearer to each other drew the two men. And now Dupont crouched still more, and Joe Delesse held his breath. He noticed that Reese Beaudin was standing almost on the tips of his toes—that each instant he seemed prepared, like a runner, for sudden flight. Five feet—four—and Dupont leaped in, his huge arms swinging like the limb of a tree, and his weight following with crushing force behind his blow. For an instant it seemed as though Reese Beaudin had stood to meet that fatal rush, but in that same instant—so swiftly that only the hooded stranger knew what had happened—he was out of the way, and his left arm seemed to shoot downward, and then up, and then again his left arm downward, and up—and it was the third blow, as swift as lightning, that brought a yell from the hooded stranger. For though none but the stranger had seen it, Jacques Dupont's head snapped back—and all saw the fourth blow that sent him reeling like a man struck by a club.

THERE was no sound now. A mental and vocal paralysis seized upon the inhabitants of Lac Bain. Never had they seen fighting like this fighting of Reese Beaudin. Until now had they lived to see the science of the sawdust ring pitted against the brute force of Brobdignagian, of Antaeus and Goliath. For Reese Beaudin's fighting was a fighting without tricks that they could see. He used his fists, and his fists alone. He was like a dancing man. And suddenly, in the midst of the miracle, they saw Jacques Dupont go down. And the second miracle was that Reese Beaudin did not leap on him when he had fallen. He stood back a little, balancing himself in that queer fashion on the balls and toes of his feet. But no sooner was Dupont up than Reese Beaudin was in again, with the swiftness of a cat, and they could hear the blows, like solid shots, and Dupont's arms waved like tree-tops, and a second time he was off the platform.

He was staggering when he rose. The blood ran in streams from his mouth and nose. His beard dripped with it. His yellow teeth were caved in.

This time he did not leap upon the platform—he clambered back to it, and the hooded stranger gave him a lift which a few minutes before Dupont would have resented as an insult.

"Ah, it has come," said the stranger to Delesse. "He is the best close-in fighter in all—"

He did not finish.

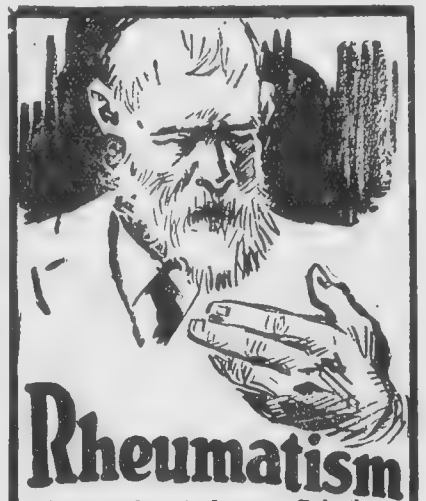
"I could kill you now—kill you with a single blow," said Reese Beaudin in a moment when the giant stood swaying. "But there is a greater punishment in store for you, and so I shall let you live!"

And now Reese Beaudin was facing that part of the crowd where the woman he loved was standing. He was breathing deeply. But he was not

Continued on page 104

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Hints for Canadian Tourists Travelling Abroad

Continued from page 30

Midland and Scottish Railway, which has 10,500, the London and North-eastern Railway of England traversing the east coast has 7,700 engines.

The invested capital of the German railways has been fixed at \$6,300,000,000, which is three times the amount of the capital of the largest British railway company. As above stated, the German railways have hitherto been owned and controlled exclusively by the State, it will henceforth be incumbent on the newly-formed company to exploit the combined railroads according to strictly commercial principles so as to meet the heavy liabilities incurred by them in consequence of the Dawes Report.

The German Federal Railways have assumed a task requiring for its accomplishment very strenuous exertions in the interest of European traffic. Situated in the heart of Europe, Germany's geographical importance as a trading link between the east and west is not to be questioned. However, this system is not without competition affording a powerful inducement to continually improve and cheapen its service. The aim of the management is to ensure for all visitors rapid transportation, and every convenience and comfort. Special effort is being made to improve the service of the trains touching the many scenic, historical, and health resorts and the main centres of German culture. Canadian visitors to Germany will thus be able to obtain under most favorable conditions a thorough knowledge of Germany and her attractions.

The Red Crossbill

Continued from page 58

The leverage exerted by the crossed mandibles is surprisingly strong and can be easily tested by taking the beak of a tame bird between the finger and thumb. The birds do not object but seem rather to enjoy a little wrestle with someone they know. An unusual muscular development of the head might be expected and a careful anatomical examination should be interesting.

Altogether, the crossbills are among the most interesting of our birds and having such characteristic points should be known to everyone. In life they may be recognised by the peculiar beaks and unusual plumage, while their size is about that of the only too familiar sparrow. In captivity they make most amusing pets and learn not only to know their owners, but also to play with them. One I knew was always ready for a game and the fingers had only to be jerked backwards and forwards a few times to bring him flying down to fight or play most enthusiastically. This bird was always fascinated by the whirr of a sewing-machine and would always sing while the machine was running.

There is a very pretty legend about crossbills immortalized in some of Longfellow's verses. It is to the effect that when Christ was on the cross one of these birds tried to remove the nails from the hands and feet, thus staining its plumage and twisting its beak:

"And that bird is called the Crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear."

Tests made at the Forest Nursery Stations of the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, show that hardy conifers such as spruce, lodgepole pine, jack pine, Scotch pine, and larch are particularly suited for prairie planting and thrive under adverse conditions. These trees are now widely planted throughout the Prairie Provinces.

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2. Contestants must be over 15 years of age.
3. No one connected with Paragon is permitted to enter.
4. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
5. The names of the judges and how they will award the prizes will be made known to each and every contestant.
6. Contest closes July 30, 1927. Entries should be forwarded at once. **BE NEAT**; handwriting and general appearance will be taken into consideration.

THE PRIZES

1st	\$1,000
2nd	300
3rd	75
4th	25
5th to 9th	\$10 each
10th to 19th	\$5 each

The Yellow-Back

Continued from page 102

winded. His eyes were as black as night, his hair wind-blown. He looked straight over the heads between him and she whom Dupont had stolen from him.

Reese Beaudin raised his arms, and where there had been a murmur of voices there was now silence.

For the first time the stranger threw back his hood. He was unbuttoning his heavy coat.

And Joe Delesse, looking up, saw that Reese Beaudin was making a mighty effort to quiet a strange excitement within his breast. And then there was a rending of cloth and of buttons and of pins as in one swift movement he tore the shirt from his own breast—exposing to the eyes of Lac Bain blood-red in the glow of the winter sun, the crimson badge of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police!

And above the gasp that swept the multitude, above the strange cry of the woman, his voice rose:

"I am Reese Beaudin, the Yellow-back. I am Reese Beaudin, who ran away. I am Reese Beaudin, Sergeant in His Majesty's Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and in the name of the law I arrest Jacques Dupont for the murder of Francois Bedore, who was killed on his trap-line five years ago! Fitzgerald—"

The hooded stranger leaped upon the platform. His heavy coat fell off. Tall and grim he stood in the scarlet jacket of the police. Steel clinked in his hands. And Jacques Dupont, terror in his heart, was trying to see as he groped to his knees. The steel snapped over his wrists. And then he heard a voice close over him. It was the voice of Reese Beaudin.

"And this is your final punishment, Jacques Dupont—to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. For Bedore was not dead when Elise's father left him after their fight on the trap-line. It was you who saw the fight, and finished the killing, and laid the crime on Elise's father. Mukoki, the Indian, saw you. It is my day, Dupont, and I have waited long—"

The rest Dupont did not hear. For up from the crowd there went a mighty roar. And through it a woman was making her way with outreaching arms—and behind her followed the factor of Lac Bain.

Harnessing Our Emotions

Continued from page 34

"Every Christian truth, gracious and comfortable, has a corresponding obligation searching and sacrificial. Every doctrine has its associated duty and every truth its task." How utterly meaningless and without practical value are soaring flights of vision, if they are not translated into terms of earthly fidelity. What can be the possible value of spiritual beliefs and deep religious experiences if they are not reduced to terms of practical service? The artist is anxious to carry the spirit of a beautiful country scene into the town or city—he must use his hands. Handel dreams of a musical biography of Jesus Christ; to realize that dream he must use his hands. God looked down upon this world. His heart was moved with pity and concern. To express that love and concern He must use His hands—the hands that washed the disciple's feet were the hands of God. The hands that handled the carpenter's tools were the hands of God. The hands that suffered the agony of piercing nails were the hands of God. The wonderfully fascinating and soul-enriching record of the earthly life of Jesus from Bethlehem to Calvary is the record of a heaven-born emotion expressing itself in earthly fidelity and devoted service.

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New Viewpoints on Paris

Continued from page 64

But then, places are so hard to get, the *reprise*, no matter how exorbitant is usually paid. Out of the housing shortage came more flagrant kinds of graft, amounting to downright dishonesty. A young Canadian in Paris who had won one of the Nichols scholarships from the University of British Columbia told me recently of one of these rental agencies. He paid the agent 300 francs (\$12) to secure first chance at the exclusive list of places the agent pretended to have. He received a number of addresses. At the first the janitor informed him that there had been no vacancies for years. The next two addresses were apartments under construction that would not be completed for six months.

Because of this situation there is now in the course of construction throughout Paris a large number of a new type of apartment houses. To get an apartment in these, a tenant "Buys his apartment." In other words, it is a co-operative scheme. For example: in the case of three hundred people each buying an apartment for 50,000 francs each, a fine building can be erected with the total sum. Of course this is only an example, the price per apartment varies according to size and situation.

To cope with the housing shortage, the Administration of the City of Paris also took a hand. It gave to a building society the ground on which the fortifications stood and in places still stands. The understanding that the finished apartment blocks should be under the control of the city, and after 75 years become the property of the city; until then a percentage of the rentals also went to the city. The city gave the builders free the stone from the fortifications, which were used for basements and building up to the first floor. Above this brick was used. Six groups of apartments are now completed, 74 in all. The finished programme calls for 200. The apartments consist of from two to five rooms, with baths. There are also some studios and some single rooms. Of particular and amusing interest is that only one concierge, or janitor, is appointed to each group. For this small service each tenant pays ten per cent. of the price of the rent. Because of the large number of tenants, a concierge in one of these blocks will receive a greater salary than a professor at the Sorbonne or the Prefecture of police. The original intention of these city-assisted blocks was that these buildings should provide adequate housing facilities for people of moderate means. But owing to the vast fall and rise of the franc in the past few years, the costs have been so increased that now people of modest means cannot afford the rent asked, and wealthy people from abroad and in France have reaped the benefit. Part of the original prospectus of these apartments read: "two room apartments without comforts (meaning without central heating and bath) are being reserved on principle to war widows and old people." This is a statement so ironical that comment is unnecessary; and one wonders how such could have been printed.

OF ALL the public monuments of Paris, the Pantheon is perhaps the most disappointing of interior. It is said of it by the French "that it is never completed." It was begun in the reign of Louis XV by order of the monarch in gratitude for his recovery from a severe illness, and was dedicated to St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, who saved Paris from the Huns. At the time of the Revolution of 1789, the building was changed from a church into a building to house

the famous dead of the nation. Mirabeau was interred here in 1791. Later in the terrible times of the year 1793, the populace, through the finding of Louis XVI's secret papers which showed Mirabeau to have tried to save the king and kingdom, took the till-then honored body out and cast it in the cemetery of Clamart. His place was given to the body of Marat, whose body in turn a few months later was also taken out at the changing whim of the populace and buried in a common grave. In the vault below the vast building lie the remains of Hugo, Zola, Voltaire and Rousseau; to mention only a few of the most important. At the entrance to the crypt in an immense brown urn is the heart of Gambetta.

From the outside the Pantheon is one of the most impressive of buildings. The inside, to the average man, I think will prove a little disappointing. One passes hurriedly along, for the place is strangely mournful. It is one thing to admire the work or the deeds of the great men whose remains lie in stone sarcophagi. It is quite another to huddle in the tiny rooms with a crowd of sightseers gazing upon the chill stone coffins. Taken all in all, I question if the best way to get the most out of the Pantheon is not to stand on the outside of it at a little distance on a moonlight night and watch the argent light glint upon the roof of the immense dome.

In conclusion of this month's journeyings around Paris, it seems best to return to the timely happenings of the day.

IN JULY of last year there began, even for Paris, city of many exciting times, a most hectic period. The franc dropped as low as 49.50 to the dollar, or less than two cents for a coin formerly worth twenty. Word went around the world that living was cheap and people flocked from everywhere, even from far-away Australia. A mad orgy of spending on the part of foreign visitors began. Nightly long lines of taxicabs carried thirsty foreign pleasure-seekers, mostly Americans, up the long hill to the Montmartre district. This region, once the haunt of sincere painters, most tragically poor, became as never before the scene of wild revelry. Scores of new cabarets and American bars opened up. Gradually the franc rose in value. But though it did, the French did not change prices. As I write this in February, a marked change has already come. The cabarets of Montmartre are doing but lean business. Thousands of American tourists have fled to cheaper Italy. Strange anomaly, also, the fact that the franc has risen in value has been bad for business. Today unemployment increases. As I walk down the streets I see the hoardings plastered with great yellow and red bills placed there by the "Syndicate of the Unemployed," bitterly accusing the Government of mismanagement. Sixty thousand people are out of work in Paris alone; the automobile industry is working at half time. Yet when the franc was practically worthless everybody was busy, things were bright. Truly it is a strange world.

But these are phases typical of our industrial civilization. I note them here, because in the months to come, I will have the opportunity of watching the internal workings of this great capital, every phase of which is interesting not only to the onlooker, but to the world at large. In a later article I will tell of some out-of-the-way things in Paris, seldom seen by the average visitor, and as far as I know not described in writing.

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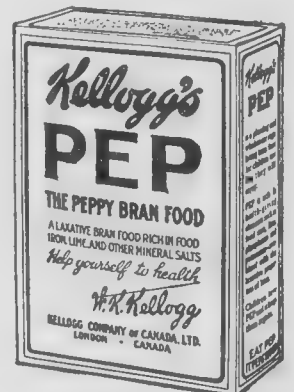
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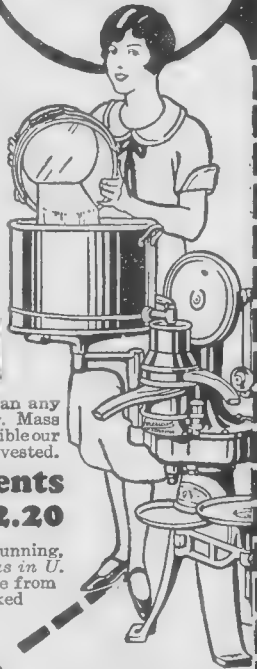
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Legal Information

Continued from page 54

have to pay the lawyer when he says he is working for the administrator? (3) How can we make the administrator give an account and divide the Estate? There are no debts against the Estate. (4) If we can not sell the farm, can we ask the son-in-law to get off the place as he does not give an account of any procedure of crop and therefore he is not satisfactory? (5) Can we ask the man who threshed the crop to give the amount?—

Old Subscriber.

A. (1) You should commence action for administration of the Estate. In such an action you ask the court to compel the executor to wind up the Estate. As to whether the expenses of this application would be chargeable to you or not will depend upon whether you are justified or not in making the application. If you are justified either the executor would have to pay the expenses personally or possibly the expenses of all parties would be paid out of the Estate. (2) Yes, the Estate should pay the fees and disbursements of the solicitor acting for the Estate. He should have this account taxed and allowed by a Court Official who decides whether the charges are reasonable or not. (3) The answer is the same as for question one. (4) You do not state upon what terms the son-in-law is in possession of the farm. If he is tenant or purchaser and has defaulted under his lease or agreement he may be evicted. You might ask for this in your Petition for Administration. From what you state we imagine that you should apply to have the Court appoint a new Administrator with the Will annexed for this Estate and one who will administer same properly. (5) We can see no reason why you cannot ask the thrasher for particulars of the grain threshed, because you are an interested party.

Aetna, Alta.

Q. In perusing your very valuable magazine I notice many splendid articles, one of which is that on legal information, and since it appears that readers of your paper may receive through its pages answers, I submit the following: I purchased from the Dominion Government, at auction, $\frac{1}{4}$ section of land, said land being school land. Now through the centre of said land an old survey trail runs. I, through an attorney-at-law, made application for and obtained by purchase in cash a title for the said 4 rods which totalled 4 acres. I finally failed to meet all payments on the 156 acres and the Government cancelled my contract, but I still have the duplicate of title, to the 4 acres. Does the cancellation cover the whole 160 acres. I paid about \$2,000 on the 156 and \$40 for clear title to the 4 acres. The drought was the cause of my failure.—H.M.B.—

A. If you obtained a certificate of title for the four acres we believe that the Government cannot cancel this title. Cancellation of your purchase of the 156 acres could not extend to the other land. It may be of course that you have lost same through tax sale.

The Young Idea

Bona fide gems from examination papers:

"The Saxons were a lazy and glutinous race."

"Wordsworth saw in the French Revolution a new error of happiness."

"The Magna Carta occurred in the reign of King John. The barons compelled him to sing it."

"Lack of indiscretion was Stephen's greatest personal enemy."

"Although Henry was not outwardly offended with Cromwell, after he had made him a baronet he sent him to the block for being a nuisance."

"Wolsey was a great, daring and bold warrior. Some of his chief victories were the capture of Quebec, the battle of Waterloo, and the battle of Trafalgar Square." (Student appears to have made the Cardinal a composite of Wolfe and Wellesley, with a dash of Nelson.)

After telling of the clash between Henry VIII. and the Pope, one student concluded: "England was freed from the ecclesiastical jokes of the Pope"—the most amusing of which appear to have been his bulls.—Boston Transcript.

WHEN sending for Patterns of Fashions Plates, remember to state the size required. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Wilkie's Unforgivable Sin

Continued from page 14

Wilkie slowly ran his hand under the covers, down his leg, down to his ankle. Yes, it was well; the terrible lump was gone. Thank God, wonderful, loving dear God. *Hooray!* His fingers lingered; he had been too confident. He drew his foot out from the covers—there it was, the terrible, misshapen lump of an ankle. It was not changed in the least.

Dazed and stunned, Wilkie sat on the edge of the bed, looking at it.

"Maybe if I take a step on it it'll come out all right," he thought.

He bobbed across the room.

Wilkie sat stunned; the room seemed to whirl around and then to wobble, like a top about to fall over. Was it possible that God—great and powerful God who had made the world and the sun and the stars and the tigers and elephants and whales—wouldn't do this simple, little thing for somebody who loved Him so dearly?

Wilkie rubbed his hand over his ankle again. It was just like it was—he might just as well have put horse-liniment on it. He had done that sometimes, taken off his shoe and stocking at the barn and rubbed liniment on his ankle, because it had cured big horses with red, terrible-looking sores.

A deep, sudden, intense bitterness swept over him—God had deceived him. He had given God every chance and God had failed him. His uncle was right—there wasn't any such thing as faith.

Wilkie picked up his twisted, misshapen shoe and stumped downstairs.

"It's a lovely Easter morning," said Aunt Flo. "We must all go to church."

"I'm not going."

"Why?" asked his aunt in astonishment. Lately Wilkie had been so interested in church and in the Bible.

"Because I don't believe in such things."

His aunt tried to reason with him, but it was no use. Finally his aunt and uncle drove off together. Before his uncle left, however, he told Wilkie to go to the feed-lot and break up corn for the steers; and now Wilkie stumped off to where Nick Doolin had scooped the corn into long troughs, and started to break it up. *Crack—crack—crack*, he broke the long ears monotonously against the edge of the trough—this, on the morning that he had expected to be running and leaping and astonishing people.

Hate and bitterness welled up in him.

"God fooled me," he said aloud as he broke the corn. "There ain't any such thing as faith. He told a lie in the Bible." He paused and looked up into the sky.

"I hate Him! I hate Him!" he cried, and, clenching his hands, began to say bad things to God—the way Nick Doolin did to Abe, the mule. For a moment he was frightened by the awful, terrifying things, but after he had said a few it was easier.

Wilkie shook and trembled and worked himself up into a bitter frenzy. Then at last he stopped. The mighty storm was over; he continued to break the corn. He felt proud of himself—he had done something daring; he had sworn at God. Other people were afraid to do such a thing, but he wasn't. No, indeed; not him. When Wilkie finished he hobbled defiantly away.

But after a time the spirit of frenzy and defiance began to wear away. After all, it wasn't such a brave thing to do, to swear at God. Any fool could do that. He began to think—there were worse things than having a bad foot. He might have been born without feet. What if God should turn his good

foot into a mis-shapen foot, just to teach him a lesson? It frightened him. He did not feel quite so brave now.

Wilkie wandered lonesomely about all day, his deed on his mind. The further away from it he got, the more foolish it seemed. God had been good to him in many ways, he thought. Suppose he had no aunt and uncle. Lots of boys hadn't. His aunt loved him, and his uncle did, too, after his own way. They would send him to school and give him an education, and when they died, since they had no son, he would be remembered in their will. As he thought about this he began to feel a bit frightened, but he would not give in.

"I don't care if I did do it," he said.

The days went on. Wilkie continued to brood, and, after the secretiveness of age, told no one. He could not sleep at night and he dreaded to go to school.

"I don't know what's the matter with Wilkie lately," said Aunt Flo. "He won't eat."

A MONTH later it happened. *Clang—clang—clang* went the bell, and Wilkie and Nick Doolin filed into the sitting-room, and at last Uncle Amos came and dropped his hands between his knees, and his eyes sought the walls. Aunt Flo edged her shoulder under the coal-oil lamp and pulled her glasses down on the end of her nose.

"I'll read from Leviticus tonight," she said.

It wasn't very interesting, as so much of the Bible wasn't, and it was all Wilkie could do to keep his mind on what his aunt was reading. Then suddenly he understood that it was about somebody who had cursed the name of the Lord. The man had been brought to Moses, and then the Lord had spoken to Moses and told him what should be done to the man who had cursed the name of the Lord. A sentence leaped out at Wilkie:

He that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put to death.

Now it came back to Wilkie; he had heard it before—that if a person cursed God he should die. It was the unforgivable sin.

Wilkie went into the yard and wandered around by himself. He must surely die. God had directed Aunt Flo to read that passage; it couldn't have been by chance. Now that he must die he hated to go; how terrible it was.

He wanted to do something good before he died, so he filled the wood-box and put sticks up to increase the height of the box and piled in more wood. Aunt Flo, now washing the dishes, looked at him in surprise.

"That's a nice boy," she said.

"I like to do things for you, Aunt Flo," he said timidly.

Those might be the last words she would ever hear.

It was dark now; there was the sound of his uncle in the bedroom taking off his shoes—*plunk—plunk* on the floor. Soon Uncle Amos would be asleep, and then Aunt Flo would come.

Wilkie went in the yard to die; it was better to die in the yard, where they could find him, than away off in the field. It began to rain—God would strike him with lightning. But the bolt did not come. Maybe God would stop his heart; that would be a simple, easy way, and nobody would ever know. He put his hand to his heart; it was beating faster than ever.

"I'll hold my breath; that'll help," he said.

He held it as long as he could—racking seconds—till he felt swoony. A few moments later he knew that he

Continued on page 108



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Wilkie's Unforgivable Sin

Continued from page 107

was breathing again. Alone in the yard he waited. Maybe God had meant for him to live, after all. Yes, he felt certain of that; he must do something to show God that he was sorry.

His aunt and uncle and Nick Doolin were now asleep, while Wilkie crept silently about the yard. He looked through the kitchen window. There was a faint glow on the lids of the kitchen stove, the faintest little glow.

"God help me," he whispered softly, and opened the door.

A moment later he reeled out, a numb, paralyzed feeling in his brain. Oh, the terrible pain in his hands! For a moment they had seemed to stick to the stove; and little curls of smoke had risen, then the sharp smell in his nostrils. Now he staggered about the yard, holding out his hands; but he would not cry—no, not a big boy like him, almost eleven. No, indeed, he would show God how brave he was. He now began to want to tell God how sorry he was, and that he would be good all the rest of his life, forever.

"I ought to do that in church," he thought. Yes, that was God's house; it would be much more sacred and binding there.

"I'm going," his half-crazed brain cried, and opening the kitchen door again, he took the lantern from its hook and fumbled as he tried to light a match. How hard it was to hold a match, but it must be done.

Hanging the lantern on his arm, he started through the lots, climbing over the gates so that he would not have to use his hands. The cattle were standing at the troughs, still eating, as he passed.

At last he was on the railroad track. The thin, misty rain had increased, but he hardly noticed it; he must get to the church and make his promise to God. He continued to bob along, the lantern rising and falling and swaying on his arm, while he held his hands before him.

0000000!—000000!

Wilkie heard it dimly; it was the warning of the engine on the through night train. How many times he had heard it as he lay in bed—that lovely, lonely, thrilling call! Sometimes he got up and stood at the window to watch the glowing ball rush by. But now Wilkie continued to bob through the mist. He was not thinking of the train; he was thinking of God.

000!—000!—000!

The little, short jerks rushed through the night. Wilkie heard them only dimly as he continued to rock along over the ties.

"I've got plenty of time," thought Wilkie. He changed the lantern from one aching arm to the other.

The whistle was now going almost continuously. Wilkie turned to look back. The great, grey, roaring spectre was almost upon him; the engineer had thrown on the brakes and a shower of sparks danced from the grinding wheels. Wilkie continued along the track.

Closer and closer the mighty, roaring giant came, throbbing and screaming. The ground shook and trembled under his feet. At last he stepped aside, while the engine jarred on by a few yards and then stopped.

Forms appeared, grey, dim forms carrying lanterns; excited voices. He felt a hand on his shoulder.

"I'll be d——" it's a kid." "Whatcha want?" "What's wrong?" he heard the confused jumble of voices.

"Look at his hands," cried a voice; "the hide's all gone! Gosh he must be outa his head."

"Whatcha mean bein out here on the track at this time of night with a lantern? Where's yer folks?"

Continued on page 111

Spring Showers!

The annual awakening of Mother Earth creates in all of us an intense desire to resume acquaintanceship with the great out-of-doors. And it is well that such is the case! Our chair by the chimney corner will often be tenantless and we shall be frolicking in the pure air and golden sunshine. Still, many a time shall we feel the urge of a book or magazine to wile away the odd hour, and what happier choice than The Western Home Monthly, popular in most homes every month of the twelve!

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Moose in Canada -

Continued from page 44

Again the weather favored the boy. It was calm and frosty. No scent would carry from man to beast, for they always circle a call when the wind is blowing, and the moment they get down-wind from the hunter they disappear for good.

Laddie sank into his damp cover and gave a low call at first hint of light. The bull promptly answered, but again the cow interfered with its angry puffing, snorting note. Again he called, sweeping the horn in a circle and making it as entreating as his knowledge allowed.

Once more he saw the millars arise and the first red beams of the hot October sun light up the brown and grey barrens. Then he gave a soft low call and out ran the cow, not sixty yards off, and on she came till within forty. You know that the moose have very poor sight. She could not distinguish Laddie crouching there. After her, with his yellow tines glistening in the sun came the bull, a fine big, seal-brown, richly-coated, full-fed beast. He raised his head and stared at the cow, looked angrily at the calf that now trotted out into full sight. Then on he came for the boy, to within about fifty paces. "Spang!" sang the .303. The bull was head-on, and in his excitement the boy missed the first shot. On came the bull to within 35 paces and here he turned broadside to the boy and stared at the cow, which was now trotting off, having sighted Laddie when he first fired.

Into that devoted body the boy poured four bullets and the great beast stood and quivered and then sat down on his hind-quarters very slowly, balanced his huge frame for a moment upright, gently collapsed upon his side, made a vain effort to raise his head at the boy, who was running up to mercifully despatch him if it were necessary. No! The bull was dead I, eating my breakfast, with Dash the Airedale beside me, heard the volley and knew the boy had killed his first moose—and we both agreed as we stood over that great carcass that in future we would still-hunt. This moose prostrate measured 6 feet 1 inch from front hoof to shoulder top, and nine feet from nose to tiny tail-tip. His hoofs were not badly worn with running in rutting season. His bell was small. The green hide weighed fifty pounds, and we estimate the living animal to have weighed 600, or, in the words of the countryside "he weighed 90 pounds"—that is, each quarter did. A great kill from a .303, showing that even a boy with a \$2 license can get his own moose.

The Man Above

By W. M. Letts, in The Irish Statesman

The Man Above sees me,

I can't see Him.

*For He can peep through roof and wall
And watch the thoughts chase round
my mind.*

My eyes are dim,

*At times I can't see Him at all,
He sends the humorous harsh wind,
And then I wonder—is He kind,
The Man Above?*

But I've an old red terrier,

*And if I speak he lifts his eyes
That find me always good and wise
And wags his wee butt of a tail.
He's got a notion I can't fail
To be his friend
And he is mine.*

*And so I argue—in the end
He's right maybe—the Man Above,
So though he fault me, though He flog
And punish me, I'll be his dog.
As my old terrier loves me I'll love
The Man Above.*



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This is a Goodly Land

Continued from page 12

we have on world trade and gives some idea of how our business is expanding.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of all is the wide sweep of Canadian trade. A few years ago our markets were limited to practically two countries, United States and Great Britain. Today, we are exporting more to the other countries of the world than we did to the United States four years ago. To put it in another way, our exports to all countries outside of the United States and Great Britain totalled only \$56,000,000 in 1914—in 1926 \$333,000,000. That at least gives some indication of how we are reaching out to the markets of the world.

The Future

BUT the development which has taken place in the past few years is only a glimpse of what must happen in the future. The markets of the Pacific are opening up. Increasing population in the United States must bring a larger demand for our agricultural products. That again will increase the purchasing capacity of our farmers and so the ever-widening circle of trade extends. All this brings us back to the starting point. For years we have gone ahead in the Dominion with scarcely a change in our tariff. The Budget has been silent on this matter this year. There are inequalities in the tariff which must be removed. It is not an uncommon thing to find the raw materials of a manufacturer paying a higher duty than he is allowed on finished product. Any man who has studied the subject with any care can place his finger on a score of places where the tariff is a positive injury. I am not now discussing for a moment general principles in relation to free trade, high tariffs or low tariffs, but only those ghastly anachronisms which have grown up from neglect of past years—they must be remedied to help Canadian trade and the Canadian producer and consumer. That is the immediate task.

Then in our whole department of Trade and Commerce there must be a broadening out. There is a tendency upon the part of parliament to criticize the expenditure of a few dollars for the purpose of developing trade. Some money spent in that way will undoubtedly be lost. We may attempt to build up markets and fail. Not every man brings in business from every dollar of expenditure. Our merchants, our manufacturers and farmers can be assisted in extending their markets and making this nation what she seems destined to become: one of the world's greatest trading nations. The work of our manufacturers has already proven their capacity for world business. It is the duty of the government to aid in every way by trade treaties and every other possible means to make Canadian goods known in every market of the world.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries has marked a considerable number of Atlantic salmon, by attaching silver tags to their dorsal fins, for the purpose of tracing the movements of these fish. A salmon that was marked and liberated off Burns Point, Port Maitland, Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, on 11th June was killed in the Moisie River Quebec, in the early part of the next month. If this fish took the most direct route it travelled in the vicinity of 800 miles, but if it followed the larger indentations in the shoreline it travelled over 1,200 miles.

Dare to make mistakes, for there is no way to be always right. The people who make mistakes boss the world. The perfect people work for them, running errands and counting columns of figures.

Wilkie's Unforgivable Sin

Continued from page 108

"I was goin' to church to tell God that I still have faith."

The men looked at one another and shook their heads. Walking down a railroad track on a rainy night, and saying he was going to church to tell God he still had faith. And with burned hands, too.

The conductor in his blue uniform loomed over Wilkie.

"Take him on board," he commanded. "We can't leave him here in the middle of nowhere."

Wilkie felt himself carried up the steps and into the big train he had seen hurl itself along so many times. Then there was a movement, a slight creaking, a long last whistle, and the cars moved forward. Now what would happen? Had God made the train stop?

"See if you can't turn out a doctor," ordered the conductor. "The pain must be terrible, poor kid."

A porter in a white coat hurried ahead through the Pullmans.

"Here's one. I guess he's all right," he said when he returned.

Dimly Wilkie saw a dark, slight, strange, foreign-looking man with bright, black eyes standing beside him. Deftly the foreign-looking man picked up Wilkie's throbbing hands.

"It ees only t'e surface," he said with a faint accent. "I shall put on t'em some medicine and den t'ey shall feel good, is eet not so?"

It was Dr. Vivano, the great specialist from Vienna. The papers had told how in New York people had brought cripples to him hoping that Dr. Vivano would touch with his magic hand the withered and gnarled limbs of the poor unfortunates.

Dinners of honor had been given him in New York by the medical association and he was a great and honored person. For years he had labored long and fruitlessly, working in his laboratory, and in the hospitals of Europe, and then success had come. He was now hurrying to Kansas City to inspect a hospital where his methods of orthopaedic surgery were to be employed.

Softly and tenderly Dr. Vivano rubbed ointment on the throbbing hands.

"It ees noting serious," he said. "Maybe some scars." And then his quick, darting professional eyes went to Wilkie's foot. "What ees eet I see, eh?"

He stripped off Wilkie's shoe and his fingers moved quickly and deftly over Wilkie's ankle.

"Ah!" he said. "Here eet ees ve have somet'ing. Now move ze toes t'at you can. *Encor.*"

What happened in the hospital was all a confused blur to Wilkie. A man came in with a wagon on rubber wheels and two nurses helped Wilkie onto it, as if he were the most important person in the world, and took him into a great tiled room with a shining light.

A strange man came toward Wilkie—all in white, with a mask over his face—but Wilkie knew those black, darting eyes. Behind the mask were short, close-cut whiskers. It was all like a funny show—the people standing around in white masks and long white gowns. Wilkie did not know them, but they were other doctors who had been invited to see the great foreign surgeon at work.

A man in white held up a football mask.

"Take a long, deep breath," he said, as he put it over Wilkie's face. "Another—one, two, three—an—"

Wilkie went bobbing down the railroad track; he could hear the roar of the train; no it was not the train—it was Nick Doolin swearing at Abe. Funny that he should get a big railroad train mixed up with Nick Doolin swearing at a mule—only it wasn't a mule—it was Uncle Amos dropping his shoes on the floor—*plunk—plunk—*

After a long time Wilkie woke up; strange people were bending over him, all smiling and happy. He could see the foreign-looking doctor now; not any mask at all.

"How ees eet you find yourself?"

Wilkie smiled faintly, then dimly he saw the other men congratulating the foreign man with whiskers. He heard the words "success," "wonderful operation," "only a matter of time," but it did not occur to him that it had anything to do with himself. He smiled faintly again; now he was sleepy; he would shut his eyes for just a tiny moment.

THERE was big excitement at the Mendenhall Farm a couple of weeks later—lots bigger and more exciting it was than Christmas and Fourth of July rolled into one. Crip was coming home—only he wouldn't ever be Crip again!

The telegrams to Aunt Flo from the hospital said he would have to be brought back to the hospital only once or twice and then he would be as well as anybody. The neighbors had come in and were all talking and laughing at once. Uncle Amos stood by the car, tall and thin, and as he saw Wilkie's shining face he shook his head.

"Think of us wakin' up one morning and not finding Wilkie high or low and our best lantern gone, and then gettin' a long telegram that he was in Kansas City, and now him comin' home and goin' to walk as good as anybody! I don't understand it a-tall; I swear I don't."

Wilkie's eyes shone.

"It's not hard to understand, Uncle Amos," he said. "It isn't half as wonderful as moving a mountain."

Uncle Amos shook his head.

"Well, I don't believe in nothin' I can't see, but," and then he shook his head again, "it's sure funny how things work out sometimes. It sure is," he added.

"It isn't—if you have faith," whispered Aunt Flo gently, but she was so busy getting Wilkie up the porch steps and into the rocker that hardly anybody heard her, because Aunt Flo didn't talk about such things much. She just believed.

He Knew the Arabs

Two British troopers, says Tit-Bits, who had met at the rest camp, were talking together. One of them, who had been reading, had the book still in his hand, and the other man inquired the name of the author.

"Longfellow," was the reply.

"Never heard of him! What does he write? Stories?"

"No, poetry."

"Oh!" Then, after a pause, "Well, I was going to ask you to lend me the book, but as it is you can keep it. I never could stand poetry."

"But this is real good stuff," replied the other, enthusiastically. "Listen to this:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

"By Jove," exclaimed his friend, "there is something in that! I know those Arab beggars; they would simply steal anything."

The professor rapped on his desk and yelled, "Gentlemen, order!"

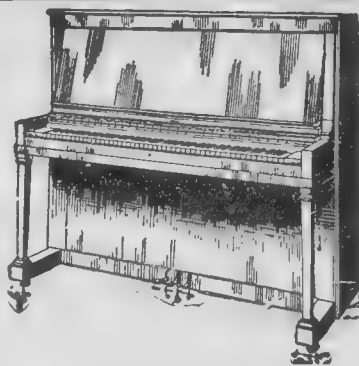
The entire class answered: "Beer!"—Arizona Kitty Kat.

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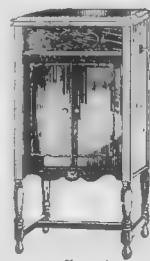
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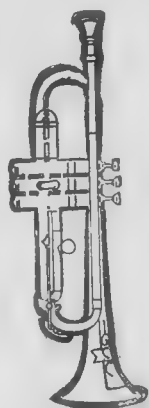
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Happy Easter

April the first Spring month, brings to us the most beautiful religious festival of the year, Easter—when Christ rose from the dead, and brought to all the world the message of eternal life.

In old countries in Europe the very beautiful custom still continues of the greeting such as we have at Christmas, only instead of the "Happy Christmas" we say at that time, the greeting is "Christ is risen" and the answer is "He is risen indeed". The lamb is the symbol of Easter because in ancient days the lamb was offered as a sacrifice for sin; and the lily is the symbol of Easter because of its purity.

Any flowers carry the Easter message for they have risen from the tomb of winter, just as Christ rose from the tomb in the garden. When you are happy in your Easter holidays don't forget what a marvellous event the whole world remembers in keeping Easter.

Something to Learn

Now the lengthening twilights hold
Tints of lavender and gold,
And the marshy places ring
With the pipers of the spring.
Now the solitary star
Lays a path on meadow streams,
And I know it is not far
To the open door of dreams.

Bliss Carman.

Never a beak has my white bird,
Nor throat for song;
But wings of silk by soft wind stirred
Bear it along.
With wings of silk and heart of seed
Over field and town
It sails—ah! quaint little bird indeed
Is the thistle—down.

C. D. Bates.

Something Received

LETTERS, letters and still more letters, and from everywhere, isn't it lovely to belong to a Cosy Corner that has people writing to from British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, The United States and England? The Blottem family are becoming larger all the time, soon Mr. and Mrs. Blottem will lose track of their large family, but two members who joined it this month have such funny "Blottem" that we must print them for you.

There is a nice letter from Frieda E. Schultz of Chatfield, Man., and she sends her blottem, and wants to hear from Islay Black, whose picture she likes.

Florence Hartford of Robson, B.C. sends in the verses "The Sandpiper." Perhaps we will print them in the C.C.C. some day soon.

Now, here's Lily Hastings with a funny Blottem that looks like a very long legged skeleton.

Rena Pierre of Whitewood, Sask. enjoys everything in the C.C.C. and especially the snap shots, and is going to send us one.

Marion Fraser of Edmonton Alta., sends in some good riddles—here are some of them.—Why is a dog with a lame leg like a boy at arithmetic? Ans. Because he puts down three and carries one.

When is coffee like the soil? When it is ground.

Why are sheep in a fold like a letter? Because they are penned.

Why are chickens necks like door bells? Because they are often wrong for company. Elizabeth Scoboda of St. Walburg, Sask. writes a short letter and sends in her blottem, not such a good one.

Olive McGeorge of East Bay, Man. lives on a farm, and is a bookworm and

Continued on page 113

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

The Pinkity Winkity Stories

By Marion Wathen Fox

Pinkity Winkity and the Troll

PINKITY Winkity was lying in her little white bed one night trying to sleep, but the yellow moon-beams were peeping so in at her bed-room window making Pinkity Winkity think such lovely things that she just couldn't sleep. At last she got up and slipped over to her window, and then she saw, on a far away hill-top at the edge of the valley, a lot of little things moving up and down—up and down!

the tree, out he jumped. "Ha, Pinkity Winkity! You don't mean to say you're going up to visit those fairies again! Why, it's not long ago since you were up and got your wish, and here I am never been there—and me with a wish I'm almost breaking my heart to have granted! So now Pinkity Winkity, just take off that green coat and cap and slippers and lend them to me for tonight—I'll go up and



From one of its branches dropped —the Queen of the Fairies!

"Ah, it's the fairies!" joyfully thought Pinkity Winkity. And right away they seemed to call, "Come play with us, Pinkity Winkity! Come play with us Pinkity Winkity!"

So, at once she slipped into her gay green cloak, her gay green cap, her gay green slippers with the silver buckles, and away she went.

visit the fairies and you can stay here until I come back."

"Oh, Troll, I'd like you to have your wish! But I'll come back another night and lend you my green clothes. You see I'm going to wish for something for my mother—she's broken her tea-pot and it's a great trouble for her to have no tea-pot; so tonight I'm going to wish for



Pinkity Winkity had to give him her green clothes

Now, in the low green valley, near a big oak tree, lived a Troll, of whom Pinkity Winkity was just a bit afraid. But this night she forgot all about the Troll, for the moon-beams made such a silvery path right up to the fairies' hill-top that she just skipped along by way of it; but the path led right by the big oak tree, where lived the Troll.

Just as Pinkity Winkity skipped up to

a pink china teapot for my mother, "pleaded Pinkity Winkity.

"Nonsense!" answered the Troll angrily. "Your mother is better without a pink china tea-pot; I need a donkey far more—I'm getting too old and feeble to travel about the low green valley on foot."

Now, although Pinkity Winkity had a nice kind heart she could not help thinking that most of the people who lived in the

low green valley would be much happier if the Troll could not travel about; but of course she was too polite to say this.

"Come, off with those green clothes!" commanded the Troll roughly: "And then I want you to tell me all you did, and what happened that night you were up there, so that I won't make any mistake and miss getting my donkey."

So, of course Pinkity Winkity had to give him her green clothes; and tell him all about her visit the night she got her lovely doll that could blow its nose.

Now, the Troll was very wise—or at least thought he was; so as he hurried along to the fairies, hill-top he said to himself:

"I'll pretend I'm Pinkity Winkity and then I'll be sure to get my wish—they say the fairies are very fond of her. Well, I can make my voice sound like hers—ha! ha! what fun it will be to fool the fairies!

I don't like them, anyhow—they're far too happy and gay. I believe if they had their way they'd make everyone in the world happy; but I shouldn't—no siree!"

He rang the bell, just as Pinkity Winkity had told him to do. Out came the maid-of-the-mist.

"Why, it's Pinkity Winkity!" she exclaimed joyfully.

At this all the fairies skipped to the door, calling out: "Welcome, Pinkity Winkity! Welcome, Pinkity Winkity!"

"I've come to tell you my wish," said the Troll in a voice very much like Pinkity Winkity's, and then stepped through the door-way.

Scarcely had he done so, when—there wasn't a fairy in sight. Every single airy had suddenly disappeared. Even the moon-beams had vanished. So, the Troll found himself standing alone on a dark, green hill-top, without a living creature in sight, and not a sound to be heard.

He waited a few moments, but when not a fairy returned, he became very angry, and loudly called, "Fairies—come back! Come back! I want a white donkey!" But nothing answered.

"It's some trick Pinkity Winkity is playing on me!" he said fiercely. "There's something she didn't tell me—so that I shouldn't get my wish—just wait till I get down there!" and he started angrily down the hill, muttering all the way.

There lay Pinkity Winkity sleeping peacefully under the big oak tree.

He wakened her with a jerk, and held on to her arm as he screamed at her the story of what had happened on the fairies' hill-top, ending with:

"Now, not one step do you go from here till you tell me why they did it! And I'll keep your green clothes till the fairies give me my wish! You didn't tell me something you should have told me, or—"

By this time poor Pinkity Winkity had become quite frightened and was wondering what was going to happen her, when, right as the Troll was speaking, a little voice like a very fine string of tinkly, silvery bells, came laughing from the tree-top, and in a moment from one of its branches dropped—the queen of the fairies.

"You're mistaken, Troll," she said. "It wasn't Pinkity Winkity's fault; it was your own. Fairies see right into people's hearts. Now, Pinkity Winkity has a kind heart; but the minute you stepped on to our hill-top, although the voice and clothes were like Pinkity Winkity's we knew that a lying unkind heart had come to spoil our happy hill-top, so—of course, fairies can never live in such a place. Now, tell me Troll, do you still wish for a donkey?"

"Yes—I do. For a white one, so that everyone can see me coming and will begin to be afraid at once."

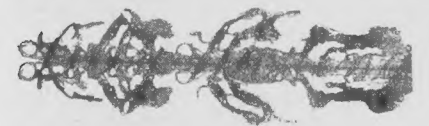
"But, you see the good fairies are everywhere," laughed back the queen of the fairies; and with that she snapped her little fingers. Then immediately before them stood a snow-white donkey. At once the Troll jumped on its back and away he went, without even stopping to say—thank-you. The donkey stopped not for stones, stumps, or fallen trees, but took a flying jump over everything that came in his way. The Troll had great difficulty in staying on its back. "Whoa! Whoa!" he called over and over again. But this seemed only to make the donkey run the faster. Then the Troll tried to get it to turn back, but it was all no use—the white donkey was running away. So, that was the last the low green valley ever saw of the Troll.

Something Received

Continued from page 112

enjoys the page so much. She hopes to see more letters from Manitoba boys and girls. Her Blottem is a funny one, don't you think so?

Mary Thompson of North Vancouver wants to join the C.C.C. She sends in \$5.00 for three subscriptions to the Western Home Monthly, isn't she a smart girl? There is indeed nothing to pay to join the C.C.C. Mary, just by writing this letter you are a member.



J. A. Clements of Glencairn, Man. is very proud of his Blottem, he says it is just like a skeleton and wants to know if we have anything to beat it. I think Lily Hastings has you beaten J. A. What do you think? J. A. says he learned this trick thirty years ago, so you can see he doesn't really belong in the Cosy Corner, but we are very glad to welcome him and hope he'll come again.



Zelma Munro of Weyburn, Sask. sends in her blottem, and Barney Ripper of Delia, Alta. sends us in a little verse he has found somewhere, and as it is very pretty we'll print it—

I like to be a-riding on a railroad in the rain.
With the drops a-beatin' beatin'
on the windows of the cars
And at night the lightin' flashin'
And the thunder guns a-smashin'
To break a passage through the clouds
for little silver stars.

Nearly all these boys and girls want to know what you do to join the C.C.C. Well it's very easy, just write a letter or try one of the things that you will find under "Something to Do" every month. If you win a prize in the Corner you will get a lovely gold button, but if you have ever written to the club you are a member anyway whether you have a button or not. We want you all, and we love to hear from you.

Little Jean Sinser of 5550-2nd Ave S. Minneapolis, sent us a photograph of herself and her dog Rexie, who is a dog without a pedigree, but with a loving heart. I am sure he looks a kind dog, and what a jolly face Jean has.

Lottie Schuman of Rosthern, Sask., likes Edith Scotchbrook's letter and wants to join the corner. (We hope she will.)

Hazel Agg of Munson, who gets a gold button for her poem is a new member of the C.C.C. and likes the Blottem family.

Spring Poems

Was ever poor editor so troubled?
What ever can be done? We asked for Spring Poems, and did we get them? We did. Poems, and poems and poems, that showered out of the postman's bag like snow, and now the poor puzzled worried Bobby Burke has to decide which of all these nice verses is the best, and it is a very hard thing to decide. If I had my way you should get a lot of prizes, and we are going to give some extra buttons, and Honorable Mention to several boys and girls, and I wish we could print a lot of the verses, but alas the editor of the rest of the W.H.M. must have some space for stories and all the things that make your mother and father enjoy the magazine, so we are sorry, very sorry but we can only print a few poems, and a verse or two of the others.

The prize is won by Lina Williamson of Loon Lake, Sask., with two really lovely verses that might do credit to a much older and more experienced poet. Lina has the feeling for verse and her construction is excellent.

Joe Osika wins a gold button and our highest commendation. Joe's verse is filled with beautiful metaphor and has the real poetic fervor, but his verse construction and use of adjectives is not as perfect as Lina's. Go on writing Joe, and reading, and if there is anything that

the C.C.C. can do to help you please let us know. You may be one of Canada's poets yet.

Dagny Johnson of Le Roy, Sask. will probably follow in the footsteps of some of her illustrious countrywomen and become a poet. Her verse is very pretty, but it is too bad that she has not used it to beautify the Spring of this country rather than some other Spring.

Hazel Agg of Munson, Alta, Lottie Schuman of Rosthern, Sask. and Hazel Green of Wyne, Alta. also win gold buttons for excellent attempts at writing verse.

Special Mention goes to Pearl Turner of Denzil, (an old friend of ours); to Rena Pierre of Whitewood, Sask. and to our first friend Jean Pielou of East Braintree.

Honorable Mention goes to Betty Hay of Vulcan, Alta; Ruby Baird of Enderby, B.C.; Alice Adam, McDonald's Corners, Ont; Marguerite Redisk, Grand Coulee, Sask; Jean Sinser of Minneapolis; Wilma Dusterholt of Sardis, B.C. Phyllis Ryan, Calgary; (we would love to have you join the Corner Phyllis); Ruth Foy of Kinistino, Sask; Millie E. Freeman, Hazel Bluff, Alta; Bob McCulloch of Vancouver, B.C; and Dorothy McKinnon of Keyes, Manitoba.

Now arn't you all proud of our budding poets? I am. All together, "Three cheers for our Cosy Corner poets."

Spring

Spring walks today, on fairy feet and light,
The streams speed down, by her fair hands set free,
And by their banks the flowers wake overnight,
And ope their buds, in colors fair to see.
A flock of blackbirds, poising on a tree,
Pour forth their song-silver, it rings and thrills,
Till, listening to the glowing melody,
A tender joy our inmost being fills.
—Lina Williamson.

Spring

What art thou, O Spring
That lifts my soul so?
Within you there is something
That only angels know
Within you somewhere concealed
A spark of heaven is revealed
To our earthly eyes.
The birds come back at your call,
The crocus lifts its face so blue,
The grass is green, the poplars tall
Shake their leafy banners at you.
In the river the surging waters go
Keeping time, some fast some slow,
To our joyful cries.
Up high the hawk circles his flight,
Below the minnows play;
Up high the stars shine at night,
The dandelions below shine by day.
The stars like angels shine eternally,
The dandelions like you and me
Soon die.
—Joe Osika.

Spring

Grass green and emerald hued,
Shimmering sheen diamond dewed,
Is the earth this morn;
Singing bird from apple bough;
Lowing herd on hillside brow;
Farmers planting corn;
Youth and Spring and apple trees,
Winding lane and Southern breeze,
And our hearts abloom.
—Dagny Johnson.

Oh God how sweet and lovely
Thou makest all I see,
How shall I thank Thee fitly
For all Thy gifts to me.
—Rena Pierre.



Jean Sinser of Minneapolis

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The Songs and The Laws

THERE is an oft-quoted maxim which says: "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes the laws." Like many another old saying, it cannot be traced back to its originator. It came into The Philosopher's head the other day when he was looking through certain volumes of Dominion and Provincial Statutes. What are the songs of the people in this part of the world? "I am Always Chasing Rainbows," "Blue Sky," "Moonlight and Roses," "Take in the Sun, Pull Out the Moon," "How I Love You Still!" "Susie's Fellow," and "Honeymoon Lane"—to name a few. Have the makers of these really had a greater share in the shaping of the destinies of the Canadian people than the makers of the unmelodious pieces of literature entitled "Statutes of Canada, 1907, Chapter 11, known as the Customs Tariff, Statutes of Canada, 1913, Chapter 32, known as the Bank Act, or Statutes of Canada, 1925, Chapter 33, known as the Grain Act—to name these only? This is the Jazz age, when even history is jazzed, to say nothing of many other branches of literature; but the elected representatives of the people, in Parliament assembled at Ottawa, do not jazz the Statutes of the Dominion, nor do the members of the Legislatures of the Provinces jazz their enactments. This very fact in itself gives a special interest and charm to the reading of a volume of Statutes. In the same steadily flowing, unimpassioned language, without any change in style, without any jazzing to pile up "human interest," and "thrill," and make the thing "gripping," you read in a Provincial Statute that you need a license to get married, that you will be fined for speeding and that there is likewise a penalty for letting animals stray, and in a Dominion Statute that you will be hanged if you commit murder.

The People of the Country

THE real wealth of a country is not its money, but its people. No country can be actually prosperous, if its children are not healthy and its men and women have not vigor of body, alertness of mind, firmness of character and courage and self-control. Not only is it possible to prolong the average of life, but to have life lived on a higher average plane of health. With increased knowledge, we are now aware that a larger proportion of diseases are preventable than was formerly believed within its possibilities. The propagation of sound knowledge about sanitation, the prevention of disease and the conservation of health, the improving and widening of the prospects of healthy child-bearing and of normal infancy and childhood constitute the most important of advances towards human betterment. We can all help in working towards the realization of the ideal to which the prophet Isaiah gave expression in the words: "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days, for the child shall die an hundred years old."

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The Western Home Monthly

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When to Be Expressive

IN A fruit shop on Portage Avenue recently The Philosopher was interested in watching a friendly conversation between a woman whose parents, as we happened to know, were Icelanders (No better people ever came to this country, and none ever became truer Canadians!) and the woman behind the counter. Italian expressiveness of voice and changing play of countenance and much gesticulating contrasted with expressiveness which was even-voiced and without gestures. The contrast brought to his mind the scientific explanation that northern languages are more economical of breath than those formed in warm, southern climates. We Western Canadians have summers as warm as Italy's, but our winter weather, bracing in its vigor-giving sharpness, is not conducive to open-mouthed articulation, at least outdoors. Is that the reason why southerners are more expansive in giving expression to their feelings? Reticence is often wise, and sometimes kind. But how much more happy many of us would be, if there were more generosity in the expression of praise and affection! Reticence is sometimes worse than unwise—it can be, in effect, unkind. Who that has ever read them can forget Thomas Carlyle's pathetic self-blame and remorse that he was not more lavish in words of affectionate appreciation, when he discovered after his wife's death how vainly she had craved them? In all the relations of life, a little more expression of the affection we feel, a little more manifestation of appreciation, a little more outspoken approbation and praise would make happier lives.

An Isolating Affliction

FROM a Monthly reader who is deaf comes a letter thanking The Philosopher for what he wrote in the January number about the considerateness due to deaf people. "If one is deaf," says this letter, "one must learn to make as few demands as possible upon the good will of those about one, and learn to accept the fact that many people find a deaf person exasperating." Too many of us whose hearing is not impaired forget that deafness isolates a person. We never laugh at blindness, but we fail to see how cruel it is to regard deafness as comic. The deaf man is always very lonely. If a person blessed with hearing would wear a thick wad of cotton batting in each of his ears for a week, he would never again be impatiently unsympathetic with deafness.

Cause and Effect

THIS is a world of causes and effects. Every day's newspaper contains many illustrations of this truth. For a concise and striking statement of cause and effect it would be hard to beat the headlines in an Eastern newspaper recently over an account of a pleasure expedition that ended in tragedy: "\$30 Drunk Up by Auto Party Before Midnight Wreck in Which Girl is Killed." Booze and machinery form a perilous combination.

A Home With "Welcome"
On the Mat

Continued from page 37

locked the door being accepted from Sir Henry Thornton by Mr. Thos. Gellay, Division Commissioner of Immigration of the Federal Government in Western Canada. It was a simple ceremony, the presentation of the key being followed by an inspection of the building upon the conclusion of which Sir Henry told the large gathering present that he hoped the key would be symbolic of the golden future awaiting those who entered this building and be emblematic of the welcome to greet them on their arrival at the threshold of their future homes.

The centre is, of course, intended only for the use of those who have to stop over in Winnipeg because of train connections or other reasons, and it is by no means pretentious. It is, however, bright, airy and comfortable and is finished throughout with hardwood floors which will result in a minimum of dust and make it easy to keep clean. The walls have been given a hard finish so that they can be washed.

The ground floor is given over to rest rooms for the men and women and to a large office for the use of the immigration authorities. Beyond the office there is a lunch counter and also a bright kitchen where those who use the building may prepare their own food if they so desire.

The second floor comprises two large dormitories, fitted with triple-tier beds. These are of steel construction and are all fitted with fine springs that will ensure a comfortable rest. Each bed has a thick mattress and plenty of blankets and pillows. Between the dormitories are located the washrooms and bathrooms. Opposite these latter rooms there are a number of large laundry tubs.

The third floor is divided into a number of separate rooms or apartments. These are sufficiently large to accommodate from six to ten people and they are for the use of women and families. Every room has one or more windows. There are also washrooms, bathrooms and laundry facilities on this floor. The beds and bedding and movable furnishings were supplied by the Federal Immigration Department. They are all new and of the latest type of equipment.

So, you see, Astrid of the throbbing brow and the aching heart need no longer bury her head in a bundle-pillow on a hard, unsympathetic station bench. She can find the rest and quiet she craves in this new home in a kindly land where understanding hearts and willing hands are seeking to cure her of her timidity and to welcome her royally to the land of which soon she will be a good and loyal citizen.

And, no doubt, the Recording Angel having seen, has chalked up another mark in favor of Room One Hundred.

"Did you make that face at me?" roared the master.

"No, sir," replied the culprit, "you just happened to walk in front of it."—Northern Daily Telegraph.

First Student—So Jack is against Prohibition?

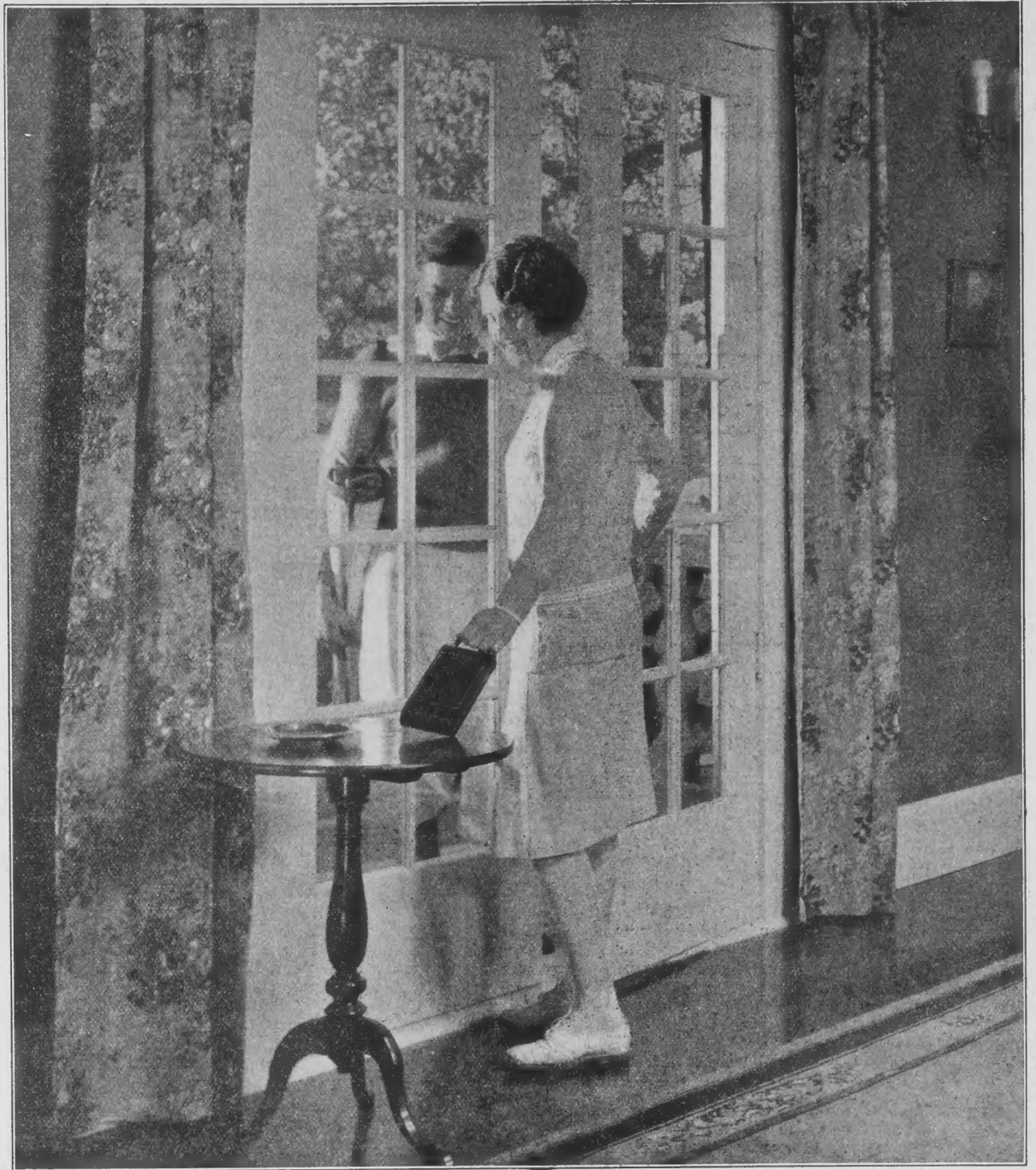
Second Ditto—Against Prohibition? Why he's so wet that every time you blow on him he ripples.—Carolina Buccaneer.

Stop—So she proved untrue to you, eh?

Lite—Yes, she went back to her husband.—Brown Jug.

"My girl is a little brick."

"Mine is a hard baby, too."—Lehigh Burr.



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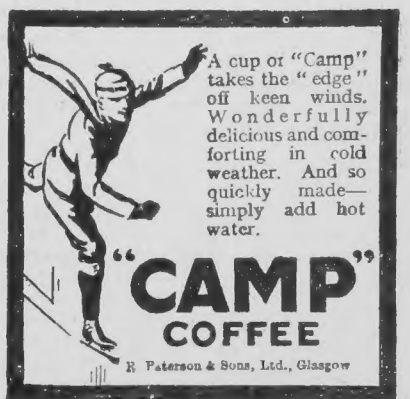
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They Invented It

The Chinese can say: "Who has a better right to use gunpowder?"—Saskatoon Star.

A Case of Retorts and Comebacks

Still, we Californians do not deny that Florida's climate has it all over ours for variety.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Educational Item

A kindergarten teacher has to know how to make the little things count.—New Westminster British Canadian.

Most Certainly Not

Another masculine prerogative that no woman wants is to be called a "veteran" of anything.—Prince Albert Herald.

Safety First

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," says the old song. After drinking, you may not have any eyes.—Buffalo Express.

A Housewife's Work Is Never Done

Henry Ford says wives should be put on a wage basis. Would he also apply to them his five-day week?—Ottawa Citizen.

Some Concrete Is Poor Stuff

In Ohio a man dropped a pint of liquor on some concrete paving and it ate its way through, showing just what rotten concrete work some jobs are.—Lethbridge Herald.

These Two Wild Insects Will

A naturalist asserts that no wild animal in North America will attack a man unless it is first molested. This is exclusive of the black fly and the mosquito.—Neepawa Press.

Hygienic Advice

Keep walking to keep well, say the doctors. But it will also be necessary occasionally to jump, until automobilists learn that pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.—Vancouver Province.

Fashion Note from the Capital

It doesn't seem possible, when one looks at great-grandmother's portrait at 18, and then looks at daughter, same age, that it costs more to dress 'em now than it did then.—Ottawa Journal.

So, Then, She Has More Than One

Speaking of wide open spaces, nobody knows, nowadays, whether you are referring to the Great West or the distance between two ideas in a flapper's head.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Where They Can Be Looked At

Girls are now wearing watches on their garters. This seems much more sensible than the old plan of tucking them away in a pocket where they couldn't be seen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Word from the Coast

In fact, the only real "yellow peril" that exists in this country is the industry, thrift and frugality with which the yellow man conducts his labors and his life.—Vancouver Sun.

And Then, What Next?

Sir Alan Cobham, noted British aviator, announces that the time is not far distant when the world can be circled in a day. This achievement would make Jules Verne's globe-girdler look like a snail.—Toronto Globe.

One of Those Countries

Portugal is another of those countries where political relief, every few years, can only be obtained by a series of surgical operations which are only partially successful.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

A Query From The Pas

So Montreal harbor is to get another loan of \$12,000,000. Now what do you suppose Montreal harbor would say if, say, half that sum were proposed to be spent this year at Nelson?—The Pas Herald.

What To Do, In Case You Meet One

One of the nature writers tells the world that wild animals of the United States and Canada will not attack man if let alone. Therefore, if on your western trip you meet a grizzly bear remember to leave him alone.—Boston Transcript.

What the Chinese Do Not Realize

All returned travellers from China tell of a great and rising tide of anti-Christian feeling in China. The poor benighted inhabitants of China do not realize that the average Christian is not any worse than anybody else.—Niagara Falls Review.

Longwindedness Is Too Plentiful

Signal lights are flashed in a reichstag now to curb long-winded orators. There is a suspicion, however, that nothing less than a volley of 21 guns would be effective in our own council chamber.—Hamilton Spectator.

It Will Be a Great Occasion

July second is to be a holiday this year, as well as Dominion Day, in honor of the Dominion Jubilee. On July third and fourth we can rehearse the story of the Dominion's sixty years to our United States visitors.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.



Oh, Man

A beauty parlor proprietor says bald-headed men are her best customers. What do they get, a shine?—Moose Jaw Times.

Where the World War Began

An earthquake recently rocked Sarajevo. We can remember when Sarajevo was itself an earthquake.—Halifax Herald.

And To Make It Very Short

Much of the liquor that is being sold in New York these days is guaranteed to last the drinker a lifetime.—El Paso Times.

A Quiet Source of Much Trouble

"Still" is a funny word for a contrivance that seems to be a big noise before the Customs Commission.—Selkirk Record.

So As Not To Interrupt

"Why do women hold their chins while thinking?" asks a magazine writer. Well, he admits, anyway, that women do think.—Victoria Colonist.

How Different Up Here

Mexico is becoming more barbarous all the time. Our citizens don't get any more protection down there than they do here.—New York World.

Health

We are made to be healthy, and there is no reason, apart from ignorance and dirt and the bad ordering of our lives, why we should be ill.—Manchester Guardian.

He Has Added Up \$2,000,000,000

Again it is demonstrated that while people were poking fun at Henry Ford's car, he was getting real amusement out of an adding-machine.—New York Evening Post.

1927 Model

A model husband is one that does not get his shins kicked under the table when company is present.—Regina Post.

Timber Resourcefulness

We hope this story about the London man who has invented a substitute for wood isn't a new version of the old yarn about the aldermen who put their heads together and built a new cedar block pavement.—Nanaimo Herald.

"The Costly Pomp of Funeral Woe"

The funeral of the late Emperor of Japan, the ceremonies in connection with which will not be completed until next June, after the first rice crop following his death, has cost already more than \$2,000,000. No wonder the people shout "Long live the Emperor!"—Calgary Herald.

Why Exempt Male Hair Cuts?

The investigators who are seeking new sources of government revenue might take a hint from a Swiss town which has put a tax of 50 cents on every bobbed head in its jurisdiction. The statisticians can figure out what such a levy would yield in this country every year.—Toronto Telegram.

Hardly "A Complete Failure"

Most of the people of Canada who have struggled through public schools, collegiates, and universities, and who find themselves able to make a living at all, will hardly agree with Miss Agnes Macphail that our educational system is a "complete failure."—Kitchener Record.

The Problems of Political Funds

A bill is before the Ontario legislature to prohibit political contributions by brewers, distillers, hotel-keepers, and others, to political parties. A bill to prevent political parties from accepting such contributions would be as much to the point.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Improvement in Human Health

Modern man eats less, drinks less, and wears fewer clothes than his ancestors, and, in consequence, he lives longer and is less frequently vexed by disease while he lives. Not only so, but he is a stranger to many of the diseases with which his ancestors were all too familiar; for example, gout and alcoholic cirrhosis. These two diseases are certainly on the wane—so much so that young medical men know of them chiefly by tradition.—Medical Record.

An Aspiration of Henry's Son

Edsel Ford says he wants to "put wings on every man." The motor casualty, however, is not completely equipped without a harp.—Vernon News.

Abbreviated

The spring costume has made its appearance in this forward-looking neighborhood, and we notice that it included a skirt.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

One Way of Looking At It

In the last five thousand years man has invented new ways to do almost everything except go to the dogs.—New York Telegram.

Natural History Note

A Saskatchewan man crossed his carrier pigeons with parrots so that when they got lost they could ask their way home.—Brandon Sun.

Public Vigilance Will

Large plows will keep the Hudson Bay railway clear of snow, when built. But what will keep it clear of the politicians?—Kingston Whig.

Is Any Man More Talked Of?

Just think of Henry Ford's wealth being estimated at two billion dollars! Well, we have our health—but, gosh, Henry has his health, too!—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Canada Needs Wider Markets

It is of vital importance to the development of this country that constant efforts should be made to widen the market for its products.—Winnipeg Free Press.

It Fell On His Head

Writing of famous bachelors, we must not forget the great and famous discoverer of the law of gravitation, Sir Isaac Newton. Unlike Adam, he got the apple without the aid of a wife.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Discussion of the Modern Girl

The modern girl has been, and is, the subject of a vast amount of argument, some of it ill-natured, some silly, much of it sensible. On the whole, it has been overdone.—Guelph Mercury.

They Keep On Writing About Her

When you see a girl with a lot of powder on the outside of her face and a lot of gum on the inside of it you see what the funny writers refer to as a flapper.—Duluth Herald.

It Would Seem So

A man in Atlanta, Georgia, was shot by a "friend" during a poker game. Apparently it would have been better to play poker with enemies.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bright Idea

According to a psychologist, persons with large ears can never expect to get into Parliament. But surely the doors could be widened.—London Passing Show.

Some Can Be Used for Wallpaper

Some persons who own mining claims have confined most of their mining experience up to the present to kalsomining.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Sooner or Later

The first woman sheriff in England has been installed. The world is waiting to see a woman become lord mayor of London.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The True Test

What a man can do well is the test of his worth, and the idea that because he does it in overalls he is essentially inferior to others, is as false as the converse proposition which is now so often and so loudly heard.—London Times.

A Wedding by Wireless

A radio wedding has been performed in America according to the revised Anglican marriage service. During the signing of the register the choir doubtless rendered the revised wedding hymn, "The Voice That Breathed O'er Ether."—Dundee Courier.

A Proposed Minnesota Law

There have been cases throughout the state wherein the owner of an automobile has been soaked for damages by his guest who suffered injury in an accident during the entertainment of the guest, and a bill to safeguard the owner against such action has been presented in the state legislature. It should become a law.—Hibbing News.

An Equally Wise Suggestion

The usual bright U. S. congressman has come to bat with the suggestion that the West Indies be sold to the States as an offset of Britain's and France's war debts. We hereby suggest that Chicago be sold to Canada to pay for the water illegally taken from Lake Michigan.—Montreal Gazette.

What Lord Byng Really Said

From the Times report of Lord Byng's speech at the Wolfe dinner proposing the health of the Prince of Wales: "They respected him for his position and they loved him for himself." From the report of the same speech in every other paper in London: "We respect you, sir, for your position and damme, sir, we love you for yourself."—London Nation.